SWEDISH EDUCATION: PARADISE FOR PLANNERS, by James D. Koerner

Saturday Review

July 16, 1966 35¢

EDUCATION

GREAT MOVIES GO TO SCHOOL

by John M. Culkin, S.J.

Scene from the Japanese film, "Gate of Hell" (see Education)

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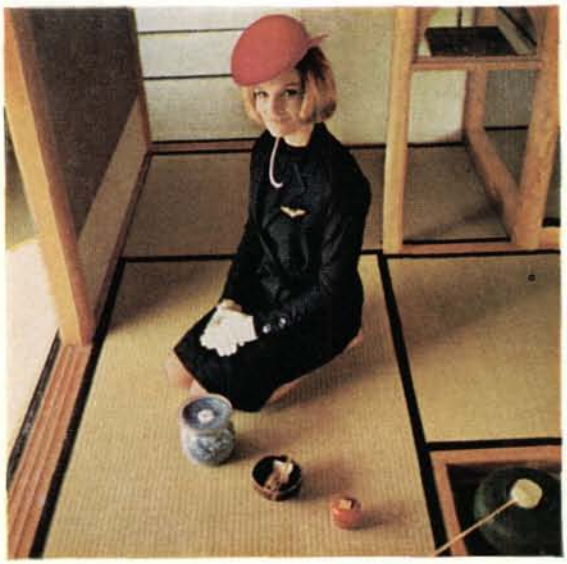
how do you say "pride" in Japanese?



Or Hawaiian? Or Chinese? It's the same in any of the languages spoken in the eleven ports across the Pacific that Continental Airlines serves. Language is no barrier when it comes to expressing pride, because pride is said with actions . . . not with words. Continental Airlines people express their great measure of pride by being more helpful . . . doing things more willingly. And Continental passengers, in whatever part of the world they may be, feel comfortable, at ease, almost at home because of it. The reason Continental's people have so much pride in themselves and in their airline is understandable.

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CONTINENTAL The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail

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Dorothea Lange, The Museum of Modern Art, NY

This poignant photograph has been reproduced countless times but speaks to us afresh each time we see it. It is by Dorothea Lange. I use it instead of the usual heading for this "Editor-At-Large" column, not because it is her finest work, but to signal those who love it but know little of its creator.

Dorothea Lange's photographs are not the stop-and-look-a-moment kind which please us momentarily with their candidness or cleverness. They are photographs one reads. 91 of them have been gathered in one of the finest books Doubleday has had the privilege of distributing for the Museum of Modern Art. The book was begun with Dorothea Lange's help and completed, sadly, as a memorial.

George P. Elliott points out in an illuminating, tough-minded foreword that Dorothea Lange tried her hand at studio portraiture and landscape but came to know that what really interested her was people against their natural landscape. These works have the same effect on me as do the drawings of Kathe Kollwitz. Her photographs of men under grim pressure in a courthouse in California, of a new father, of hands, of one perfect nude, of Ireland, of Egypt, and most of all, of the wandering, dust-seamed faces of Texas and the panhandle during the Thirties, make a monument to a great woman's humanity. It is a book to treasure. All 91 photographs are in my own, as it was Miss Lange's, favorite color combination —black and white.

A second Museum of Modern Art book which will soon grace the Doubleday list is one on Turner. I will not describe it further now except to remind you that the Museum's Turner show has been a smash, if one may use such a Broadway noun to describe an off-Broadway, In-museum production.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Not every book or department store stocks Museum of Modern Art books. Ask for copies of *Dorothea Lange* ($6.95) and *Turner* ($4.95) at your favorite bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Bookshops. If unavailable, write to L. L. Day at Doubleday, 277 Park Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. and we'll refer the order to a local bookseller.
(Advertisement)

Saturday Review

July 16, 1966

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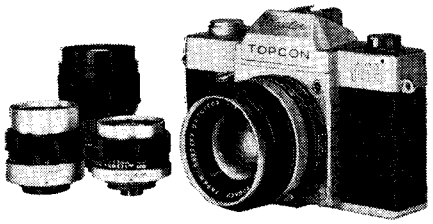

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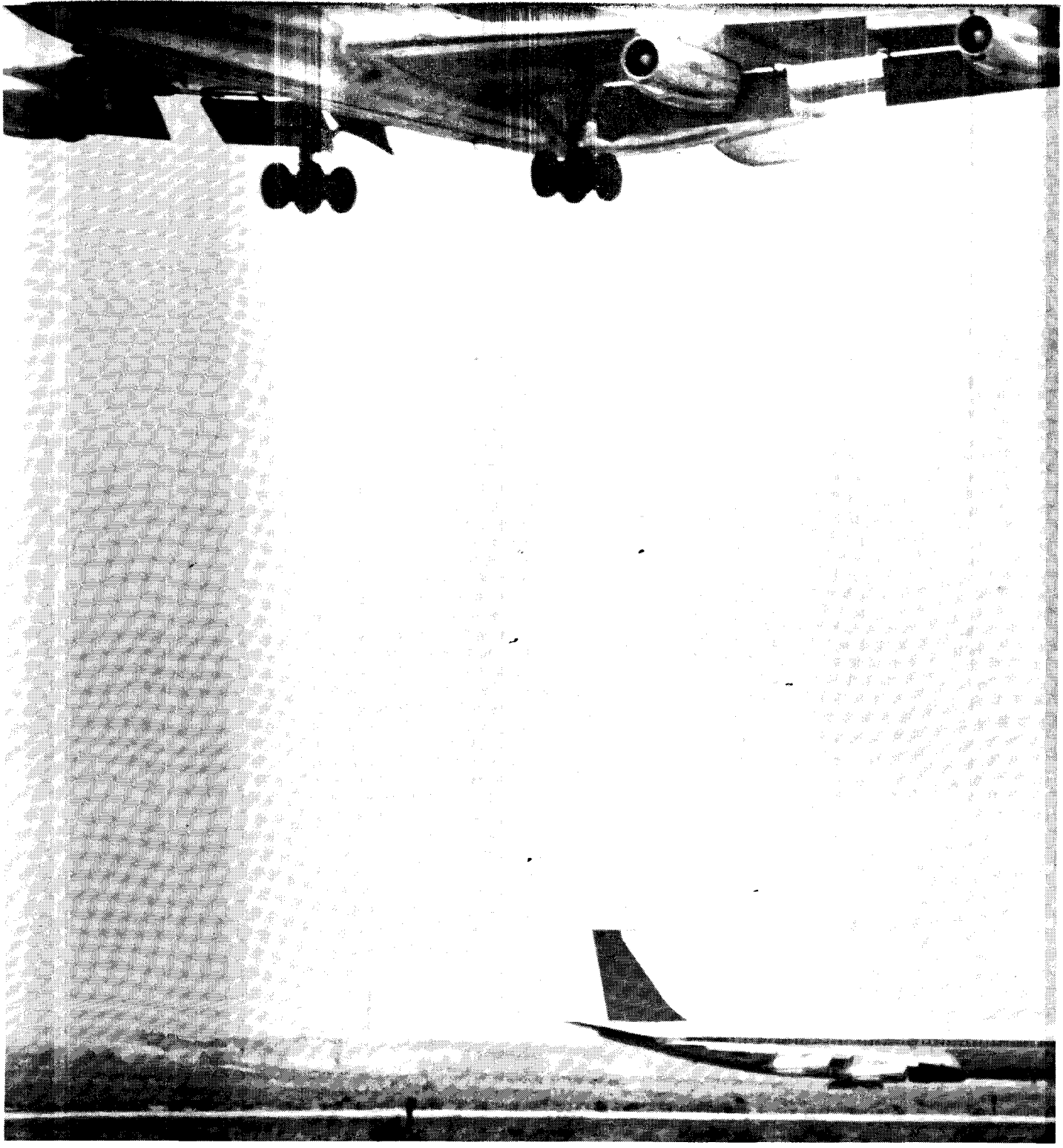

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Edited by Martin Levin

Cry Woof

IT IS becoming increasingly difficult for the strong individualists to get along in this world. This was clearly demonstrated recently when a London psychiatrist reported on the case of a man who barked at people.

According to the doctor, this fellow barked only occasionally until he was sixty-three years old. Then he began to bark at ten-minute intervals, with the result that he lost his job. Barking, you see, was considered odd, and oddity of any kind—some trait or characteristic that tends to set one apart—always bothers the strait-laced conformists who hire and fire. I think it's a shame.

If a man barks constantly, and leans his head back while doing it, I can see that on some jobs, particularly in a "group" office, his fellow employees might become distracted. Their production could conceivably drop, particularly in England, where there seems to be an abnormal sensitivity and fear concerning dogs, even though we all know that by strange custom an Englishman never goes out when the midday sun is shining unless he can take a dog (preferably a mad one, if you please) along with him.

If a man barks only every ten minutes or so, though, what's the harm? Liberal people, with some flexibility, should easily be able to accommodate themselves to intermittent "bow-wows," or "woof-woofs," assuming that there is a minimum of growling or snarling in between.

The report from England neglected to describe the man's teeth and jaws. That, too, could make a difference. If he had long teeth, or a jutting jaw, the sight of him while he was warming up to a bark could be upsetting to the man at the next desk, but if he were the right sort he could learn to look in the other direction.

The psychiatrist claims that the whole trouble began years ago when a teacher had forced the man, who was left-handed, to learn to write with his right hand. That seems unlikely. Many people who are normally right-handed will, under certain conditions, also bark. Is it not probable that the teacher may have barked, as teachers often do, and that the man picked it up from him?

Psychiatrists could better occupy themselves, I think, treating people who are really disturbed, such as whistlers. Whistlers are not just individualists; they are fiends of the most uncontrollable sort. Anyone who whistles on the job should be dismissed at once, placed on an analyst's couch, face down, and kept there for as long as it takes to determine the cause of his aberration. If that fails, well. . . .

I once worked in a newspaper office where there was a little fellow who was a congenital whistler. I used to ask him what his trouble was.

"Aren't you happy with the natural shape of your mouth?" I would ask. Or I might say casually, as I passed his desk, "Considering that, after a month's effort, you seem constitutionally unable to complete even the first five bars of *Tiptoe Through The Tulips* without going off pitch, should you not, perhaps, switch to something else?"

My questions did not affect him at all. He would only look up, smile blandly in the manner of imbeciles, and mumble something about what was who's business.

I finally took care of him, though. When I found him sitting on the edge of his desk one day, I pretended to mistake him for a piece of paper. I scooped him up along with an armload of old AP dispatches, tiptoed through the typewriters over to the copy desk, and spindled him. —Hayes B. Jacobs.

The Whistler

The Theater Makes Strange Bedfellows

WE HAD agreed upon salary and a percentage of the gross. We had finally convinced the star and his agent that it was useless to press for a percentage of the net. We had agreed upon billing, placing of his name, the size of the type, and all the circumstances in which it had to be used. We had agreed upon the Number 1 star dressing room, and a dresser to be selected by him and to be paid by us. We had agreed upon first-class transportation, namely, a private drawing room on the train to New Haven and Boston and back to New York. We signed the contract in front of the star and his agent. As we turned the contract around for the star to sign, his agent suddenly remembered an appointment he had to keep and hurried out. It was clear, later, he did not want to be present when the star made his final condition.

"Look, boys," he said, "I've got a girl and I want her in the show."

"The show is all cast," we told him.

"It's all right," he said, "if you put

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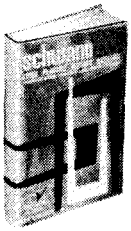

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Gladys in the chorus. She's a chorus girl."

We wanted the star badly enough to agree. It was not, however, written into the contract, which he then signed. Gladys turned out to be what we call, for the want of a better name—come to think of it, I don't believe there is a better name—a dog. Not only could she not dance, she could not walk or even move to music. She was strictly anti-rhythm. Our star must have found her attractive, which made him the leader and sole member of a minority.

In rehearsal the choreographer came to us with tears and bitter recrimination. Gladys was destroying his every effort. He simply couldn't use her. We told him she was a must—and to try harder. We had become very fond of our star and a little sorry for him.

Finally, one day we took our courage in our hands and did what had to be done. We were sitting out front, the company was resting on the stage during a break. We called to the star to join us. He slipped into the row of seats behind us and sat down. We turned to him, and after a little chitchat about how well everything looked, we said, "Bill, we have some bad news for you. We can't use Gladys."

He didn't speak, he didn't protest, but we could feel the heavy weight of his depression. The theater seemed to grow dimmer. After a minute or two there was the sound of a deep and heavy sigh, and then he said, "Well, I guess I'll have to marry her."

"Oh, no!" Crouse cried. "No, oh no!" I echoed him. "You mustn't do that—we'll work something out—you leave it to us," we told him.

So, after some thought we promoted Gladys. We took her out of the chorus and made her a principal. We wrote two lines for her to speak, in an ensemble scene, lines that didn't matter whether they were heard or not. The choreographer was very happy. Bill was relieved. Gladys was delirious. She was an actress! Ahead of her were Hollywood, London, and Rome.

It was a shame the show had to close in New Haven. —HOWARD LINDSAY.

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Forgotten road to success in writing

One of America's highest paid free-lance authors tells of opportunities often overlooked by people who want to write

By J. D. Ratcliff

I can't understand why more beginners don't take the short road to publication – by writing articles for magazines and newspapers.

Last year over 250,000 articles were bought by general magazines alone. And that's only part* of a huge market that will pay well for pieces of almost any length on just about any subject that comes naturally to you. I've made a good living for 25 years writing articles, and I've enjoyed every minute of it.

A wonderful life

I've interviewed a dozen Nobel Prize-winners, including Sir Alexander Fleming who discovered penicillin. I've talked with heads of state, at least one king, scores of leading industrialists. In the past year, I covered stories from Bangkok to Buffalo.

It's a wonderful life. No commuter trains to catch, no office routine. Whether I'm at home, or abroad on assignment, I write from 8 a.m. to noon every day – no more, no less. My afternoons are my own.

How to pick subjects that sell

A big advantage of article writing is that you can break in with material right out of your own everyday experience. One of the first pieces I sold was about the adventures of a test pilot I knew. Another told the story of a friend of mine caught in a balloon that ran wild. Check the contents of any general magazine; chances are you'll find articles you might have written.

You can make good use of your special interests too. One of mine is science, and it's provided dozens of story ideas – from accounts of dramatic new heart operations, to a report on an astronomical observatory built out of salvaged junk. Your passion may be insurance or religion or football, raising roses or raising children. Whatever it is, you should be able to draw on it for articles that could inform and entertain thousands of readers.

Knowing *what* to write is about half the battle. The other half is knowing *how*. To produce saleable articles, you must master the tools and techniques used by all successful professional writers.

You might develop these skills on your own through sheer blood, sweat and rejection slips. But when I look back, I can't help thinking of all the time and agony I would have saved if I could have found a real "pro" to work with me.

Such help is now available to beginners everywhere through the Famous Writers School – founded by Rod Serling, Faith Baldwin, Bruce Catton, Bennett Cerf, Max Shulman, Mignon G. Eberhart, Bergen Evans, Red Smith, John Caples, Rudolf Flesch, Mark Wiseman and myself.

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Sharon Wagner, Mesa, Ariz., announces, "When I began your Course, I was an unpublished writer. Since then, I've made 18 sales and now live on my writing income."

Stephan R. Novak, Wayne, N. J., writes, "I've just received a check from *Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine.* That's 11 stories sold in six months." Don Jones of Whittier, Calif., says, "Guided by your criticism, I rewrote my last assignment and sold it to *Nation's Business.*"

"Your training has certainly paid off," reports Eileen Thompson Panowski, a Los Alamos, N. M., mother of four. "I've just sold my fourth book to the New York publisher, Abelard-Schuman." Doris Stebbins, S. Coventry, Conn., says "Your Course made it possible for me to sell six articles to *Woman's Day* for $2,050."

Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, our students find great intangible rewards in writing for publication. As my colleague Faith Baldwin puts it: "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being . . . makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

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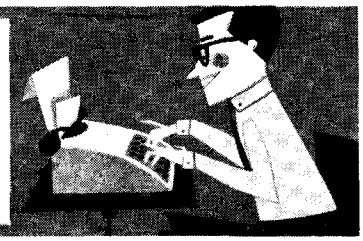
Top of My Head



Dinner for None, Please John

Honorable John V. Lindsay,
Mayor, New York City

Dear Sir:

This is a Dear John letter to discuss your recent appearance in a little charade entitled *The King and I.*

This is a "could have been" letter. As I drive down the highway of yesterdays I peek into my rose-tinted, rear-vision mirror and see a royal bit of stratagem you might have employed in the matter of breaking bread with His Majesty King Faisal of Saudi Arabia; a bit of artifice that would have avoided the late unpleasantness.

The whole thing could have been handled in this, our City of Fun, as they handle things in our nation's capital at the celebrated Gridiron dinners. Famous personages, from presidents on down, are invited to these dinners and are feted. Actually, they are being put on a gridiron, toasted, and roasted by the national press. But in spite of the slurs and arrows of outrageous newspapermen, the hapless guest manages a fixed smile through the entire dinner. I'm sure the King, who seems to have a wonderful sense of humor without his interpreters, could have managed a fixed smile.

You could have appointed yourself mâitre d' and supervised the dinner. A menu in the grand manner of a Gridiron dinner could have been:

GEFILTE FISH
(With red or white . . . horseradish, that is).
SOUP DE MATZOTH BALL
BOILED BEEF FLANKEN
COFFEE
OR
MICHAEL FINN (25 cents extra).

Not responsible for hats, coats, or togas.

Then, Mr. Mayor, you could have retired to Gracie Mansion to go over your speech of welcome. This is the tricky part and could have been carefully prepared. A quick trip to Berlitz, and you could have been the hit of the evening with an enthusiastic speech of welcome in Yiddish. Liberally sprinkled with words like "meshuga," "chutzpah," and "schmo."

You could have delivered the speech with your famous smile directed toward the King. The King would have smiled back politely as always. Possibly sitting there thinking: "He doesn't look Semitic."

This is not too much of a departure from precedent. Charles de Gaulle acquired Instant Russian for a speech he made in Moscow. He managed gracefully to switch from "oui" to "da" when all the time he meant "nyet."

You could have memorized enough Yiddish to deliver such a speech. It wouldn't have taxed you too much. And if it had, your newly burdened constituents feel that turnabout is fair play.

Through your speech could have run a threnodic note, lamenting the deplorable state of the world, which seems to be rushing headlong and blindly to destruction, through hatred, bigotry, and widespread forgetfulness of the brotherhood of man.

New York, you could have said, the City of Fun, the Summer Festival, and the Rheingold Festival, is known for its hospitality toward all visiting dignitaries. When Khrushchev came to our gates he got the red carpet. What else? And Mr. Khrushchev was not particularly friendly to our country when he hinted that he would bury us.

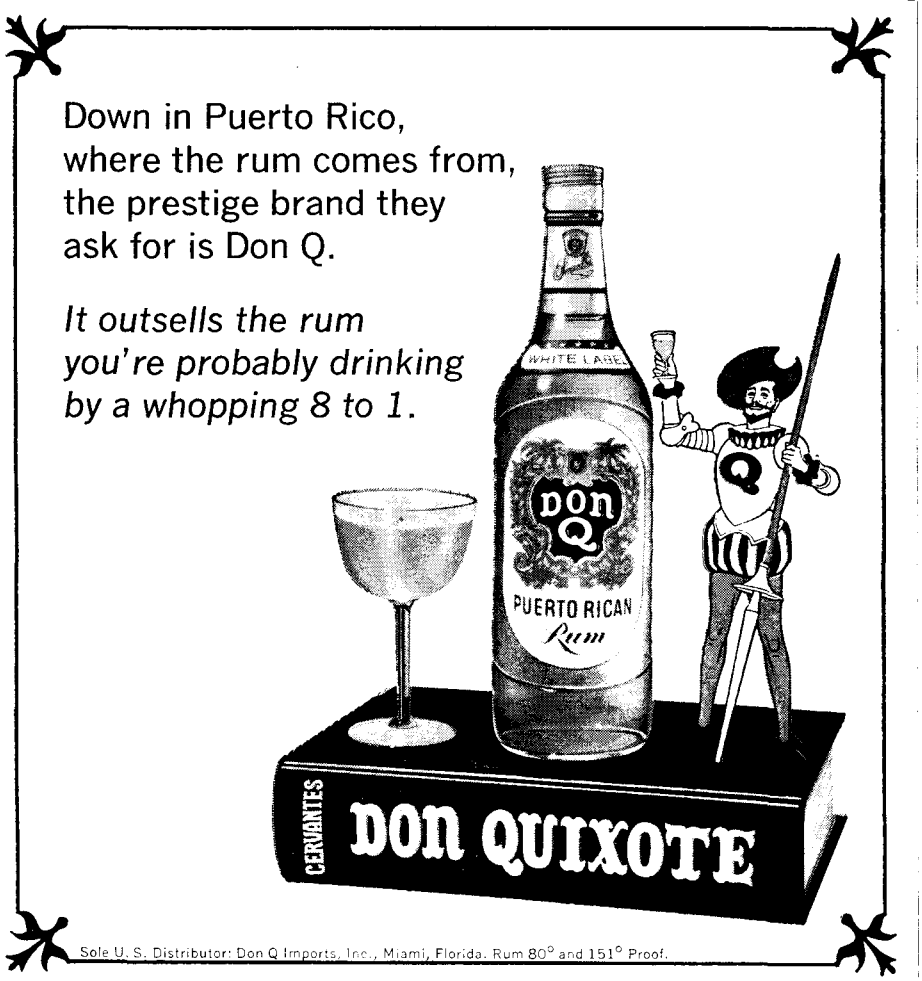
We gave him the royal tour, Your Highness. Except Disneyland. But now in contrast, and to demonstrate how deeply we feel about your visit here, we offer you, carte blanche, or Diners', or however you come to us, a trip to Coney Island. With Nathan's hot dogs thrown in, you could have said.

In these times, in this modern world, you could have said, what is needed most to attain the dignity of man, indeed the very survival of man, is a love and compassion that surpasseth all understanding.

And, Mr. Mayor, you could have given him that one sure argument that always crops up in ethnic discussions. You could have said to His Majesty that we hold no ill will toward his people. Some of my best friends are Arabic. One of my closest friends was Larry of Arabia. And in the spirit of my friendship with Larry it behooves our countries to move toward a warm relationship. Especially in these perilous days of the year 5726.

. . . You could have said.

—GOODMAN ACE.



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If you eat or sleep away from home, this is the only guidebook to America that tells you:

How good?

"I'm starving."
"How about this place?"
"I don't like the looks of it."
"Okay, why don't *you* pick one
en."
"Maybe I could, if you'd slow down."
You know how it goes.
You've been driving for hours.
You're hungry.
So you look for a place that looks all
ght on the outside.
When you spot one, you stop and
ke a peek inside.
If it still looks okay, you take a
ance. And sometimes it turns out
e. And sometimes it turns out ter-
ble.
If you're tired of taking a chance
very time you stop to eat, take along
Mobil Travel Guide on your next trip.
The Mobil Travel Guide lists over
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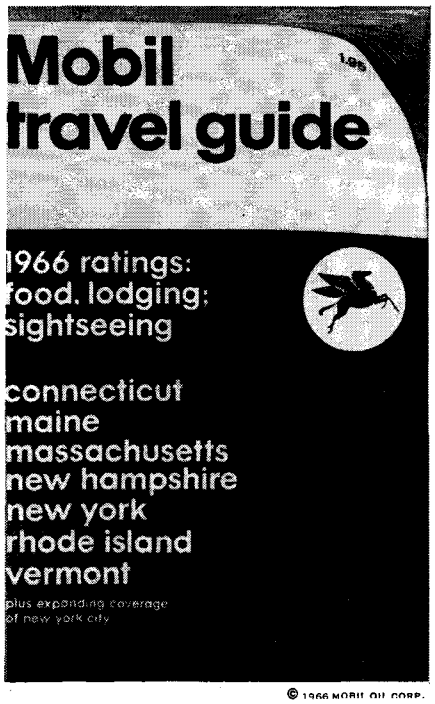
Every one has been inspected by



one of our Inspectors.

And every one has been rated. Honestly, strictly and fairly.

Take restaurants.

They never know when one of our Inspectors is going to show up.

When he does, he checks on how clean the kitchen is, how much frozen and how much fresh food is served, if fish and vegetables are stored separately, and the grades of meat and butter used.

And he finds out the cost of meals, the specialties of the house, whether children's plates are served, etc.

When he finishes his inspection, he writes out a detailed report to our central office. His findings are compared with previous inspections and comments from users of the Mobil Travel Guide. If a place passes, it's given a rating.

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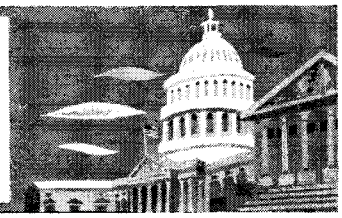
State of Affairs



Behind Britain's "Swingers"

LONDON.

NO DOUBT a great temptation for many Americans this summer will be to go to England for a "swinging time." I hope they will. I hope they will find that Britain today is not the Britain of the traditional tourist propaganda in kodachrome: the Beefeaters, the Tower of London, the Horse Guards. I hope they will also find that a new and different spirit is blowing and that Soho and Carnaby Street and the Clermont Club, which have caught the limelight of publicity, are not the true symbols of the "winds of change."

There *are* winds blowing across the country, but they have been generated by something much more serious and important. The old class molds have been broken; the lower-middle classes have come to the surface, have emerged from the world of the underdog, and like most breakthroughs this has made at least some people frivolous and giddy and irresponsible. They are celebrating the event in an often extreme manner and this has led to bizarre manifestations.

Suddenly women's skirts are too short and men's hair too long. Morals have relaxed perhaps more than they should. Gambling has increased and so has meanness. There are excesses which have the smell of decadence. But all this, at least to me, seems to reflect more the confusion of a painful period of transition. Not an end.

It is wrong, I think, as one English polemicist recently wrote, to say that the British today are "a people who do not understand the point to which their long history has brought them; who do not know where they are going; who do not expect anything, least of all their country, to last." This is nostalgia for the past gone sour.

I have spent several weeks over the past twelve months in England. I have had a look at the excessive freedoms displayed in Soho and I've walked down Carnaby Street. I have even tried to buy one of those five-button, skin-tight jackets, but a twenty-two-year-old shop assistant, after a long look at me, kindly suggested that he did not have my size. And on Saturday afternoons I have strolled along King's Road enjoying the look of those sharp and extravagantly dressed "cool" boys and "hot" girls. But it did not strike me as symptomatic of national decline. It struck me as original and fresh, a new individualism; a temporary thumbing of one's nose at the old conventions and taboos, and a reflection of full employment.

These boys and girls are able to earn incomparably more than the preceding generation and they aren't sure how to appreciate it. Britain psychologically is going through an immensely difficult period of adjustment. It isn't so much a question of the Empire gone, but of the class structure undergoing some very bruising inner upheavals.

I defended Dean Acheson when a few years ago he sadly proclaimed that "Britain has lost an Empire but has not yet found a role." Most of those who now point a finger at the British for going after selfish and unsatisfying pleasures cried foul at the time.

When invisible social forces vie with one another for a new and different future it is difficult for the observer to be certain how it will all come out, how to strike the right balance. Forces long held back by the hard, inflexible rigidity of British society have broken through and new molds will be formed of the current upheaval. The lower-middle classes have surfaced and the immediate effect is dizzying.

There are a good many disagreeable and sometimes trifling outward signs of this struggle—the drugs, the fads, the desire to shock—and since it has all taken longer than it should, it may be difficult for some time to come to tame the new forces now unleashed. And thus it will take longer for this new generation to adjust to responsibility.

But already there are encouraging signs. This new order of the lower-middle classes now streaming from the red brick (as opposed to Ivy League) universities is beginning to inject a new vigor—genuinely novel ideas—into the English way of life. Those long-haired youths so easily mistaken for homosexuals are, in fact, extremely vigorous males—so my very knowing female sources assure me. It will take time for them to penetrate all the important economic sectors of the country, but a good many of them are proving their mettle in business and other walks of life—with rejuvenating effect.

There is nothing genteel about them

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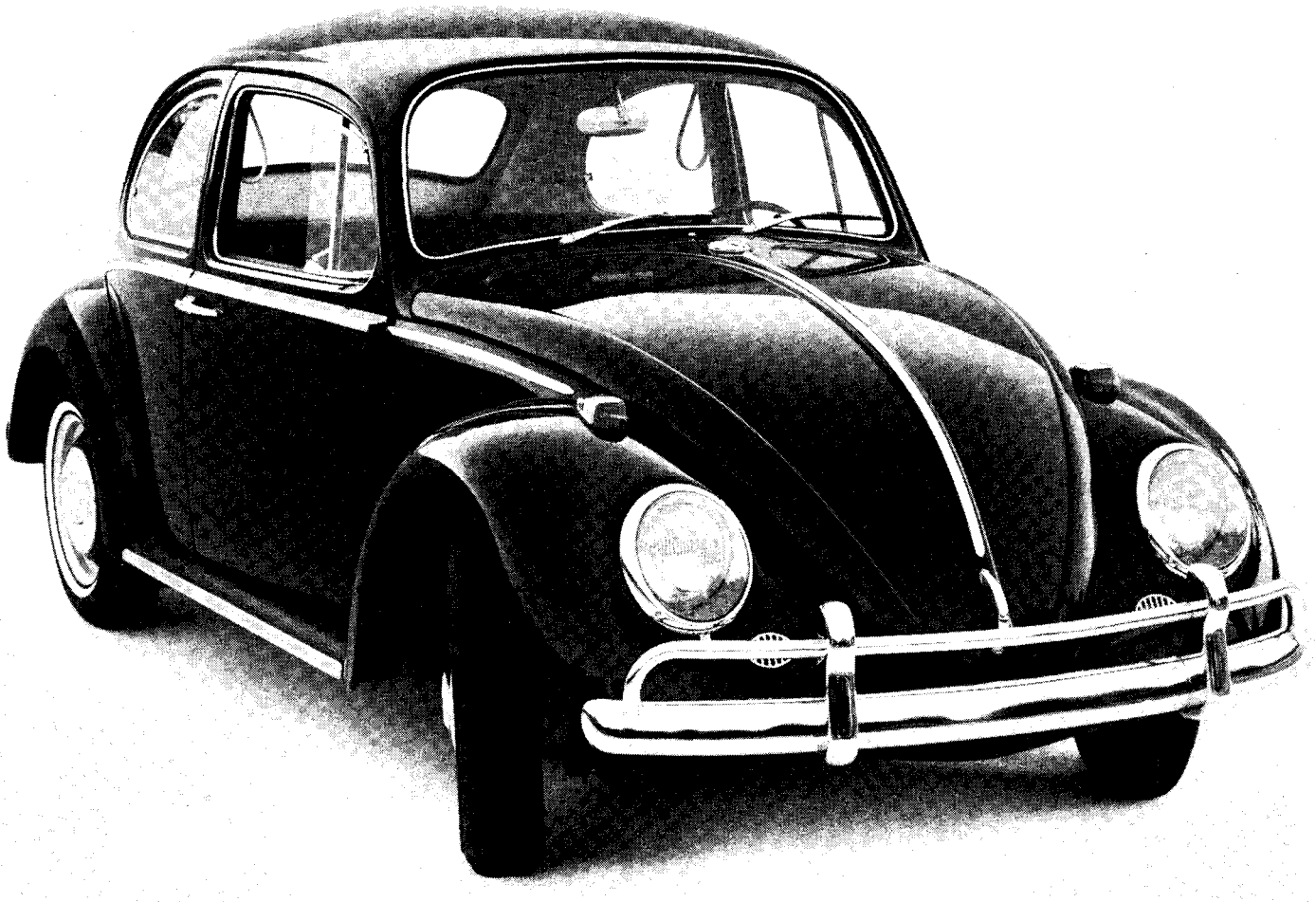

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For many people the Volkswagen would be an ideal car. Except for one thing.

It doesn't cost enough.

They're afraid nobody will know they have any money, if it doesn't show in their car. In other words, they buy their car for other people. Not themselves.

Then there are those who earn enough to buy a much better car than the VW. But they don't. Because they can't find one.

For them the best car is one that simply gets them there. Comfortably and economically. One they don't have to worry about. That doesn't make many stops for gas. And rarely needs repairs.

A car where rare repairs don't cost much. A car where the car doesn't cost much.

They feel they can afford to save money with a Volkswagen.

Now next time you see somebody driving a VW don't feel sorry for him.

Who knows? Someday the bank might be using his money to give you a new car loan.

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Kodak invented the new super 8 movie system, so it's not surprising that this KODAK INSTAMATIC M6 Movie Camera takes *terrific* super 8 movies. The f1.8 focusing lens zooms from 12 to 36mm for wide-angle view to telephoto close-up. Extra-bright reflex *through* the lens — no parallax. The battery-powered CdS electric eye operates through the lens, too, for high-exposure *accuracy*. And battery power drives the film through its full 50 feet *automatically*, cartridge after cartridge. No winding. No film flip-over at midpoint. Plus a fold-away pistol grip and many other features, all adding up to movies that are so much sharper and brighter—*with 50% more picture area on the film than regular 8mm film*—that you can show them only on a KODAK INSTAMATIC or other super 8 projector. The M6 Camera, less than $160.

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and a lot carry chips still too visibly on their shoulders. They are more obviously tough and ruthless and ambitious, but in a trying period such as this it may be an asset. Much, of course, will depend on whether these new forces will acquire the respect for their country and for their leaders that once inspired the British in their greater days.

Britain, for the present, is deeply mired in economic troubles, and the economic future, heavily mortgaged, looks uncertain. Mr. Wilson up to now has resisted telling the country the unvarnished truth, has refrained from presenting the harsh realities that must be faced. Instead of arousing some sort of Dunkirk spirit to meet the economic crisis, he is searching for a compromise between the anachronisms of the past and the imperatives of the future. At the same time, of course, any leader charged with guiding a nation through a painful period of transition is saddled with so many problems that they become a vicious circle that limit his freedom of action. But as M. Mendès-France once said: "To govern is to choose."

If the necessary leadership materializes, Britain's internal evolution ought gradually to settle; energies that now go to waste on some of the more instinctive temptations toward anarchy should flow into more useful channels, and the lower-middle and working classes ought to get used to their hard-won triumph and take it in stride. It is hard to see how, after such a blood transfusion, the country could sink back to its old ways, and this new infusion disappear into the old bloodstream.

I, for one, hope this evolution will preserve its rejuvenating force. Meanwhile, if you want to have that "swinging" time, go to London while it lasts.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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Teens will try anything from high diving to skin diving. Try them on well-balanced meals. They're "in"!

She has perfect balance. How about her meals?

For active teen-agers, eating is a "sometimes" thing. In an effort to cram as many activities as they can into fleeting summer vacations, teen-agers often overlook regular meals. They're satisfied to grab a bite while on the run.

Because nutritional needs are greatly increased during the teen years, it's good to know you can help bring even "sketchy" summer meals into better nutritional balance with milk and other dairy foods.

To make sure you're giving your family the nourishing meals they need to help them keep up with the "in" activities, plan each meal around the Basic Four Food Groups as given in the Daily Food Guide. All the known nutrients are in the Basic Four and they provide a foundation for a balanced diet. The groups are: (1) Milk and Dairy Foods; (2) Meats, Fish, Poultry, Eggs; (3) Fruits and Vegetables; (4) Cereals and Breads.

You can put new flavor excitement into every meal with mouthwatering combinations using these Basic Four Food Groups. The variations are endless. Complete details are given in the Daily Food Guide. A free copy is yours for the asking.

For your FREE copy of "Family Feeding For Fitness and Fun", which includes a copy of the DAILY FOOD GUIDE, write to the Public Relations Department, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

Time to set up your own Family Fitness Program

Well-balanced meals are just one of the essential elements in keeping your family fit and healthy. Your family also needs adequate exercise and plenty of rest. You see, fitness means an ability to work with vigor and pleasure, without undue fatigue, with energy left for enjoying hobbies and recreational activities.

For information on how to set up your own family fitness program, write to the President's Council on Physical Fitness, Room 1031, GAO Building, 441 G Street, NW., Washington, D.C. 20203.

a message from dairy farmer members of
american dairy association
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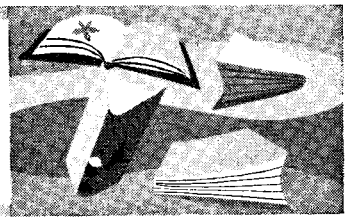
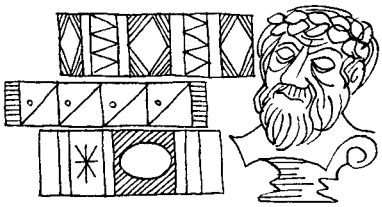
Trade Winds



There is a considerable amount of loose talk going around these days as to what has happened to all the philosophers. To probe this question, we were able to trap James K. Feibleman, Chairman of Philosophy at Tulane University, in his lair long enough to get some resounding answers. A beefy volume of his



writings will be making its way into the bookstalls late this summer—*The Two-Story World: Selected Philosophical Writings of James K. Feibleman*, Edited with an Introduction by Huntington Cairns (Holt, Rinehart and Winston).

Professor Feibleman is vigorous, articulate, and an intensely rapid talker who alternates periods of verbal fusillades with equal periods of attentive listening. It is almost impossible to interrupt whatever momentary mood he might be in. He fires ideas almost as fast as the pistons pump in a supercharged sports car. The ideas may run together, but they always check out when there is a breathless moment to apply a degree of logic.

The most refreshing thing about James K. Feibleman is that he applies humor to the vastness of the subject he is attacking. He is one of the few systematic philosophers in the world today (systematic philosophy in the nature of Plato has almost been given up in modern times, on the theory that there is simply too much knowledge for any one man to absorb). And he gave the Muse of Comedy a front seat in his previous volume, *In Praise of Comedy*. The book is, of course, a fragment of his total writings, which add up to an impressive four million words, embracing twenty-five published volumes and more than 150 technical articles.

"The comedian is a natural philosopher, whether he knows it or not," he told us. "He refuses to take seriously what others do, and this enables him to reconsider things—which in turn leads to philosophy. Comedy is very critical. When a man falls on a banana peel, we laugh because it is altogether possible that he has been too pompous.

"Comedy calls for re-evaluation—and for that reason, it's philosophical. You get into a two-story-world idea. In comedy you look down on the world from above, and see things in their proper perspective. You see how ridiculous they are, and you laugh at them.

"If you take the most primitive vaudeville gags you can find, you can discern this differential that exists between the Ideal World and the Actual World. The comedian asks: 'Who was that lady I seen you with last night?' And his partner answers: 'That was no lady, that was my wife!' What better example could you find of the differential between the Ideal and the Actual?

"Or when the man comes to the doctor with a strange rash, and the doctor can't diagnose the problem, and he says: 'You've had this before?' The patient answers yes. Then, according to the old vaudeville joke, the doctor answers: 'Well—you've got it again.' Here the doctor should have the answer, but he doesn't. The Actual Doctor falls short of the Ideal Doctor, and we laugh.

"We're always dealing with samples in this world, and so we don't get the full story. As a matter of fact, the Actual World adds up to us. In the Ideal World—on the second story—we find the archetypes that don't die, and keep on forever. Any living man is just a temporary living example of an archetype."

The writings of Professor Feibleman of course go far beyond humor. In making the attempt to present a systematic philosophy in the face of today's sophisticated knowledge of science, it is practically obligatory to be a super-Renaissance Man—a job that Professor Feibleman attacks with confidence, a little arrogance, and some humility.

"A systematic philosophy," he told us, "is an attempt to make a system of all existing knowledge. Most people have a lot of jumbled, disorganized knowledge. But this is of little use unless it is placed in perspective. Can you imagine the entire New York City Public Library with its books scattered all over the place, without arrangement? Who could use it?

"The thing that makes it useful is the arrangement, but the criteria of arrangement is not in any one book, or group of books. It's a system of organization entirely independent of the books in the library. A systematic philosophy is sim-

What exhilarating summer activity did the 18th century English enjoy on the ice?
Some called it one of the most refreshing ideas the English have ever had. Mr. Gordon just called it his gin. Glorious, gleaming Gordon's. Smooth as ice. Dry as snow. Such an exhilarating pastime. Which is why the English have been devoted to it for 197 years. It's still best-seller there. And here. In fact, throughout the thirsty world. Let Gordon's exhilarate you during summer's dog days. See for yourself why the English can brave the noonday sun.
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ply an ordering of knowledge, done independently of knowledge itself."

Professor Feibleman, rangy and youthful appearing though in his sixties, is a man of as many diversities as his selected writings reflect. He is perfectly capable of attempting to organize an imaginary group he calls the "Anti-Euphemism Society of America," which demands facetiously that ham be called by its proper name (smoked pigs' buttocks); a mortician be called an undertaker; a sanitary engineer a garbage man; and tripe, the stomach lining of a cow. He also would like someday to form a National Association of Medical Patients that could dwarf the American Medical Association.

At the same time, he is capable of writing a sentence in his 300,000-word volume, *Ontology* (Johns Hopkins University Press), that reads: "The complicated movement of existence which we have described earlier as the dialectic vector, and the frames of destiny through which all things in existence must pass, may now be applied to the universe of existence as a whole, the cosmological universe."

Ontology, he explains, is the word now used in place of metaphysics, on the grounds that it is less theological and supernatural. It all adds up to the theory of being, which, as everyone knows, is tough to describe.

But this is what a systematic philosopher faces, whether he's in today's world of science (pure science and pure philosophy are the same, he insists; the distortion comes in applied science and philosophy), or back in Athens.

"If you try to compress the essence of all systematic philosophies," Professor Feibleman says, "they simply add up to one thing: All is one. But philosophers won't fully agree to that. I keep trying to explain to my classes why philosophers *won't* agree. And I keep telling them this is bound to happen in such a large field. I have one sentence I pound into them: 'There is no single statement about which you will get all philosophers to agree—including this statement!'"

—John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1683)

Harrison E. Salisbury: *Russia*

Marx was certain that the revolution would come first in the advanced industrial countries. Russia, he felt, was not yet ready for a workers' revolution. First, she must undergo a bourgeois revolution to overthrow the feudal order. Only much later would Russia be ready.

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6 out of 7 could not answer this question correctly. How about you?

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- ☐ increased 5%
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- ☐ stayed steady

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Saturday Review
July 16, 1966

India's Long Hot Summer

Bowed by famine, overpopulation, and linguistic differences, a proud giant staggers; a hopeful report on a nation with one-seventh of the world's population.

By MARSHALL FISHWICK

IN SUMMER, 1966, India is not merely dry; it is baked. Heat bounces off the earth's crust like a tennis ball. The dust never settles over Delhi. Driving through the villages, you stir up clouds that obscure people huddled in sapped, starving villages. What, after all, can they do but swallow the dust, accept the hunger, and pray for rain?

And what can *you* do? Bathe and sip cool drinks in hotel rooms from which dust is carefully excluded; talk to well-dusted officials who insist that there really is no famine (though things are a bit hard here and there); try to sleep on sheets made white as snow by the work of many brown hands.

To sleep, to dream—ah, there indeed is the rub. All those people keep coming back. You do not know their names—how could you, having hardly seen them through the swirling dust? They did not speak; you cannot know which were afraid to die, which were afraid to live, which could no longer draw a clear line between life and death. No one told you which of the myriad unmarked mounds were graves, which were accumulations of litter, which ancient earth-warts made for long-dormant deities. After all, you are an American, hurrying through.

But they *looked* at you. That's the root of the problem. You can never again forget their eyes—deep, fearful, questioning, pained, sunk in their black sockets. They could have glanced the other way, or at least closed their eyes when the car drove past, to keep the dust out. But they didn't. They looked at you.

Especially the little children, naked for the most part, or covered with a few bits of soiled cloth that turned them into Raggedy-Ann dolls, wound up to walk amidst the squalor, bullock carts, placid animals, and dung piles. Close by are the mothers, often carrying the next Raggedy-Anns in their wombs. India's population increases at the rate of a million a month.

The figure is startling enough; the meaning of it staggering. That increase more than wipes out all the recent gains the government has made in production, modernization, mechanization. In the race between people and products, the people, in 50,000 villages, are losing by winning.

"The loop," a cheap, highly effective contraceptive device perfected in America and widely distributed throughout India, may turn the tide. But Indians point out that only the people who can best afford to have children are cutting back; those who are least able to do so continue the explosion. To them the birth problem is moral and religious. Scientific arguments have to break down inner psychic walls. That is never an easy or quick process.

The Indian poet B. S. Mardhekar gives a terrifying picture of ants swarming over a suburban train, then quickly changes the angle of vision:

> These are no ants: these are humans:
> Even if their minds are nameless,
> Even if torn minutes veil them,
> eternally;
> Even if they are ashamed of
> themselves.
> So many, intoxicating, sweating,
> Seeped in their pores;
> And the platform drunk
> With the cocktail of their smells.

What goes on under all India's seething and swarming? Peel the skin, Mardhekar suggests, and you will see "a rotting multitude of doubts." God's curse stays in the temple. Yet to the visitor this untabulated population (thought to be approaching the 500 million mark) is incredibly patient and enduring in the face of problems (economic, military, political, religious, cultural, medical) that crop up everywhere. One feels safer on the streets of Bombay or Calcutta, for example, than he does in New York or London. Courtesy and deference abound. Life moves forward in a stately, steady, symbolic way. Anand Coomaraswamy defined symbolism as the lost art of thinking in images. After thousands of years of civilization symbols are imbedded in India, emerging on occasions with great effective power.

That power would be much more effective, the national life much more cohesive, if the language problem could be solved. If the monsoons come, the drought will end; millions of loops may reverse the birth explosion; careful diplomacy may ease the Pakistan tension. But all the raindrops, loops, and words in the world won't eliminate the Babel that is today's India. Fourteen major languages are spoken, as well as hundreds of dialects. Important contemporary writers and thinkers insist on using the Marathi, Bengali, Assamese, Urdu, Tamil, or Punjabi language. The Parichay Trust, founded in 1959 to promulgate Gujarati, has already issued more than 5,000,000 pamphlets in Gujarati. Many Americans have never heard a single word of Telugu—yet more people speak it than all the Scandinavian languages combined.

Isn't English the common bond that holds Indian culture together? Perhaps; but it is weakening every day. There are both practical and theoretical explanations. In the first heady days of independence, after Britain's withdrawal in

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1947, India cut back on English training to stress nationalism and the "new freedom." Not in the kindergarten, but in the seventh grade was English teaching begun. Consequently, a whole generation has grown up with English accents and phrasing that range from satisfactory to incomprehensible.

At no time during British control did more than a small percentage of India's total population speak English well. Under a government stressing Hindi as the basic language, lacking hard currency to send many students to the West, the caliber of spoken English continues to go down. "My graduate students are supposed to know English well before coming to my classes," an Indian teacher told me. "Yet I gave an hour's lecture on Milton recently, only to find that one of my students thought I was discussing *Lipton* and the tea problem."

From a theoretical standpoint, most Indians are convinced that the first language for their country must be a native one. "Can democracy be effective if only the intelligentsia speak the governing language?" they argue. "Our nation can be one only when the élite speaks and thinks in the language of the masses. Why should we be raised to know all about English thrushes and skylarks, rather than our own birds—why should we be what Macaulay called 'black Englishmen'? The impact of our English education is counteracted by the Indian life and religion around us. To be rootless in India is to speak English only, and ape everything Western. Don't you want us to stand on our own feet, and to be ourselves?"

Such thinking lay behind the decision that Hindi would be the language to link India's millions together, giving them cultural unity and national consciousness. It seemed like a fine choice—for those who spoke Hindi. Noting a reluctance among other language-groups to switch (despite the compulsory teaching of Hindi in all schools), the federal government in Delhi tried to impose a time-schedule for the switchover. Resentment, riots, and rebellion ensued, especially in the South. Recently the government assured non-Hindi speakers that it does not intend to push its case too hard. In her May 25 speech at New Delhi, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi urged the film industry to take a greater interest in developing films in regional languages, since that is the best way to reach the masses. Such films, she said, were not only a source of entertainment but also "a powerful instrument for bringing about national integration." Integration in Babel. No easy task, this.

STILL, the gauntlet has been thrown down. The centuries-old pride of Marathis, Bengalis, and Tamils has been rekindled. "There is only one solution," a South Indian told me last week. "We shall have to secede. The next time you visit India, you will have to get a visa to cross over into our state." Is he merely speaking like one of the "unreconstructed rebels" who continued to plague the American scene for half a century after Appomattox, or will he one day be a regional leader who opted for the Balkanization of a subcontinent?

"Let the winds of all cultures blow into my house," Nehru once said. "But let not the winds blow me off my feet."

Many Indians now admit that the winds blowing out of China did indeed blow Nehru off his feet, contributing to his death and the agonizing reappraisal of policy that has followed. The winds continue to sweep down upon India's Mrs. Gandhi. Sabers are being rattled. At a time when the government can ill afford to put a single additional man into uniform, India's military strength has been increased five-fold in a few years. Soon jet planes will be coming from the factories of Bangalore. The argument that India must develop nuclear capability to survive is heard with growing insistence. Where does the fight for India's survival begin?

Not, militant Hindu nationalists insist, at the gates of the American White House. The bitter opposition which has met proposals for an Indo-American Educational Foundation indicates how deep is the resentment felt in some quarters. "Even now," Nirad C. Chaudhuri writes in *The Continent of Circe*, "the paraphernalia of American philanthropy in India, consisting of the American Embassy, the technical and financial missions, and even humanitarian ones, constitute in their impressive assemblage an American East India Company." He goes on to make a dark and bloody prediction: "In the fulfilment of their destiny the American people will become the greatest imperial power the world has ever seen, and they will repeat their history by having the blood of the Dark Indian on their head as they have that of the Red."

Against such negative outbursts we can pit the positive acceptance of the Peace Corps. In a dozen places I met this response; all the Peace Corps members that I encountered confirmed reports that they are accomplishing things which no one would have thought possible. Their main accomplishment has been to dispel some of the stereotypes about the America of Hollywood movie stars, ruthless executives, gay divorcees, and juvenile delinquents. The American Ambassador Chester Bowles lamented such stereotypes in 1964 when he opened the new American Studies Research Center in Hyderabad; he pointed out that our stereotypes of India were equally misleading: snake charmers, hideous idols, pampered potentates, and ascetics walking on hot coals. How can we break through thick crusts of prejudice and get to the layer of truth? How can we surmount what B. S. Mardhekar calls:

> This vast, gigantic terrible
> Cup and saucer of language?

The answers may come neither from the Old Traditionalists nor the New Imperialists, but from men in the middle: men of synthesis who derive inspiration from the past, but welcome the relevance of modern science and technology—Tilak, Vivekananda, and Ram Mohan Roy. If only enough Indians will follow them, India's future might be bright.

What of the long shadow Mahatma

"Can't we just get a learner's permit?"

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Gandhi cast across the century? Isn't he still the main inspiration and guide of his troubled nation? Ostensibly, yes. His picture still stares down from a thousand walls, his words reverberate at dozens of political rallies. Still, one gets the strong impression that the spirit of Gandhi, who won India's freedom by nonviolent action, no longer prevails. *Ahimsa* is the legend; an ever-increasing militancy is the reality.

The sword has been the rule, not the exception, in the long haul of Indian history. During the ten centuries preceding Gandhi there was little about nonviolence in either Hindu theory or practice. Sanskrit literature, from the oldest epics to the most recent poems, glories in battles, wars, and conquests. The business of Hindu kings has traditionally been not only to fight but to *exterminate* all their enemies. By identifying the idea of war with holiness (under a system called *Dharma Yuddha*), Hindu moralists put forth a theory not unlike that of chivalry in the medieval West.

The duty of the warrior, the *Kshatriya*, was to defend and assist the distressed. It still is. When fighting flared up on the Indian border in 1962, headlines proclaimed the *Battle of Dharma*. "Let us not forget that the ultimate force behind our coming victory against the Chinese aggressors would be God," one story began. "Ours is a battle of *dharma* against *adharma*." All hope of Gandhian nonviolence was abandoned. In the summer of 1966, the hawks have it over the doves in agitated India.

Nor can the hawks on our side of the world overlook India's critical importance. The largest democracy on earth, it stands eyeball to eyeball with democracy's most dangerous enemy, Communist China. If the preservation of that small area called South Vietnam is vital to our national interests, what about that vast subcontinent which is India? If the Chinese do indeed break through and overrun India, what will our policy be then?

It is not policy but people that one sees everywhere and finds seared into his inner memory; sun-blackened women, building by hand the road near the New Delhi airport in the Sunday morning heat; porters with legs thin as metal tubes, pulling huge piles of baggage; old men with stubby white mustaches, patriarch-proud though starving; women collecting cow dung to dry and use as fuel; young girls passing by in sunbright saris, as though somehow they were gliding on water; beggars too weak or tired to beg.

There is no rain. Yet the American feels inundated with the futility of reform and reluctance to change. Then, when he is ready to give up, he sees children gathering under the peepul tree, bits of chalk and slabs of slate in hand. A teen-ager is trying to teach them to read and write. But this is not all. Come back at night, when the housewife is scrubbing pots with mud and children are curling up to sleep in the dust. The husband sits cross-legged by the flickering kerosene lamp. With him is the young son, teaching the illiterate father what he learned under the peepul tree that morning.

"I'll bet the traffic'll be something this weekend."

TWENTY years after the British left, the Indian nation walks forward on wobbly new legs. Bits of the past are sprinkled like confetti over the cultural landscape. Scottish bagpipes still snarl for marching regiments; Oxford English still speaks the orders in top government offices. Out of the marketplace confusion comes an English idiom to startle the American visitor. A fort looms up on the horizon; someone quotes Rudyard Kipling. The cars are made in India, but they stay to the left side of the road, travel for furlongs or miles, and obey British-inspired road signs. Can or will or should America fill the cultural vacuum left by the British withdrawal?

Here is a question for Queen Victoria's ghost to ponder; for surely her ghost still hovers over this vast land. She must return, from time to time, to the Palace of Salar Jung III, in the center of Hyderabad. Beneath her marble bust, in the Great Hall, a whole division of British toy soldiers march on perpetual parade. Surely the Empress of India recognizes her favorite regiments—Scottish Highlanders, Bengal Lancers, Punjabi, Gurkhas. Her regal eyes must moisten as they fall on the huge silver punch bowl, given by Prince Albert to the first Salar Jung for his support during the 1857 Indian Mutiny. Perhaps, for her, the Lilliputian bugles still blow, striking fear in the heart of some malicious Mogul.

With all its deathly problems, India is not dying. It waits for rain and renewal. When the time comes, it will cut the cord and enter into a new life of its own.

India at a Glance

Population: 480 million.

Annual rate of population increase: 2.5 per cent.

Population increase since 1951: 119.9 million (25 per cent).

National literacy rate: 24 per cent.

Principal languages: Hindi, Assamese, Bengali, Gujarati, Kashmiri, Kannada, Malayalam, Marathi, Oriya, Punjabi, Sanskrit, Urdu, Tamil, and Telugu. (Also approximately 830 major dialects.)

Main Religious Groups (1961 census): Hindus, 366,162,693; Moslems, 49,911,731; Christians, 10,498,077; Sikhs, 7,846,074; Parsees, 100,000; Jews, 30,000.

Annual per capita income: (U.S. dollars): $70.

Average life expectancy: men, 41.9 years; women, 40.6 years.

—*Indian Information Service.*

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Reforming Congress

IT IS EASY to criticize Congress. Reflecting the diversities and divisions of our imperfect society, it is certain to produce voices and viewpoints displeasing to some. Viewed in the light of two powerful Presidents, Kennedy and Johnson, the Congress is charged with being obstructionist one year, a rubber stamp the next. No doubt the original constitutional balance between the two branches is gone. But the least logical type of remedy urged seems a restoration of the balance by curbing and weakening the executive branch.

As this country has become more urbanized, industrialized, and internationalized, it has – like all Western democracies – experienced a necessary increase in the role of the executive. The fluidity and complexity of national problems require all the initiative and discretion the White House can properly be given. The answer to the present imbalance lies not in reducing its voice to the level of the legislative branch, but in strengthening the voice of the latter –streamlining its procedures, elevating its debates, permitting its majorities to be felt, making it more representative of grass-roots change, and safeguarding its ethics and honor.

To be sure, despite its talk about economizing elsewhere in government, the Congress's own budget has grown to more than eight times its postwar level. But, with the exception of those sums spent on an excessive number of *ad hoc* investigations, these increases in legislative funds and staffs have been neither surprising nor sufficient. The size and intricacy of the federal agenda, the power and practices of the executive branch, the population and problems of the entire country all have grown even more extensively; and while their growth has been reflected in the Congressional workload (some 20,000 bills and 85,000 nominations presented to a modern Congress), it has not been reflected in Congressional procedures.

BOTH Houses of Congress do the bulk of their important work in committees. Indeed, one Congressman has perceptively described the House as "a collection of committees that come together in a chamber periodically to approve one another's actions." Yet most of those committees still do not have: 1) adequate staff assistance for both majority and minority members; 2) expert advice on such complexities as economics or weaponry beyond that provided with some bias by the executive branch or private pressure groups; 3) consistent jurisdictions and procedures; 4) an obligation even to consider major problems, proposals or alternatives; or 5) any assurance that a majority of their members could convene or conduct or conclude a meeting without the presence or consent of their chairman—a man who may have reached that powerful post without any regard to his ability, health, interest, or attitudes.

The House can still be paralyzed by the stubbornness or deliberate absence of one man. The Senate still has no effective rules for keeping discussion or amendments germane or for terminating extended debate. A bill actually passed by both Houses but in different forms can still die in a conference committee composed of members opposed to the bill. In recent years the time wasted—on constituent errands, local projects, private bills, petty feuds, needless delays, irrelevant debates, duplicate hearings, and neglect of the District of Columbia—has grown greater and greater. Generally, appropriations have been enacted later and later, and Congressional sessions have lasted longer and longer (with intolerable congestion in the closing weeks).

RESPONDING to increased executive leadership and (since 1964) a heavy one-party majority, the Congress has in recent years produced record quantities of reform legislation. But not since passage of the Legislative Reorganization Act of 1946 has it faced up to the problems of its own reform—problems which it must face if it is to be more and continually effective over the long run. No doubt there are those who believe that Congress should serve primarily as a brake—that the more difficult it is for a bill to be passed or a vote to be cast the better it is. But that is a dangerous premise on which to base the governing of a twentieth-century nuclear power.

As in the past, there may be shifts, written and unwritten, from one power faction within the Congress to another—between the rules committee, the leadership, the committee (or subcommittee) chairmen, and the party committees or caucuses. Further reapportionment, improved methods of campaign financing, and increased citizen participation will also help. But only fundamental reforms can produce a net, long-term increase in that body's institutional capacity for positive policy-making contributions.

Fortunately, the Congress, far more than an institution, is a group of men and women. Today, compared with a half-century ago, those men and women are better educated and better informed; better acquainted with more issues but more often likely to specialize; better (but still inadequately) staffed and briefed; less likely to be new members (despite considerable youth); more likely to be reelected (especially in the House); more responsible to the public interest; more responsive to public opinion; more concerned with foreign affairs; and—let us be frank about it—more likely to be Democrats.

Thus, the future strengthening of the Congressional role, in the absence of essential institutional changes, depends upon the ability and willingness of its members to govern affirmatively, to serve not merely as filters for detail and delay but as analysts and catalysts and creators. That in turn depends upon us all.

—Theodore C. Sorensen.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Freedom of Travel

MANY THANKS FOR WILLIAM D. PATTERSON'S editorial "No Dollar Wall" [*SR*, June 11]. I contacted the Department of the Treasury and was informed that, even though the net deficit on tourist account is estimated at around $2 billion for this year, there is no plan to resort to a head tax or anything of that nature on tourists. Rather, efforts are being made to stimulate travel in the United States by making domestic tourist attractions as accessible and appealing as possible.

I believe the right to travel is a right which is basic in our constitutional system, and should not be placed in a position where it can be easily restricted or abrogated. Our Constitution was based on the belief that the free interchange of ideas, peoples, and cultures is essential to the preservation of a democratic society. I will do all that I can to see that that interchange is not jeopardized.

ROBERT F. KENNEDY,
U.S. Senate.

Washington, D.C.

I HEARTILY AGREE with Mr. Patterson that our national interests can be served by promoting travel between this country and others around the world. There certainly can be no better way of ensuring international understanding than by encouraging the citizens of other nations to visit us and also enabling our own citizens to travel abroad with as little restraint as possible.

SARGENT SHRIVER,
Director,
Office of Economic Opportunity.

Washington, D.C.

And Go Now to Innisfree

I HAVEN'T WRITTEN a fan letter since I was —well, never mind. But I can't help telling you that the article "Irish Interlude" by Raja Rao in BOOKED FOR TRAVEL June 25 is one of the most charming travel pieces you've ever published, chiefly because it's so much more than a travel piece. Perhaps it takes an Indian to appreciate Ireland. Although I've traveled much and many goodly states and kingdoms seen, I've never visited Ireland. Raja Rao's highly poetic (yet highly sensible) lines have made me determine that my next trip abroad will take me to Dublin, if not to Innisfree.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Newtown, Conn.

Preserving Our Heritage

ALFRED BALK'S editorial of June 25, "Our Embattled Landmarks," was of great interest to us in Dallas who are trying to preserve the site of the assassination of President Kennedy. Your term "embattled" describes the situation accurately. The city is planning a park several blocks from the scene of the tragedy. It is silently understood that it, instead of the actual location, will serve as the memorial.

"I'll bet you'd just love to find a military solution to me, too."

Thousands upon thousands come to this site in a constant stream. They have signed petitions to our government asking that the site itself be preserved. The Texas School Book Depository was forced to put up a "No Trespassing" sign, as visitors felt it already belonged to them, the public. They are deeply disappointed not to find the site marked, even to the extent of finding President Kennedy's name anywhere. Speak up, Americans, before the site of this historic tragedy is lost to you and to your posterity.

MARTINA LANGLEY,
Chairman,
Committee for Kennedy
Assassination Site Memorial.

Dallas, Tex.

QUITE UNLIKE any previous or older civilizations we are in a peculiar trigger-snappy stage of development. An itchy mania obsesses us to bulldoze whatsoever stands in the shadow of "progress," be it artifact, tree, or site.

It is not necessary to become obsessed with a profusion from the past. A representative choice of the best is sufficient.

STEPHEN SOWINSKI.

Chicago, Ill.

IT IS CURIOUS to find Alfred Balk regarding the razing of Mount Vernon and Williamsburg as "unthinkable to most Americans." The preservation of Mount Vernon was accomplished in the nineteenth century only after a long struggle by a group of determined ladies. Williamsburg is [in large part] a reconstruction.

Preservation should mean more than saving single buildings. Sometimes the single building is not particularly historic, but in conjunction with other buildings it takes on meaning. Cities traditionally do little to preserve neighborhoods. The fascinating Charleston, South Carolina, is a glorious exception. Beacon Hill, of course, is not about to be plowed under. It is distracting to see most of the smaller places modernizing all their charm away, turning into nondescript conglomerations.

JOHN NEUFELD.

East Lansing, Mich.

The Negro Mood

IN HIS COLUMN entitled "Theater of Resentment" [*SR*, June 25], Henry Hewes indicates a comprehension of the new Negro mood which, strangely, eludes most other American critics. These critics still are moaning about "protest" long after most intelligent Negroes have relegated the word and the notion to oblivion. But then, where racial matters are concerned in this country, it is traditional that the white people begin to "understand" one point only after Negroes no longer feel the point very important.

Mr. Hewes is so right: ". . . the terrible conditions upon which subjective enjoyment of this sort of play depends continue only because of the willingness we have to accept racial injustice."

HOYT W. FULLER,
Managing Editor,
Negro Digest.

Chicago, Ill.

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The Ypsi Regeneration

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN.

THE LATEST in America's rapidly growing list of theaters established to regenerate interest in the classical drama is the Ypsilanti Greek Theatre. Since this town, thirty miles west of Detroit, was named after the Greek general Demetrius Ypsilanti, who bravely fought the Turks in 1827, it is most fitting not only that it should turn to Greek drama, but also that it should exhibit a similar courage in its birth struggle.

This it has done. In the two weeks between the end of the Eastern Michigan University baseball season and the theater opening, a complete Greek stage was set up in the baseball park with slanting girders over it to support lights, and a rain-resistant covering. On this stage, it ambitiously set out to present in nightly alternation (until September 4) Aeschylus's *The Oresteia* (translated by Richmond Lattimore) and Aristophanes's *The Birds* (translated by William Arrowsmith).

The Oresteia attempts to condense three tragedies (*Agamemnon, The Libation Bearers,* and *The Eumenides*) into one three-and-a-half hour evening. This has the advantage of giving the spectator the essential points in the total trilogy, and increases the proportion of action to words. However, it also makes the plays more difficult to follow, particularly for those who are not very familiar with them. How much the makeshift device of suspended microphones contributes to this difficulty is hard to say. Probably more important is the failure, perhaps to be expected, of this newly formed acting ensemble to blend a wide variety of talents into one effective unit.

As Clytemnestra, Dame Judith Anderson offers us her combination of regality and venom in a series of brief appearances, but she seems not very closely related to anyone else. Ruby Dee's Cassandra begins by overdoing the frenzy but becomes very effective in a few subsequent quieter moments. John Michael King seems more harassed than tragic as Orestes. But in a much more natural tone, Karen Ludwig's Electra is appealing and sensitive. And Donald Davis, who plays both Agamemnon and Apollo, is so masterful and articulate that one wishes the others would emulate his approach.

Alexis Solomos stages the action surehandedly, and visually this production matches and occasionally exceeds the standards he and other Greek directors set at Epidaurus. The lighting by Gilbert V. Hemsley, Jr., is responsible for several very compelling moments. And while Iannis Xenakis's eerie music sometimes distracts, it nevertheless constitutes an unusual approach to the underscoring of Greek tragedy.

However, again one suspects that because the condensing of the plays has shifted the emphasis from the main characters to the choruses, this production has been pushed into the mistake of using too much oration by individual members and not enough speaking in unison. On the other hand, the chorus looks handsome, moves with marvelous discipline, and is intensely involved. But what is really the most exciting thing about this entire venture is the innovation of blending modern dance movement into the proceedings. Choreographer Helen McGehee has done a superb job with her dancers to create something memorable that connects what we sense of our own subconscious motivations to what may have impelled the tragic actions in figures whose conscious beliefs are so very different from ours. And the promise that makes such an undertaking as the Ypsilanti Greek Theatre worth the tremendous efforts it will require to survive is not the establishment of a museum of Greek drama, but the finding of live meanings in these great works.

Since Mr. Solomos's production of *The Birds* is the happy occasion for Bert Lahr to fashion one of his uniquely funny performances, we readily forgive Ypsilanti for, in this instance, not adhering closely to the aforementioned principle. It is enough to watch this ageless buffoon as he wreaks havoc with Aristophanes. When he meets Eldon Elder's strange birds and notices one is walking spraddle-legged, he comments, "He needs talcum powder." Later, after he has set up his bird kingdom of Cloud-cuckoo-land, he imperiously advises an intruder, "Blow, while the wind is in your direction." To Ruby Dee, who has flown in spectacularly to announce that she is the goddess Iris, he queries, "Iris what?" And here and there he inserts such special Bert Lahrisms as singing "On the Road to Mandalay," or, adding some superfluous vibrato *m's* to "He looks like something out of Agamem-m-m-m-m-non."

It is a merry escapade, and it should prove entertaining to audiences and help this brave new theater establish itself at the box office, where it must sell 65 per cent of its tickets to stay within its projected deficit of $400,000 for the first season. —HENRY HEWES.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Strange Games and Sea Changes

IRVIN FAUST, author of an uncommonly interesting collection of short stories, *Roar Lion Roar* (*SR*, Jan. 23, 1965), has now published his first novel, *The Steagle* (Random House, $4.95). In several of the stories he portrayed ways in which people act out their fantasies: the Puerto Rican boy in the title story, the young Central Park adventurers in "Googs in Lambaréné," the boy who lives by transistor radio in "Philco Baby." The novel develops the same theme in a more ambitious way.

On a Saturday night Harold Aaron Weissburg is returning by train—he is afraid of flying—from Chicago, where he has been attending a meeting of English teachers. An associate professor at an unnamed college in New York, he is a proper sort of person, with a wife and two children in suburbia and some practical ideas about getting ahead in his profession. As we soon realize, he has always dreamed and still dreams of being a very different kind of man, but he keeps his fantasies under control.

The control is suddenly broken down by President Kennedy's announcement of the Cuban missile crisis, and Weissburg begins his new life by seducing a colleague. (His reaction to the crisis is not a matter of fear but rather of exhilaration.) He delivers to his class a paean to Willie Mays instead of the scheduled lecture on the mystique of the hero in Elizabethan literature, tells the head of his department what he thinks of him, and takes off, by air, to Chicago.

In the week that follows he plays many roles—a gangster, the son of a World War 1 aviator, assorted movie stars, and so on—and has adventures in Chicago, Las Vegas, and especially Hollywood. He does the things that, as boys, he and his friends had dreamed of. The culture that he has laboriously acquired falls away, and he is a kid who gets most of his ideas from the movies and the comic strips. How much of what is said to happen is to be regarded as "real" and how much as fantasy isn't clear and doesn't matter. All through the week, while Kennedy and his advisers are making their crucial decisions, as described, for example, in Arthur Schlesinger's *A Thousand Days*, Weissburg plays his games. Although the crisis is always in the back of his mind, he lives furiously in what appears to him to be the present but is really the past.

Faust takes us deep into the world of Harold Weissburg. The style is based on the way Hesh (Harold) and Mendel and their friends talked in adolescence, but Faust makes of this a flexible instrument, with effective Joycean qualities. As in the short stories, the writing is vigorous, often surprising, and full of wit. It beautifully serves Faust's purpose, which is the revelation of a man who is completely unique and yet a good deal like the rest of us. ("Steagle" is a combination of "Steelers" and "Eagles," an allusion that I gather will be understood by followers of professional football, though not by me.)

IN *Hamlet* the demented Ophelia says, "Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be." *The Steagle* is a brilliant study of a man whose life is deflected from its usual course by the threat of a stupendous catastrophe. Two other first novels also deal with deflections, with what happens to men and women upon whom abrupt changes are wrought.

In Alexandra Weinstein de García's *Five Myths of the Passionate Poseidon* (Dutton, $5.95) the disrupting factor is nothing more extraordinary than an Atlantic crossing in a luxury liner; but, as the author argues in an eloquent prologue, the sea can work strange changes. "The ocean engenders passion," she writes, "for it is itself passionate." In this particular voyage of the *Queen Guenevere* passion is engendered in the breasts of Mrs. Angela Satherwaite and Dr. Joel Maltbie, both properly married and not usually given to licentiousness. These are by no means the only persons aboard who are affected by the circumstances of an ocean voyage. There is the octogenarian Lady Rovere, whose interest in sex has at last become academic but is nevertheless active; there is Senator Stonewall Pellinger, a hypocrite in the grand manner; there is Lily Gay, a prostitute who charges a high fee and earns it. There are a precocious Arab boy, an unorthodox psychoanalyst, an African Negro priest, and various others.

The management of so many characters is difficult, and sometimes Mrs. García has trouble with flashback and dreams and other devices for telling us about the people. Moreover, she works harder at the five myths of Poseidon than the idea deserves. But, even with occasional lapses of this sort, the novel is more readable than most. It is witty, sophisticated in an unpretentious way, and often wise. Mrs. García knows that "what we may be" under unusual circumstances can tell us much about what we are.

In *The Resurrection* (New American Library, $4.95) John Gardner treats a situation that has often been used in fiction but is always dramatic—the effect on a man of being told that he is about to die. The man is James Chandler, a

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forty-one-year-old teacher of philosophy who is devoted to his subject and has achieved some academic success, who is happy with his wife and their three daughters, and who is in general pleased about the way his life is going. What does he do when he learns that he has leukemia and will almost certainly be dead in a few weeks?

What Chandler does is to take his wife and children to an upstate New York town, where he was born and where his mother still lives. Here he becomes involved in the lives of three old ladies and their mysterious and somehow sinister niece. While he tries to deal with nightmares and what may be supernatural manifestations, he works on a new theory of esthetics, to which a half-mad and loquacious old man, also doomed to death, tries to contribute.

There is considerable philosophizing in the novel, and perhaps it makes more sense than I can perceive; but I find the book pretty muddled. It seems to me that Gardner, who is a teacher of English in his early thirties, has attempted more than he can handle. In *The Steagle* Faust makes his point with originality and power, and, though he plays some games with his readers, he knows what he wants to do and does it. Gardner, on the other hand, appears to be hoping, as first novelists sometimes do, that the reader will understand what he is trying to do better than he does. According to the jacket, the novel illuminates great problems of life, love, and death; but for me the light burns dimly.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1197

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1197 will be found in the next issue.

DVZ DKOZ ONZ EG NMZZYV AN

UED NE HOYV DE ZPMKZNN EOK

IWUDN WN DE YEUYZWS DVZH.

—QESXNHADV

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1196

By the cigars they smoke, and the composers they love, ye shall know the texture of men's souls.

—John Galsworthy.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Not Properly an Agrarian

Professor Gay Wilson Allen's scholarship, like that of Alexander Karanikas's *Tillers of a Myth: Southern Agrarians as Social and Literary Critics* [*SR*, June 11], is somewhat inaccurate.

Cleanth Brooks was neither a member of the Southern Agrarians nor a contributor to their manifesto, *I'll Take My Stand*. He arrived at Vanderbilt University just as the *Fugitive* magazine ceased publication, graduated two years before *I'll Take My Stand* appeared in 1930, and did not publish his "new criticism" textbook with Robert Penn Warren, *Understanding Poetry*, until 1938. He studied under some of the Fugitives becoming Agrarians, but was not properly speaking among them.

But this is simply one among many careless errors being perpetrated by the current critics of the Fugitive and Agrarian movements. And it is gratuitous that Allen considers the Agrarian period an "indiscretion" in view of the profound influence its members have had on modern American letters, perhaps in itself a justification of the movement's value.

M. Thomas Inge.

East Lansing, Mich.

Middle Ages Invention?

The last paragraph of Robert Clements's "The Muses Are Herd" [*SR*, May 21] seems inaccurate. He states that "rhyme, a strange invention of the complex Middle Ages . . . remained unquestioned until the symbolists."

As its title suggests, Samuel Daniel's *Defense of Rhyme* replies to attacks on the efficacy of rhyme in poetry by those who desired that English poets follow the example of unrhymed Greek and Latin poetry. Daniel also refers to a tradition that early Latin poets used rhyme.

Daniel E. Parker.

Lewiston, Idaho

Wanted: Dream Books

Your review of Howard Nemerov's *Journal of the Fictive Life* [*SR*, June 11], which contains an analysis of his dreams, suggests that *SR* readers may know of other writers, or any other public figure, past or present, who have kept a record of their dreams . . . Are there others?

Calvin S. Hall,
Institute of Dream Research.

Santa Cruz, Calif.

Ideologically Motivated Abolitionists

I have examined the original minutes of the New York Manumission Society in the Library of the New York Historical Society and other relevant documents. On this basis, I would dispute the suggestion in the review of Dr. Edgar McManus's *History of Negro Slavery in New York* [*SR*, June 11] that ideological motives were necessarily subordinate to economic ones so far as these early abolitionists were concerned. The original members of the Manumission Society were without more than two exceptions all members of the Society of Friends. Even after Chief Justice Jay and the other distinguished names cited by Harry Hansen were added to the rolls at subsequent meetings, Quakers still constituted an absolute majority. The Manumission Society was thus a natural outgrowth of the campaign that had been going on among New York Quakers for more than a generation to end slave-holding among their co-religionists. The efforts of Walter Burling as early as 1718 to extirpate slavery among Quakers were spurred on by the preaching of John Woolman, Matthew Franklin, and the young Elias Hicks and reached fruition during the American Revolution. By this time the Long Island Meetings (Flushing and Westbury) declared themselves "free of holding Negroes." The postwar movement against slavery grew out of this essentially religious movement.

Richard K. MacMaster.

Washington, D.C.

Sans Surname

As mentioned in "Report from Rutgers" [*SR*, June 11] please restore his family name to the late Professor J. Milton *French*, editor of *The Life Records of John Milton*.

We knew Professor French as chairman of the English Department, distinguished teacher, advisor, and friend to his underclass and graduate students alike.

Oscar Gertner.
Joan K. Gertner.

Lakewood, N.J.

Puffed Rice Analysis

Just why does Murrah Gattis feel qualified to speak so smugly of Hemingway's "megalomania, paranoia, and persecution complex" [Letters to Book Review Editor, *SR*, June 11]? Gaddis lets the terms roll out as if they were breakfast-food brand names. I have a feeling he understands them in exactly that way. . . .

John R. Coyne, Jr.

Denver, Colo.

Translation, Please

I wish you would furnish me with a translation into plainer English of Emile Capouya's review of Benjamin De Mott's *You Don't Say* [*SR*, Apr. 30]. . . . I think that in trying to be distinctive Mr. Capouya succeeds only in being "precious." In the almost whole page which his article occupied I cannot recall a single idea, or even sentence, which conveyed any meaning to me. I wonder how many other of your readers are as stupid as I must be.

Kenneth Ford Boynton.

Hayward, Calif.

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One for the Road

THE DEMOCRATIZATION of travel during the jet age has resulted in a new kind of traveler and, coincidentally, a new type of guidebook to help him on his way. Where Baedeker and his imitators were content simply to put you into the museums, parks, and places of public interest, leaving you to fend for yourself in the hotels and restaurants, the new tour guides offer rating systems—sometimes elaborately cryptographic—which reduce travel to a formula. This is not surprising when one considers the extent to which Americans prize comfort, convenience, and, above all, a private bath. The tourist who enjoyed discovering for himself the charming wayside inn has been beaten to the draw: the travel writer has been there first.

There are at least twenty series of guidebooks on the market (most of them concerned with Europe), and the major publishing houses boast any number of one-volume introductions to travel on the Continent. The tourist has a wide choice. According to his taste, he can be guided by the pictographic, the gushy, the instructional, the chatty, or the blasé. Whatever their differences in travelspeak, however, the guides agree on fundamentals: Travel is great! Explore! Take lots of walks—and lots of money.

To speed the tourist on his way, publishers have worked out some unusual co-publishing deals with other industries. The newest product of these tie-ins is the Fodor Shell Guides, an amalgam of Shell Oil Company money, Eugene Fodor editorial know-how, and David McKay distribution to the book trade. Fodor-Shell launched its eight regional guides early this summer with an initial printing of 500,000 copies, most of which will be sold through 20,000 Shell stations. The series will compete with the Mobil Guides, which are produced by the Mobil Oil Company and Simon & Schuster. This joint venture, begun four years ago, was by no means a dry well; S. & S. speaks of sales approximating a million copies a year, while Mobil thinks in terms of millions of gallons of gasoline. (Like Shell, the company is interested in promoting the sale of its products by encouraging travel, but it also expects to make a profit from the books.)

In both cases, elaborate editorial machinery had to be set up which would not have been practical for most book publishers working alone. Eugene Fodor, who has been producing travel guides in Europe for the past thirty years, moved his command post from Paris to Litchfield, Connecticut, two years ago; here, headquartered in a red barn, a permanent editorial staff supervises the field work of more than a hundred contributors—travel editors, free-lance writers, cartographers, and others who supply the two million words and the various pictorial embellishments that comprise the full set of guides.

Following the pattern of his foreign guides, Fodor has given U.S. travelspeak a new angle: the literary come-on. Introductions to each volume have been written by such "name" authors as Paul Engle, Jonathan Daniels, and Caskie Stinnett. Beyond that, the books are filled with historical and descriptive information about virtually every place in the country. In the case of Shell, I'm afraid not all of the gas is in the pumps. Encomiums on the "stirring sights, vibrant cities, grandiose landscapes, and man-made wonders of America" betray the numerous state travel and promotion organizations which are acknowledged collaborators in the project. To my knowledge, no tourist bureau ever told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; the guides reveal this weakness, as well as a few others. Name-dropping is one ("The late Dorothy Thompson once lived near here . . ."), editorial commercializing is another ("where is located the nationally known Vermont Country Store, whose catalogue is avidly read by many fans from coast to coast"). In general, Fodor is for the man who wants to read his way across the country.

The Mobil Guides turn no literary cartwheels whatever; they do, however, generate a lot of mileage. To keep them up to date, a staff of thirty-seven editors employed by Alden Stevens Associates, and working out of Bloomfield, New Jersey, processes the field reports of seventy-two inspectors—part-timers who travel a great deal, and who enjoy being undercover men (after a fashion) in the cause of gastronomy and a good night's rest. Many inspectors are schoolteachers on summer holidays, but there is also a baseball coach and a retired admiral. Their 60,000 reports furnish the basis for the guides' rating system, which runs from one star to five. With respect to travel accommodations, Mobil has a clear edge on Shell (more than twice the number of individual listings, giving specific prices), but there is less emphasis on recommended tours, and, for all I know, Mobil sells less gasoline as a result.

Mr. Fodor's point that there is more to travel than staying in a hotel is well

"You're the one who has to live with it, not me."

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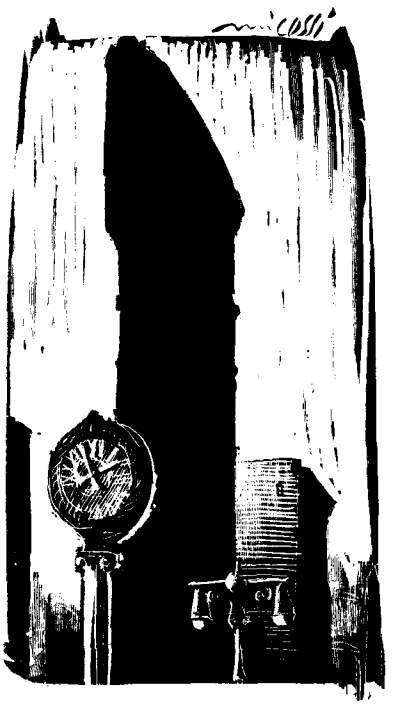
taken—in the Shell Guides, perhaps too well taken. In his enthusiasm for the United States, Fodor (Hungarian-born but now an American citizen) has included in each guide a short section on Keeping America Beautiful. We learn, for example, that in Woodbridge, Illinois, the women recently sold dried weeds as flower arrangements, thus raising $1,500 for civic beautification (and also getting rid of some weeds). But isn't this something one prefers to know about at a distance? A good combination for the motorist might be one Mobil Guide and one Shell; use the former as a complete directory of accommodations and the latter to bone up on a place once you get there. And alternate your gas purchases.

The Fodor-Shell-McKay combine will acquire a fourth (silent) partner next year when the State Department steps into the picture. The eight regional editions are to be compressed into a single volume and published in six major languages. State will thereupon translate the book into a number of minor languages and arrange for distribution abroad. Fodor is also inaugurating the field inspection system, and it is possible that by the time the new guide is published this feature, plus the word-loss sustained through compression, will enable the foreign tourist to see how beautiful America is without continually being told how beautiful it is. This, it seems to me, is one discovery that the traveler should be allowed to make for himself.

WHEN Karl Baedeker brought out his first German guidebook in 1828, he could hardly have known what he was starting. These famous guides are now published in Freiburg, West Germany (and distributed in this country by Macmillan), but Baedeker's chief influence seems to have been in opening the way for a host of imitators. This was probably a good thing, since the Leipzig plant was bombed out in 1943 (along with many of the places in Europe Baedeker had described), and it wasn't until after the war that the company got back into production. Baedeker today publishes seven Touring Guides (touring information) and seven Handbooks (what to see), but, for some reason unfathomable to me, the Touring Guides do not cover the same countries or cities discussed in the Handbooks. One thing I do like about Baedeker, however, is the ribbon bookmark in each volume. *I* may get lost, but my place doesn't.

The Baedeker, Nagel, Hachette, and Michelin European guides are all available in this country, thanks to the enterprise of American publishers. There are also at least fifty one-volume works that will set you off in every direction, at all kinds of prices. Temple Fielding's *Travel Guide to Europe,* probably the largest selling book in this category, is written in Majorca but published in New York as a joint venture with William Morrow. Fielding and two of his competitors, Myra Waldo and David Dodge, write in a highly personal style which is missing in most tour guides. All three zero in on the traveler who likes to be entertained by reading about the places he visits as well as by paying the visit; and sometimes the reading is the better part of the bargain. "The big question that looms," Miss Waldo writes in her *Travel Guide to the Orient and Pacific,* "is do they [the Geishas] or don't they? (I am not referring to bleaching their hair.) The answer is necessarily vague: yes and no, or it all depends. Some do and some don't. Let us leave it at that."

To be properly equipped, today's intercontinental guided tourist will need a Fielding or a Waldo for shopping, a Michelin for motoring and dining, a Baedeker for museums, and a small paperback for exploring. Most of these latter, which set you out on suggested tours, demand that you read as you walk—no easy trick. ("When you leave the Turk's Head, turn left onto Motcomb Street, take a right into Wilton Crescent, then another right. . . .") In getting about by car, I prefer Michelin. Unlike Mobil or Shell, Michelin promotes the burning of rubber rather than of gasoline. (The Guides are, in fact, published by a tire factory in Paris.) They are by all odds the most detailed of their kind, and in devising a rating system Michelin editors have virtually invented a pictographic Esperanto.



This can be an advantage if you buy the Guides (red for bed and board, green for sightseeing) in a language you don't read; the little cave-drawing symbols are easily understood. Shall we dine at the set of five crossed spoons, or eat "plain but good" at the set of one? Will it be the hotel with three gables and a flag flying, or must we settle for the dormer (plain but fairly comfortable)? Michelin further refines travel with the use of red and black ink, arrows (exceptionally pleasant view), rocking chairs (quiet, secluded), radiators, wash basins, showers, telephones, and other symbols. The guides can be fun, and if you have the time you can make a game out of using them.

ONE seeks the fortuitous in travel, but with the modern guides it is almost impossible to stumble onto something by yourself. The shock of recognition can be blunted by too much preparatory knowledge. Lucky travelers used to discover their own twelfth-century castle when their car broke down, but with the guides now advising you on car maintenance—Michelin, for instance, includes a pressure table for tires, according to the make of car—this becomes increasingly unlikely. One answer to the problem is to read the guides only after you get back. The Nagel series—the most complete of all, with forty titles in print and one more in preparation— is especially suitable for this kind of *post factum* travel. They are strong on history, and written in a prose so heavy that a man might well be discouraged from taking a trip at all if he read them first.

The Vista Travel Series, in paper covers, and handsomely illustrated, has anticipated the problem outlined above by emphasizing countries which the average tourist would never think of visiting anyway—Iran and Tunisia, for example. What's more, there is hardly a word of practical information in all twenty-eight volumes. I commend them for the wealth of background material they furnish the nontraveler. Here is copublishing at a most elusive level: many of the original editions are brought out by Editions de Seuil in Paris; translated into English, they are manufactured in Holland, then published simultaneously by Studio Vista in London and Viking in New York. In spite of its origins, Vista has yet to do a book on France.

American publishers have entered into the spirit of tourism in a healthy way. At a time of year when book sales fall off, travel guides take up some of the slack. What is missing to date is a book on the United States that matches the hardboiled skepticism of a Fielding. (What is it really like to camp in a National Park, ride a mule down the Grand Canyon, or visit Cape Cod on a weekend in August?) With the government encouraging foreigners to visit America, such a guide could help them feel at home before they get here.

—DAVID DEMPSEY.

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A Habsburg Hausfrau

Empress Maria Theresa: The Earlier Years, 1717-1757, *by Robert Pick (Harper & Row. 335 pp. $8.95), reveals the Habsburg monarch as an earlier Victoria who narrowly missed greatness. Geoffrey Brunn is the author of "The Enlightened Despots."*

By GEOFFREY BRUNN

MARIA THERESA of Austria should have been one of the brightest stars in the eighteenth-century galaxy of royalty. Instead, she appears at best a conscientious amateur competing with professionals. The century that opened with Louis XIV still on the throne of France, and closed with the advent of Napoleon, was a century in which subjects admired grandeur, wit, and virtuosity in their rulers. Prussia had its Frederick the Great, Russia its Peter the Great and Catherine the Great. Sweden was dazzled by the meteoric career of Charles XII and by the theatricalities of Gustavus III, who was, as Carlyle observed, "a *shining* sort of man."

The Habsburg dynasty produced no shining monarchs in that demanding age. The inept Charles VI, the virtuous Maria Theresa, the frustrated Joseph II lacked the eccentricity, the histrionic flair, that fosters the growth of legends. Yet Maria Theresa's resolute heroism throughout her forty-year reign should have assured her a more prominent niche in the hall of fame than historians commonly allot her. One might say of her, as Lord Bryce said of her unlucky son Joseph, that few rulers have more narrowly missed greatness. She failed to make the front rank in the parade of royalty for the same reason that a pious and indefatigable housewife fails to make the headlines. She was too respectable to be interesting, too normal to be newsworthy.

Sixty years have passed since a scholarly biography of Maria Theresa appeared in English, and Robert Pick's detailed and well-documented study should find a prompt and sustained welcome. His preparation for the undertaking has been auspicious and possibly unique. Though born and educated in Vienna, he is now a United States citizen who has come to know the tastes and responses of the American reading public through years of writing and editing in this country. The result is a happy blend of unostentatious erudition, critical objectivity, and a lively, readable prose style.

Eighteenth-century Vienna was not Versailles. The wealth of witty anecdotes, letters, and memoirs that French courtiers and intellectuals left behind are a historian's delight. No equivalent literary heritage piled up in Vienna, where children spent more time mastering a musical instrument than a polished prose. Mr. Pick has gleaned most of his data from official memoranda, diplomatic dispatches, and Maria Theresa's prolific and pedestrian correspondence. It is a tribute to his own literary skill that he identifies the innumerable characters with deft phrases and keeps the narrative moving despite the dull domestic tempo of Habsburg court life.

His task must have demanded patience and perseverance. For the truth he unfolds to the reader is that Maria Theresa, like Victoria a century later, swiftly outgrew her girlish charm and became a stubborn, prudish, maternal despot, jealous of her power. She reduced her amiable consort, Francis of Lorraine, to idleness and nullity. She refused to share power with her eldest son, Joseph, who became hagridden, drafting reform plans he was powerless to put into effect while his mother lived. Humorlessly moral herself, she set up a much-ridiculed "vice squad" in a vain effort to keep her subjects equally so.

As a biographer Mr. Pick remains scrupulously fair, neither overpraising Maria Theresa's courage and common sense nor ridiculing her limitations and prejudices. Yet one suspects that secretly he becomes a little weary of her as he proceeds. He ends his volume somewhat abruptly at her fortieth year, and he does not promise a sequel on the last twenty-three years of her long reign. One must hope, nonetheless, that he will write one, for this biography has so many merits it should not lack that of completeness.

From Royalty to Religion

Christina of Sweden, *by Sven Stolpe, translated from the abbreviated German version by Sir Alec Randall and Ruth Mary Bethell (Macmillan. 360 pp. $6.95), concentrates on the psychological and ideational aspects of a complex, controversial monarch. Alrik Gustafson, chairman of the Department of Scandinavian at the University of Minnesota, is the author of "A History of Swedish Literature."*

By ALRIK GUSTAFSON

BOOKS about Queen Christina are legion. Many of them are merely gossipy if not sensational; others, less offensive, have been deliberately tossed off for popular consumption; still others are serious attempts to come to grips with the many problems posed by the enigmatic character of Gustav Adolf's famous daughter. Unpredictable, highly intelligent, at the age of twenty-eight she abandoned a throne, became one of history's most celebrated Catholic converts, and spent the last thirty-five years of her life on the Continent involved in political intrigues and quarreling with popes, cardinals, and kings, while sporadically searching for a religious way of life not too divergent from the discipline of the Church.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Christina — quarrels with popes, cardinals, and kings.

Sven Stolpe's biography is in its way worthy of its royal subject. Like Christina, the author became a convert to the Roman Church, and like Christina periodically he has been a controversial figure on the Swedish cultural and religious scene. Energetic, arrogant, and distinctly egocentric from the beginning of his career when, in the years around

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1930, he vigorously championed a variety of "modernistic" literary developments, he has maintained not a little of this aggressive stance despite his growing preoccupation with religious matters as reflected particularly in a spate of studies on modern Swedish and French religious personalities of literary and philosophical leanings. Inevitably his interests turned to Christina, and after extensive investigations in the mass of primary sources abroad and in Sweden Stolpe came up in 1959 with a doctoral dissertation on her *Maxims*, the substance of which was folded into the much more inclusive biographical work *Christina of Sweden*, a somewhat abridged version of the two-volume Swedish original which appeared in 1960 and '61.

The present English translation is uneven in quality, based as it is on a heavy German translation and because even the Swedish original is not infrequently sloppy and imprecise in its formulations. The author's "Preface to the English Translation" is in bad taste in its exaggerated claims, claims which denigrate almost all previous works on the subject and which stress by contrast the unique contribution he is providing in the present book.

While the tone thus established at the outset irritates the reader, and puts him sharply on guard, it is clear that Stolpe has in the main provided a new approach to Christina, one that cannot in the future be disregarded. No earlier scholar has so indefatigably examined in detail the whole range of primary sources nor immersed himself so totally in Christina's complex world. New vistas in this world have been opened up—in some cases with impressive results, in others with rather shaky documentation and/or questionable interpretation of the sources used.

Two instances may suffice to illustrate. Concerned with the psychological and ideational aspects of the Queen rather than the political role she played in seventeenth-century Europe, Stolpe attempts to establish the formula "From Stoicism to Mysticism" as the over-all intellectual and religious pattern of her development. The formula as applied to the complex temperament of the Queen is too pat. And the manner in which Stolpe documents his case is highly suspect. The basic source used in these contexts is the Queen's *Maxims*, which have never been subjected to the kind of textual investigation that dates with some assurance each of the maxims. Ignoring this fact, Stolpe simply assumes that those which reflect a Stoic mood are of early provenance while those which reflect mystical strains come later. The procedure is clearly suspect.

When, however, he examines the Queen's latter-day flirtations with late seventeenth-century religious quietism he is on more solid ground. Here he uses documents that are both numerous and dated, or at least datable, particularly those which have to do with the Queen's contacts with Miguel Molinos, at the time the most representative figure in the quietism of the day, a crude, popular kind of mysticism that was allowed to exist within the Roman Church until its often outspoken opposition to the absolute authority of the Church, its sacraments and other formalistic practices, led to a formal Church action against Molinos, the proceedings of which Christina followed with intense concern. Among the documents that came into the hands of Church officials in charge of the court action were some 200 letters from the Queen to Molinos.

Two questions arise: How far had Christina gone in her identification with the quietists? And in what respect or respects were the quietists related to the great earlier Catholic mystics? Stolpe answers the first of these questions satisfactorily and in detail. He does not consider the second question, which is a pity, particularly in Christina's case, because it would raise other pertinent questions: Precisely what kind of a mystic, if any, was the Queen in her last years? And why? Was she at the end really seriously interested in the world of the mystics? Or was her interest merely that of a lively mind always prepared to examine a new, to her fascinating, world of ideas? Answers to these questions would reveal the human aspect of Christina's last years as distinguished from her preoccupation with mystical traditions and practices as such.

"He doesn't want me to tell anybody, but he's in the top half of his class."

An Unjustifiable Violation: The title of Simone de Beauvoir's *A Very Easy Death* (Putnam, $3.95) is, of course, ironic, though the words were spoken honestly by a nurse assuring the author that her mother had sunk into a coma before the end. Translated from the French by Patrick O'Brian, here is the starkly factual account of the weeks of suffering that preceded the "merciful release" that Simone and her sister had desired yet dreaded.

Madame de Beauvoir, seventy-seven, arthritic but active, lived alone in a Paris apartment. One day she fell and cracked a thigh. The prognosis was good: the bone would knit correctly in six weeks, and meanwhile bedsores or pneumonia brought on by immobility would be prevented by the excellent care the nursing home was equipped to provide. However, other troubles were detected—a slight intestinal obstruction, easily removed, said the doctors cheerfully, for the patient's heart was strong enough to permit an operation. So the cancer was cut out, and for more than a month the heart and lungs held on while

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one by one other organs ceased to function.

It was not a steady decline. There were days when she was a living corpse attached to tubes, and days when, although her body was subjected to fresh indignities, she was a woman again, able to read or do crossword puzzles, naïvely proud of having at her age had a successful operation for, as she thought, peritonitis. She died not knowing she had the disease she had dreaded all her life, in fact not knowing until her last conscious spasm that she was actually dying.

It takes courage to read this short book. Not only is it full of revolting physical details; we are made to share the sufferings of those who watch helplessly at the bedside of someone dearly loved, and are consumed with unappeasable anxiety which must be concealed by smiles and encouraging lies. It is also a book that required courage to write, for here the author faces squarely something she was not ready to include in *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter*, *The Prime of Life*, or *Force of Circumstance*. Simone's relationship to her mother as revealed in those earlier autobiographical volumes is here briefly retraced in its shifting from adoration to defensive dislike to polite indifference. Her mother was proud of Simone's literary success, ashamed of her sinful life with Sartre, and deeply troubled by her lack of religious faith. For many years there had been no meeting of minds between the two so different women. Yet the long submerged love remained, to rise, irrational and irresistible, at the end. Maman is always Maman.

There is a terrible beauty shining through the horror in these pages, for the essence of the book is its affirmation of life's importance. Her mother's tenacity asserted "the infinite value of each instant." Listen to the conclusion:

> There is no such thing as a natural death: nothing that happens to a man is ever natural, since his presence calls the world into question. All men must die: but for every man his death is an accident, and even if he knows it and consents to it, an unjustifiable violation.

An unavailing protest but magnificent. One hails the pride with which the words are hurled into the empty face of universal doom. —AILEEN PIPPETT.

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Of Dollars and Sense

The Age of the Economist, *by Daniel Fusfeld (Scott, Foresman. 137 pp. Hardbound, $3.50; paperback, $2.25), and* ***How Capitalism Can Succeed,*** *by Spencer D. Pollard (Stackpole. 254 pp. $4.95), respectively, recapitulate economic thought before and after Adam Smith and scrutinize contemporary problems, among them those of underdeveloped nations. John Roger Fredland is chairman of the Economics Committee of the U.S. Naval Academy.*

By JOHN ROGER FREDLAND

ONE IS apt to regard professional economists' writing for the untutored lay audience much as Samuel Johnson regarded lady clergy. ("Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all.") Yet by coincidence two well-known academic economists—Daniel Fusfeld, of the University of Michigan, and Spencer D. Pollard, of UCLA—have nearly simultaneously produced two minor masterpieces, both succeeding admirably in their aim of informing the inexpert in important aspects of economic thought. They not only walk on their hind legs. They walk exceedingly well.

Dr. Fusfeld's *The Age of the Economist* is first of all an excellent brief history of economic thought before and after Adam Smith—a figure whose importance Fusfeld particularly appreciates and communicates. But his study is much more than that. It is a thoughtful evaluation of the principal intellectual influences on the "conventional wisdom" which successive generations have brought to bear on economic problems. Thus it does full justice not only to Ricardo, Marx, and Keynes, but also to Jeremy Bentham, Herbert Spencer, and the celebrated encyclicals, *De Rerum Novarum* (Leo XIII, 1891) and *Quadragessimo Anno* (Pius XI, 1931).

The towering giants whose insights

"Tell me again about the creeping federal octopus, dad."

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and notions have since influenced the lives of all men are put in perspective, but at no sacrifice of the contributions of Sombart, Hobson, Ely, Fisher, and others. Indeed, one of Fusfeld's singular merits as a writer is his capacity to sum up in a paragraph—sometimes in an inspired sentence—*the* seminal idea of a minor figure. So, for example, regarding R. H. Tawney (*Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*), Fusfeld tersely concludes:

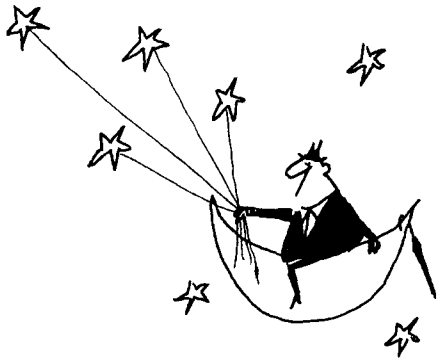
> . . . the major thrust of his argument was that the business activities of modern society were completely amoral. Ever since the Protestant ethic of hard work and worldly success had become ends in themselves, business had been carried on without moral principles. It was almost as if modern man were continually re-enacting the Faust legend, selling his soul for material prosperity while relegating ethical values to a quickly forgotten two hours on Sunday.

Fusfeld allows a few—a very few—bases for learned quibble. He says, for instance, that in the post-World War II years, "a policy of easy money was adopted to stimulate growth in the private sectors of the economy, at least to the extent that inflationary pressures would allow." Students of the period would fairly claim that money was a great deal too easy from 1945 to 1948. Inspection of the Treasury and the Federal Reserve Board's files pretty clearly indicates that the primary motivation for maintaining the wartime "accord" and superfluous bank credit was Secretary Snyder's shortsighted obsession with a low interest burden on the national debt. Would that he had worried a little about inflationary pressures!

Occasionally one catches the overtones of the fashionably understated humor of the university lecture hall: *e.g.*, "Apparently Veblen attracted the opposite sex: he is reported to have remarked about one co-ed, 'What can you do when she moves in with you?' His wife didn't like it." (Full stop. End of paragraph.)

Here and there is a value-judgment phrased in pure Midwestern Americanese, as when he introduces Lord Keynes, ". . . a brilliant snob with a most engaging personality . . ., [he] had worked at the Treasury during World War I, making quite a name for himself as a financial expert. . . ."

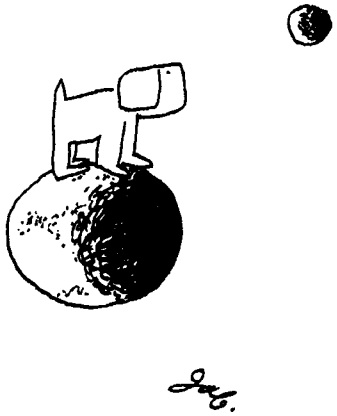
But if these be flaws at all, they do not significantly detract from a wonderfully executed design. With a most economical use of words, Fusfeld has summarized the best that has been thought and said on fundamental economic questions. He does it lucidly and nontechnically—not mainly for economists alone, but for all interested readers. In a brilliant concluding chapter, he registers a qualified optimism for the future:



". . . Like Alice's croquet mallets that kept turning into flamingos, answers in economics keep turning into more questions. The age of the economist continues, along with the quest for the good life."

Really successful efforts to bridge the "terminology gap" between the economist and the intelligent layman are so very rare that it is astonishing to be able to report that Professor Pollard, in his *How Capitalism Can Succeed*, has done it as well as Fusfeld. Just about the only thing wrong with this splendid book is its unfortunate title. To this reviewer, at least, it conjures up connotations of N.A.M. publications circa 1935—if not diatribes of the Liberty League. Actually, *How Capitalism Can Succeed* is a beautifully written, well-reasoned tract on the great economic institutional alternatives of our time. It is infused with the wide-ranging scholarship of a contemporary "Renaissance man" who happens to be a first-rate economist but who could equally well have been an outstanding historian, philosopher, or business executive. To many, the subject may appear austere if not arid. Yet it is safe to say that few indeed will be the browsers who read the first chapter without finishing the book—and generally in a single sitting.

Whereas *The Age of the Economist* is primarily historical in approach, *How Capitalism Can Succeed* is functional and problem-oriented. This is not to say Pollard's book lacks historical perspective. The author gets a running headstart through Malthus, Ricardo, and Darwin, has a good gloss on Keynes, and does what may be the best job extant of summarizing Marx. His conclusions on Marx, by the way, have the authentic sound of a ultimate judgment.



> Marx's theory, like other deterministic ones, denies any human ability to see what human affairs are going badly and to change them for the better. Marx utterly failed to see that humanity can, in free societies, get together to correct evil tendencies. In fact, every one of the "inevitable evils" of capitalism which he foresaw has been substantially remedied in the more prosperous nations of the world.

But Pollard selects only the materials that have a direct bearing on his question. And his answers are consequently the more authoritative. He shows—in a pragmatic sense—that an ameliorative capitalism is not only preferable in developed countries, but from the point of view of the Benthamite ideal preferable for the residents of underdeveloped nations as well. It only is compatible with political democracy, with its "continuous peaceful consideration of choices, and with its peaceful changes in social direction." The paranoid Fascism of Hitler hardly needs another blow, but, in the long run, the quiet Fascism of a Portugal has no chance either. Nor, in spite of the "Lieberman revolution," can the USSR hope for freedom until a Magna Carta and a Bill of Rights guarantee individual rights that cannot be rescinded by the state.

Pollard showers on the underdeveloped countries the cold rain of common sense. Prideful ministers of the new "mini-countries"—hellbent on acquiring a steel plant and a national airline—should read and digest at least his final chapter.

> These nations seem also to have less zest for the long climb ahead, less heart for the sacrifices it will require, and more hope that some miracle of divine favor or foreign aid or conquest of traditional enemies will do it for them.

With all possible aid from the developed countries, the Third World must accept major responsibility for its own destiny. And the free economies of the West still offer the most promising models.

No brief commentary can do full justice to these little books. Suffice it to say that both belong on that slender shelf of lucid and literate expositions of economic reality that lately has included little but Robert Heilbroner's *Worldly Philosophers* and *The Making of Economic Society*, and Kenneth Galbraith's *American Capitalism* and *The Affluent Society*. *The Age of the Economist* and *How Capitalism Can Succeed* both deserve a wide audience.

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The Nation Beyond Saigon

Vietnam: Yesterday and Today, *by Ellen Hammer (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 282 pp. Hardbound, $3.95; paperback, $3.95), and* ***Here Is Your Enemy: James Cameron's Complete Report from North Vietnam,*** *by James Cameron (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 144 pp. $3.95), delve into the historical background, the national character, and the future prospects of a frequently divided country. Kenneth T. Young is president of the Asia Society.*

By KENNETH T. YOUNG

IN THE long run our "knowledge quotient" about Vietnam will be more important than the "kill ratio." We would be a lot farther along now in dealing with the country's political evolution if we knew more about Vietnamese history and the Vietnamese character. We have to deal with two simultaneous revolutions and two countermovements within one of them. The South Vietnamese have been trying to generate both a nationalist revolution for genuine independence and one against Communist doctrine; the nationalist revolution in turn is split by the need for national discipline and the urge for national expression. The resolution remains in doubt because these sturdy, valiant, and remarkable people are so contradictory. Not yet a nation, they are a collection of societies.

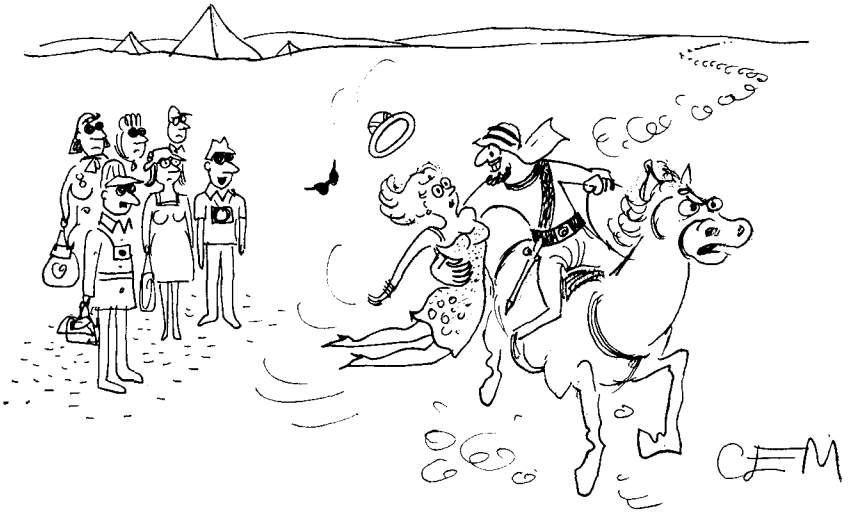
Those who are looking for *the* basic introductory book on Vietnam need search no longer. Miss Hammer's *Vietnam: Yesterday and Today* fills the gap admirably. In this fifth volume of the Contemporary Civilizations Series, so ably edited by Professor Vera Micheles Dean of New York University, Miss Hammer has made her second important contribution to our knowledge of Vietnam. *The Struggle for Indochina*, covering the 1940-1954 period, served me indispensably in the State Department during the baffling beginnings of our direct encounter with Vietnam in 1954-1956. Her new book is a crisply written, cool interpretation which displays a comprehensive grasp of the totality of Vietnam, over its long history as well as in today's headlines. The volume has been ordered in large quantity by the U.S. Army, and we taxpayers would get our money's worth out of the billions being poured into Vietnam if every G.I. could become as familiar with it as with his rifle. It might even be useful for some legislators, high officials, commentators, editorialists, and critics of United States policy in Southeast Asia.

Miss Hammer's emphasis is political, economic, and diplomatic, with brief attention to the arts, letters, and education, which have always played such an important role for the Vietnamese. She makes the telling admonition that Western blunders and frustrations in political dealings with the Vietnamese stem from the failure "to look beyond a veneer of Westernization in language and education to more fundamental aspects of the national character." In summarizing Vietnam's history she highlights the harsh effects of geography and invasion, the complexities of many ethnic minorities, and the varieties of religious observance – Animism, Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism, Christianity, and now modernism.

Vietnam is as eclectic and diverse as, if not more so than, other countries in Southeast Asia, but with a difference. The thread that runs all through the book is the unending struggle of these different groups to maintain a nation for any length of time. This struggle has shaped what Miss Hammer rightly calls the "distinctively Vietnamese" civilization. Many of the present political difficulties and regional tensions in Vietnam have historical antecedents. There is no need to be surprised or perplexed by the Buddhist crises of 1963 or 1966; they are repetitions of what has happened before. North vs. South; Hue vs. Saigon; Buddhist vs. Confucian or Catholic—*is shorthand for Vietnamese history.*

It is well to be reminded that all of Vietnam, from the Chinese frontier to the Gulf of Thailand, became one country under one Vietnamese administration for the first time only a century and a half ago. French colonialism ended what might have been a promising development of a unified nation. As Miss Hammer brings out, the Vietnamese people have never had a relevant role in political affairs. The history of Vietnam's political, social, and economic institutions has been government by the few—Chinese overlords, Vietnamese nobles, French colonials, and Marxist or nationalist officials, sometimes in the interest of the population but never with its sufficient participation.

Some of the factors accounting for the present predicament of Vietnamese nationalism need to be appreciated: the inability of the orthodox, static system of the nineteenth century to cope with the West as the Thai kingdom did; the stunting under the French of Vietnam's modern expression, and the capture of the nationalist independence movement by the Communists, largely as a result of the decimation of non-Communist Vietnamese nationalists during the past forty years. I regret Miss Hammer's misjudgment of some aspects of United States policy in Vietnam. It was not our intention in 1954-1956 to turn a weak South Vietnam into a "spearhead of militant anti-Communism in Asia." Rather, our purpose was to encourage a genuinely nationalist movement composed of as many elements as possible south of the 17th Parallel. We emphasized new institutions, land reform, and rural development. By this policy we hoped to develop the South as a political magnet to balance the North. Whatever the failures, in originally supporting Ngo



"It's probably one of the extras that Pyramid Tours promised us."

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Dinh Diem the United States did address itself to seeking new opportunities for real Vietnamese nationalism. Yet I am impressed with Miss Hammer's balanced and compassionate treatment of this tragic and controversial man.

Many may share Miss Hammer's difficulty in understanding how United States officials apparently could have encouraged the fateful overthrow of Diem "without making any provision for filling the political vacuum inevitably created by that coup." She obviously deplores, as anyone must, the resultant disruption of the developing security and stability in South Vietnam. I am glad to see that she gives General Harkins overdue recognition for his understanding of Diem's approach to local military problems.

Miss Hammer balances her descriptions of South Vietnam with an account of the development of Communist North Vietnam. Her sympathies are not with the Communist Party or its apparatus, the Viet Cong, in the South. But she does give relatively objective treatment to internal and diplomatic affairs in the North. Among other things, she describes the terrible pressures of Hanoi's land reform program of 1954-1956, in which thousands of people were tortured and executed according to the Communist Party's own admissions.

Looking ahead, which is our task now, Miss Hammer puts her finger on serious dangers in the South: the gap between the urban and rural populations, the lack of leaders, the many divisive factors, and the segregation of the army from the people.

She does not address herself to issues of American policy. She notes that the Geneva Accords of 1954 contained specific provisions only for a cease-fire, disengagement, and regroupment of French and Vietminh forces, and provided no details or long-term perspective for a definitive settlement of the Vietnamese question. In her comparisons of the prospects of the North and the South in 1965, the assets of the North would seem to outweigh those of the South. Miss Hammer is deeply concerned that Chinese influence over the North may end by forcing it irreversibly into a new Chinese empire. However, her book ends on a note of confidence. She has faith, which I share, that the desire for independence, the political influence of dedicated young army officers (I would add young civilians), and the agricultural resources of South Vietnam will keep it alive and eventually promote its development as a non-Communist, independent, and prosperous state.

MISS Hammer's book agrees with James Cameron's *Here Is Your Enemy* on two significant points. Both cite indications that American bombing in the North has had the effect of hardening and unifying the people and the Communist régime. Mr. Cameron's firsthand observations lead him to call every bomb a bonus for Ho Chi Minh. His personal conviction is one of total opposition to American policy in Vietnam.

Of more long-run significance, both Miss Hammer and Mr. Cameron highlight the ignorance of Hanoi leaders about the world in general. North Vietnam's greatest liability, according to Miss Hammer, is Hanoi's blind pursuit of victory at any cost, which causes the Northern leaders "to act like sleepwalkers unaware of the course of history" and the realities of the twentieth century in their refusal to consider political compromise and peaceful negotiation. Mr. Cameron left after several weeks in Hanoi—including a meeting with Ho Chi Minh and Prime Minister Pham Van Dong—with no doubt that the Communist régime understood extremely little about "the language of international persuasion or even of international facts." Indeed, he was concerned that the Hanoi leadership greatly exaggerated the protest movement against United States policy.

The two books also concur in their appreciation of the stern, tough fiber in Vietnamese character. In words which Americans should constantly remember, Mr. Cameron emphasizes the "singular resilience and continuity of the Vietnamese, who are, despite the graceful and beguilingly diffident tactfulness of their demeanor, among the toughest and most unanswerable people on earth."

Otherwise, Mr. Cameron's book is a disappointment to me. It is subtitled "Complete Report from North Vietnam." I wish it were. I had hoped to learn something about the way the North Vietnamese live, work, and react. Despite the usual totalitarian controls, Mr. Cameron had an opportunity unique for a non-Communist Western journalist to be our eyes and ears on a perfectly open basis in North Vietnam. To me, he missed the chance; his short book is overly simplistic and diaristic. He spends too many pages on hotels and airports and not enough in telling us about conditions in the North. But perhaps he was prevented.

In any event, I found his book skimpy and pretentious. This is unfortunate, because we need to know everything we can find out about the people (who are not our enemy) and circumstances in North Vietnam, where the authorities (who are) will decide to prolong or shorten their subversive warfare against South Vietnam, Laos, and Thailand.

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MEN OF LETTERS

These reticent British and American authors have generally used initials instead of given names. Margaret Rudd of Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y., ask you to assign the correct initials to each man. If you can place all the initials, score yourself "good"; if you can also supply all the missing names, you rank as "psychic" or "librarian." Fill in on page 42.

1. Auden ( )	A. A.	9. Mencken ( )	J. D.
2. Behrman ( )	C. S.	10. Milne ( )	J. R. R.
3. Cummings ( )	D. H.	11. Priestley ( )	P. G.
4. Eliot ( )	E. B.	12. Salinger ( )	S. N.
5. Forster ( )	E. E.	13. Tolkien ( )	T. H.
6. Hudson ( )	E. M.	14. White ( )	T. S.
7. Lawrence ( )	H. L.	15. White ( )	W. H.
8. Lewis ( )	J. B.	16. Wodehouse ( )	W. H.

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Where Have All the Children Gone?

Nothing Ever Breaks Except the Heart, *by Kay Boyle (Doubleday. 357 pp. $4.95), contains twenty short stories concerned with the effect on human beings of war, mechanization, and the impersonal society. Theodore L. Gross, professor of English at The City College of New York, wrote "Albion W. Tourgée."*

By THEODORE L. GROSS

KAY BOYLE reveals in this collection of twenty short stories the wisdom and humility, the anger and the passion of a thoughtful woman who looks back upon this generation with something like tender discontent and discovers that in spite of all her chastening experiences she is, after all, an American sharing the fate of her own country.

The book's title suggests Miss Boyle's humanistic point of view; the contents—divided into rubrics of "Peace," "War Years," and "Military Occupation"—indicate her intention to measure historically the central issues of our time.

Set in the United States, the first group of stories deals with various kinds of victims—usually children but often people with childlike sensibilities. Confronting a bleak urban life that threatens to twist their innocence into bitter skepticism, their love into hatred, they survive only because of some other sensitive individual's response. In "Seven Say You Can Hear Corn Grow" the idealistic son of a tired waitress comes upon a drunken man lying like a dead child on Christopher Street in New York. Crouched beside the derelict, trying to pull him out of danger from the traffic, is a vagrant girl, who proves as cynical as the young man's mother. The author subtly suggests the need for belief, for pity, for hope in a time when these human attributes tend to be characterized as merely sentimental or quixotic.

The theme of the stories in the "Peace" section—the need for compassion—is always clear. The technique, however, is often intricate and indirect, symbolic and allusive, implying more than is stated. Miss Boyle informs her work with an air of calculated haste, as if peace is always being threatened—by mechanistic forces, by impending war, by all that threatens to injure human love. She is indeed critical of America and of the impersonal society that cripples people, but she always views individuals with understanding—regardless of the degree to which they have absorbed the crudities of their environment.

In the second section—"War Years"—we see an American woman's romance wither because her Austrian lover has welcomed the rise of Hitler; we share the loneliness of a Frenchman as he learns of his country's defeat; we feel the awkward alliances that exist between a British colonel and distrustful Italian partisans. We are haunted by the portrait in the title story of frightened refugees, none of whom realizes that the ex-pilot who might take them to their destination suffers from shattered nerves, his heart broken despite his ostensible self-control. Miss Boyle, who always measures war in terms of its effect on the human sensibility, is extraordinarily deft in creating its macabre, neurasthenic ambience.

SHE is also skillful in her use of silences, different kinds of silences—the kind, for example, that falls between the estranged people of different lands, or the kind that falls between self-conscious fathers and awkward sons, or those silences that are necessary for human survival.

The last story, "Fire in the Vineyards," is a coda to the entire volume, for it glances at devastated postwar France and measures the prosperous Germans, the poor English, the Americans who are "not afraid of what may happen" to Europe and who read the signs "U.S. Go Home" or "*Les Américains en Amérique.*" Miss Boyle is fully aware of and at times sympathetic to the anti-Americanism of the French; she too reviles the arrogance of the G.I. away from home who tells the French that "France never did nothing but sit on a corner holding a tin cup out, and we're sick of dropping the dollars in." But she realizes that to be an American is to suffer, in Henry James's words, "a complex fate."

KAY BOYLE has created a large and impressive body of literature over a forty-year period. She has been a novelist and foreign correspondent, a poet and a translator, a lecturer, educator, and children's storyteller. But her real contribution to American letters is in the form of the short story. Unlike Hemingway or Faulkner, she has no unique vision. Nor is her technique so individual that she modifies the tradition of the short story that precedes her. Although most effective when she is least specific, Miss Boyle is at times unnecessarily opaque. And, more rarely, her intense emotion can sweeten into sentimentality. But her best work has undeniable authority; stories like "Wedding Day," "The White Horses of Vienna," and "White as Snow" are already minor classics, artistic records of what life was like in the age of Hitler. This new collection demonstrates that she is one of the few living American artists who have seriously examined the effect of the Second World War upon Europeans and upon Americans in Europe.

Nothing Ever Breaks Except the Heart can only enhance Kay Boyle's reputation.

"Elsie? George. Listen, I ran into our marriage counselor and we have a few things we want to straighten out with you."

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Song to the Sound of Guns

The Olive Field, *by Ralph Bates (Washington Square Press. 439 pp. $6.95), recreates the life of some Andalusian villagers on the eve of the Spanish Civil War. Emile Capouya's critiques of fiction appear regularly in* SR.

By EMILE CAPOUYA

THE PUBLISHER was well advised to reissue this beautifully written story of rural Spain on the eve of the Civil War. *The Olive Tree,* which first appeared in 1936, gives the reader a chance to contemplate again two views of life that belonged uniquely to that time—that of the Spanish peasants, who are the chief actors in the novel, and that of the author himself.

Mr. Bates scarcely exaggerates the simplicity and cultivation of his Andalusian villagers, whose decorous manners and psychological complexity give them such presence upon the stage of our mind. Their prototypes in life appear to have been much as he has painted them, grave and passionate men, and partisan on a heroic scale, Catholics, anticlericals, and social visionaries cherishing ideals of political justice that are now just about extinct in the Western world. While rendering faithfully enough the mixed serenity and violence of peasant anarchists and revolutionaries, Mr. Bates nevertheless sees them as figures in a heroic frieze, elements of an artistic composition. As it happens, the composition is ample enough to accommodate moments of explosive action that expand the story but do not destroy it. The seasonal round of labor in the olive groves is punctuated by the knife, the rifle, and the guitar.

The people of Spain have two voices. One can be heard in their noble tradition of popular poetry, generally in the form of song or otherwise closely associated with music, endeavoring to sing what cannot be said. The other voice is that partner of Spanish poetry, the guitar, whose business is solely with the ineffable. And the guitar is peculiarly the voice and consciousness of Mr. Bates's novel. Of the two chief characters, the peasants Joaquín Caro and Diego Mudarra, the latter is a virtuoso guitarist. Mingled with the sound of religious processions and harvests, of riots, shootings, and dynamitings, is the voice of the guitar—speaking so truly that we know Mr. Bates must be an informed and impassioned amateur of the instrument, as indeed he seems to be of all things Spanish. Only when Caro and Mudarra are driven by poverty and proscription from Andalusia to the province of Asturias does the guitar fall silent. It is the last act of the drama that is preparing, the bloody revolt of the Asturian miners, which was crushed when the other provinces failed to rise.

The attempt to render in English the tone and temper of an alien people is so difficult that the greatest writers have generally avoided it. Of those who have tried and succeeded, Doughty or T. E. Lawrence for example, who shall say if their success is not partly the product of our ignorance of the *milieus* they portray? And Hemingway's experiments in *bêche-de-mer* English in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* might serve as a warning even

to men of genius. It is evidence, then, of immense skill, sympathetic insight, and linguistic tact if Mr. Bates can give us a novel that is so essentially Spanish in spirit. Merely on the level of technical accomplishment, while Hemingway has his Spanish characters speak in ways that make us doubt their standing as human creatures, Ralph Bates can translate, "*¡Ay, la madre que te parío!*" and enclose it in a homely English paragraph that carries its exotic freight with no appearance of strain. To my taste, occasionally Mr. Bates's prose is tinged with purple—but this is partly a matter of fashion, and if I were privileged to read him thirty years from now I might very well find that he was right and that I was simply responding to recent custom by acting nervous in the presence of emotion.

The Olive Field is episodic in structure, its order a function of the emotional congruence between part and part rather than the result of any formal scheme. When it was written, an artist with Mr. Bates's temperament could still write a violent book in which the violence was not a substitute for order. The residual humanism that made such books possible is no longer characteristic of our writers. For that reason, despite the pain of thinking about that place in that time, *The Olive Field* is inspiriting to read.

LST 1826: William Brinkley is a storyteller, and in *The Ninety and Nine* (Doubleday, $5.95) he has a strong story to tell—the role of the landing ships in the World War II invasions of Europe when it wanted to be invaded by Americans. It was a time when, in the words of Winston Churchill—quoted in Brinkley's epigraph—, "the destinies of two great empires . . . seemed to be tied up by some god-damned things called LST's."

The novel opens on board *LST 1826* off Anzio in 1944. It is dawn, and the ninety enlisted men and nine officers are to pick up an unusual cargo: nurses. "Fifty-four nurses," says Ensign Horner, the communications officer. "That's over half a nurse apiece." The men scrub the decks, put up "Nurses Country" signs in appropriate places, and watch in awe as, with "entrancing bulges from their coveralls" and occasionally "a little harvest of curls emerging from a woolen field cap," the girls come aboard.

At this point I assumed that the author, taking a Mediterranean locale, had fashioned a "son of" *Don't Go Near the Water,* his amusing tale of the mid-Pacific (Mr. Brinkley is stuck with the fact that he can write funny, racy dialogue). But *The Ninety and Nine* develops into a serious novel that evokes the feelings and attitudes of sailors and civilians in wartime Italy.

From the skipper down to Seaman Second Class Carlyle the characters come alive as individuals. If there is a warm-hearted Jewish captain, and an admiral addicted to looking for sea caves, and a sensitive college man in love with a nurse who looks like an angel, and a tough-tender boatswain's mate who can't stand being on shore, and a young Italian girl—well, they are here in fiction because they undoubtedly had prototypes in real life.

Their stories are interwoven with *LST 1826*'s endless trips between Pozzuoli and Anzio. Overhead, the Luftwaffe darkens the sky; from the hills beyond, railroad artillery pound the ships; beneath the sea, U-boats lurk. The war is always present in the background, and, unlike later peacetime wars, it has a present danger and a clear purpose.

Attended by the pharmacist's mate the Italian girl, a refugee, gives birth to a child aboard the LST. Later, mother and infant are the crux of the court-martial that provides the novel's conflict.

Unlike *Don't Go Near the Water,* Mr. Brinkley's fifth novel contains very little satire. Instead, it recaptures the time of Anzio in a most authentic and readable story of Navy men in wartime.

—HERBERT MITGANG.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Business, Economics

MAKE OR BUY. By Harry Gross. Prentice-Hall. $17.50.

THE TROUBLED ENVIRONMENT: Business Examines Social and Economic Barriers to Improving Our Cities. The record of a national symposium conducted December 8, 9, and 10, 1965. Urban America, Inc., 2 West 46th St., N.Y.C. Paperback, $2.50.

Crime, Suspense

THE ART STEALERS. By Milton Esterow. Macmillan. $5.95.

THE CASE OF THE JUMBO SANDWICH. By Christopher Bush. Macmillan. $3.95.

COVER HER FACE. By P. D. James. Scribners. $3.95.

THE DARK TRADE. By Anthony Lejeune. Doubleday. $3.50.

THE FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS. By Jean Potts. Scribners. $3.95.

THE MOOD FOR MURDER. By Van Siller. Doubleday. $3.50.

SABRE-TOOTH. By Peter O'Donnell. Doubleday. $4.95.

SATURDAY THE RABBI WENT HUNGRY. By Harry Kemelman. Crown. $3.95.

Current Affairs

DISCRIMINATION TODAY: Guidelines for Civic Action. By Mary T. Clark. Hobbs, Dorman. $6.50.

THE GOVERNMENTS OF COMMUNIST EAST EUROPE. By H. Gordon Skilling. Crowell. $4.50.

NO LAURELS FOR DE GAULLE. By Robert Mengin. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $6.95.

SONS OF FRANCE: Pétain and de Gaulle. By Jean-Raymond Tournoux. Viking. $5.95.

SOUTHERN AFRICA IN TRANSITION. Edited by John A. Davis and James K. Baker. Praeger. Hardbound, $8.50. Paperback, $2.95.

TANZANIA: Young Nation in a Hurry. By Alexander MacDonald. Hawthorn. $5.95.

WHO DESIGNS AMERICA? Edited by Laurence B. Holland. Anchor/Doubleday. Paperback, $1.45.

Fiction

ALL THE LITTLE HEROES. By Herbert Wilner. Bobbs-Merrill. $6.50.

BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK. By James Mossman. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $5.95.

THE BLIND CAVE. By Leo Katcher. Viking. $4.50.

CALL THE KEEPER. By Nat Hentoff. Viking. $3.95.

THE MARTLET'S TALE. By Nicholas Delbanco. Lippincott. $4.50.

A STATE OF SIEGE. By Janet Frame. Braziller. $5.

SUMMERING. Short stories by Joanne Greenberg. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

History

EARTHQUAKE!: The Story of Alaska's Good Friday Disaster. By Eloise Engle. Day. $4.95.

THE MAKING OF MODERN IRELAND, 1603-1923. By J. C. Beckett. Knopf. $8.95.

ROYALE VENDETTA: The Crown of Spain, 1829-1965. By Theo Aronson. Bobbs-Merrill. $7.50.

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY FRANCE. By G. R. R. Treasure. Barnes & Noble. $8.95.

Literary History, Criticism

IN ANOTHER LANGUAGE: A Record of the Thirty-Year Relationship Between Thomas Mann and His American Translator, Helen Tracy Lowe-Porter. By John C. Thirlwall. Knopf. $5.95.

THE MEDIEVAL LITERATURE OF WESTERN EUROPE: A Review of Research, mainly 1930-1960. Edited by John H. Fisher. New York Univ. Press. $6.50.

Miscellany

BARBARELLA. By Jean-Claude Forest. Grove. $5.95.

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN ACTING. By Garff B. Wilson. Indiana Univ. Press. $6.95.

THE MOTORBOATMAN'S BIBLE. By Mark Penzer. Doubleday. Paperback, $1.95.

NATURE'S MEDICINES: The Folklore, Romance, and Value of Herbal Remedies. By Richard Lucas. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

READ WELL AND REMEMBER: A Guide to More Rapid, More Efficient Reading. By Owen Webster. Simon & Schuster. $6.

Personal History

COMBAT AND COMMAND: The Story of an Airman in Two World Wars. By Marshal of the RAF, Lord Douglas of Kirtleside with Robert Wright. Simon & Schuster. $12.95.

ENRICO FERMI: The Man and His Theories. By Pierre de Latil. Eriksson. $5.

PIERRE DE THOMAS: Scholar, Diplomat, and Crusader. By Frederick J. Boehlke, Jr. Univ. of Pennsylvania Press. $7.50.

THE ROAD TO GUNDAGAI. By Graham McInnes. London House/Maxwell. $5.95.

TEILHARD DE CHARDIN: The Man and His Theories. By Abbé Paul Grenet. Eriksson. $5.

Psychology

STEPANOS: Studies in Psychology Presented to Cyril Burt. Edited by Charlotte Banks and P. L. Broadhurst. Barnes & Noble. $8.

THREE BABIES: Biographies of Cognitive Development. Edited by Joseph Church. Random House. $4.95.

THE VARIETIES OF PSYCHEDELIC EXPERIENCE. By R. E. L. Masters and Jean Houston. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $7.95.

Travel

HOW TO GET ALONG IN PORTUGAL AND SPAIN. By George Jacobs. Simon & Schuster. $6.50.

THE JAPAN I LOVE. By Pierre Landy and François Meilleau. Tudor. $7.95.

YELLOWSTONE AND GRAND TETON NATIONAL PARKS. By Robert Scharff. McKay. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

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Beaches of Pleasure, Beaches of Pain

DEAUVILLE.

IT HAD BEEN, I was somewhat startled to discover, almost twenty years since I had last set polished foot along the manicured walks of Deauville by the sea. When I was first here, in the murky fall of 1947, the war just over and rationing still in force, Deauville was recovering from its long wartime tour and it was playing to heavy crowds of French, still fashionable and still monied though heaven knows from what miraculous source. The foreigners had not started to come back yet and Deauville was picking up very slowly from its prewar position.

When the Germans marched early in the autumn of 1939, Deauville was already on the fade. It had reached its days of supreme elegance during the era of the flapper and the patent-leather gent. It was full of kings, both Eastern and Western, and lesser royalty. Boris was in from Russia and Alfonso was up from Madrid. The young Prince of Wales was over from England and so was Gordon Selfridge, the London merchant. Coco Chanel and Jean Patou, the couturiers, were commuters from Paris. Georges Carpentier, who had knocked out Battling Levinsky in four rounds in 1920 and become even more celebrated when he was vanquished by Dempsey in the fourth the following year, was a familiar French figure, and so was André Citroën, the millionaire automobile manufacturer.

Elsa Maxwell was in her best years. She and Captain Edward Molyneux, the designer, were running a nightclub in Paris featuring the Dolly Sisters, the Gabors of another time. Then in Deauville, as now in Las Vegas, elaborate shows were brought in to attract the customers who later hopefully would take a turn at the wheels. Down in the cellar the casino had a nightclub called Le Brummel, and it was here that the Dolly Sisters came to perform at a figure which history now hands down as $1,000 a week, a sensational amount for the times. There were such peripheral benefits as a string of emeralds for Rosie Dolly from Alfonso, and a château at Rambouillet, the current county seat of de Gaulle, for Jenny.

"It's all been taken care of, Miss."

The first torpedo was fired by the Depression, and Deauville began to list perceptibly. It had hardly righted itself when the second one hit, fired by the Germans in 1939. By June the next year, France was overrun and Deauville was in German hands. The Hotel du Golf, built in 1929 on the hill above the coast, was soon Luftwaffe headquarters for all France. The air forces of all countries have a canny ability to sequester the newest, the least bomb-damaged, and the best of all available ground facilities, and the Luftwaffe was no different. The Normandy, which dated from 1912 and had been in business for only two years before it was taken over as a French hospital in 1914, became a French hospital again in 1939. When the Germans came the following year they made it a rest center.

The Allies moved in during what would have been the height of its season, August of 1944. But Deauville's lustrous days were still a bit off, for it was first to do its duty for the friendly forces. The Hotel du Golf was pressed into service as headquarters for the U.S. Normandy Base Command, and the Normandy became a rest center for Canadians.

When it was finally turned back to civilian control the return to elegance was difficult. There were newer places, gayer and livelier and not nearly so old-fashioned. The Riviera had suddenly become a summer resort. It built rakish, glass-walled hotels hanging from the rocks of the High Corniche. Italy became competitively popular and so did Spain. The jets made it easier to discover outlandish places. The People beautiful, and merely rich, cruised in the Greek Isles, bought property in Sardinia, and even in Tito's Yugoslavia. Deauville, with its aging hotels, none of them even on the sea, was fading.

Then a few years ago, a white knight appeared. He was a young white knight who had hardly been born when Deauville was in its fullest flower. He was the Count d'Ornano, then just forty and married to the daughter of the Marquis de Contades. They began a series of galas, decreed elegant ball gowns, breathed perfumed elegance into Deauville's sagging bosom. Soon it began to revive. Not so much royalty now, at least not employed royalty, but enough Rothschilds and sprinklings of the jet people to make it sparkle in high season.

When I arrived this year, well in advance of the season, the gardeners were busy in the flower beds of the Normandy, now in its fifty-fourth year if you count the wars. Half-timbered and enormous, facing the sea, but not on it, the Normandy stays open all year round. It comes alive with the running of the horses on July 1, is in high season in August. At the Normandy the clien-

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tele is half-French, the other half split largely between Americans and British, with a few Germans thrown in. They may pay as little as $12 to $15 for a double room with private bath—the Normandy still has rooms with baths down the hall—or about $70 for a small apartment with bedroom and sitting room. The tariffs include a Continental breakfast, but they don't include the taxes and service charges, which can add another twenty-five per cent to a bill.

Lunch and dinner are served in the garden under the apple trees, a *cour Normande*, they like to call it. Other apple trees shade the pansy beds on the front lawn, an expanse also planted with a bust of François André, billed as the "*grand animateur du Tourisme français.*" There was little animation as yet in the casino, but I went down to have a look anyway. The dining rooms were canopied with eggplant ceilings, set above gold pillars, gilded chairs, hydrangeas, and heavy curtains. The sea air was billowing through the nine-foot windows, and one could stand in the breeze and look across acres of tennis courts to the herring boats, with their drooping nets bobbing just offshore.

A new Brummel has been built, appropriately enough, in the cellar. It's been a long time since Rosie Dolly danced at the original Brummel, but she has scarcely forgotten Deauville. Now Mrs. Irving Netcher, she was still hoping to be able to come to Deauville this summer. Left from her day was not only the Normandy Hotel, where she planned to stay, but the murals in the bar done in 1928, showing the ladies in fashionable boyish bobs, the patent-leather gents in white tie and tails, and, waiting in the harbor, the 1920s yacht with its long boom.

Despite its trappings of the Twenties, Deauville manages to indulge in a smart summer season, the crowds pushing into the handsome green race tracks, one for flat racing, another for steeplechase. So many yearlings are sold in Deauville that it operates the biggest horse airport in the world. People land there, too, direct from London as well as Paris in season.

One day we drove through Dives, where William the Conqueror had embarked with his armada for the invasion of England, and crossed the Orne into the area of the landing beaches where the British forces had come ashore in their invasion on the morning of June 6, 1944. The link between Ranville and Benouville is still called the Pegasus Bridge, named by British airborne troops that captured it, holding off German reinforcements trying to break into the landing beach area from the east and south.

A spring rain had picked us up in

(*Continued on page 42*)

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Sam, if you like good Beef Teriyaki you ought to take a BOAC flight to Tokyo and Hong Kong.

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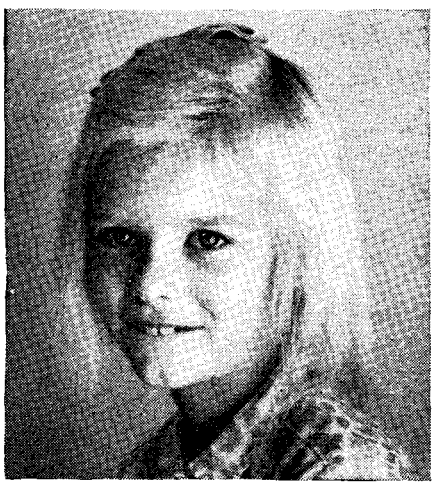
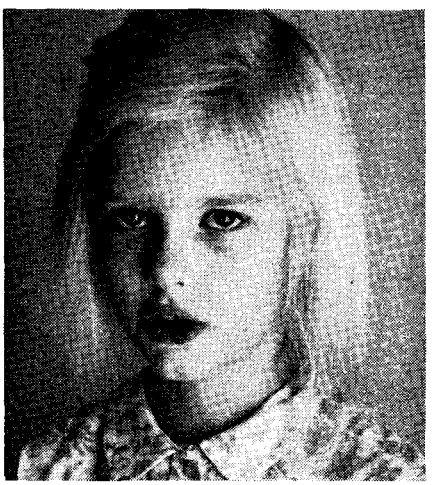
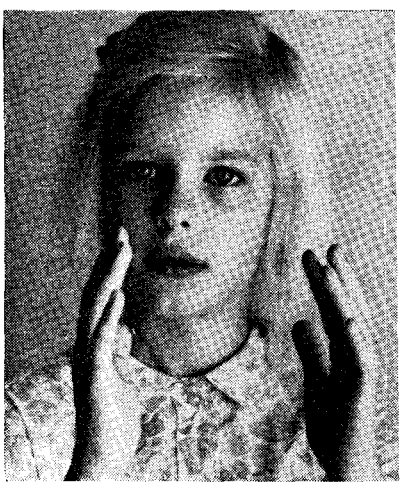
Our boss, Meg Rawls

Not long ago we visited a young A.T.&T. share owner.
We hope her questions and our answers may interest you.







Each year, across the country, Bell System management people visit share owners of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. They sample opinions, answer questions and explain the company's practices.

Share owners to be visited are selected at random. Their names and addresses give no clues as to business acumen or age.

James Thompson of Southwestern Bell Telephone, an Associated Company of the Bell System, was assigned to visit Miss Margaret Rawls of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. When he telephoned for an appointment, he was startled to find that she was seven years old. But Meg Rawls was in her best dress, hairdo and business mood when Thompson rang the doorbell of her parents' home.

The next hour and a half put Thompson through the hoops. The young lady's questions were basic and to the point. She wanted full answers and the figures that went with them. Finally, when Thompson stood up and shook hands, Meg decided that she was pleased with the way things were going in her company. For now, anyway.

Here are some questions Meg asked a few months ago. These answers go a little beyond Jim Thompson's. But not much. He says Meg wanted facts and our opinions.

"How many people work for the Bell System?"

The Bell System now includes nearly 800,000 men and women—more than the populations of Oklahoma City and Tulsa combined. But they work all over the country, and in all kinds of jobs. They're sort of a team. In the Associated Companies, they operate the local telephone service. At Western Electric, they make the phones. At Bell Telephone Laboratories, they invent new phones. Last year alone, 3000 college-trained young people joined the Bell System because they, like us, see an exciting future in the telephone business.

"What kinds of phones are there?"

Phones come in many sizes, styl and colors. Some are small for be side tables. Others can hang on kitchen wall. The new Touch-To instruments have push buttons f easier, faster calling and will som day let you pay your bills by phon Trimline phones put the dial rig in the handset. The Picturepho sets in Chicago, New York and Was ington let people see as well as he on the phone. Data-Phone sets act ally let machines talk to each oth at high speed. Other surprising ne phones are coming along.

"How many people own telephone stock like me?"

Nearly three million people ar now share owners of A.T.&T., paren company of the Bell System. Th United States is one of the few coun tries where you can own part of th telephone company.

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Some of Meg's stock is more than half a century old, having been left to her by a great-grandmother. Some is recent, purchased by her father who is with Oklahoma City's Liberty National Bank and Trust Co. Meg's grasp of business is partly the result of overhearing her knowledgeable parents' discussions, and partly native curiosity. She earns money doing chores and weeding, spends carefully, knows her savings to the penny.

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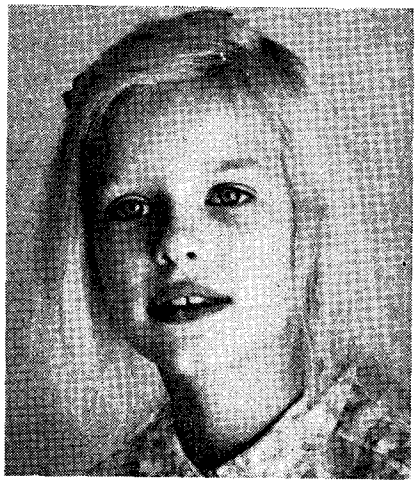

"Why do I get a check every three months?"

That's your dividend payment—your share of Bell System earnings. Only by a good return to you investors can we raise the money *we* need to give this growing country the service *it* needs.

"What does the Bell System do with all the money it gets?"

We spend it to keep our present services working well and to have more ready when and where they're needed. This is money spent on land, buildings, wire and cable, equipment and supplies—nearly $4 billion this year alone. Then, we pay our employees over $6 billion a year to work for us. They spend their money to buy things. This helps business all over the country. Taxes we pay amount to more than $2 billion. Dividends to you share owners are over $1 billion. Just like your family, we try to earn a little more than we spend. It takes profit to keep on being a lively, going, growing business.

"Why do we have to pay extra to call my grandmother in New Hampshire?"

Oklahoma to New Hampshire is what we call a Long Distance call, and it takes more of our wire and equipment than a local call around town. Even so, Long Distance is a lot cheaper than it used to be. In the past 30 years, there have been more than 20 reductions in Long Distance rates from state to state. The most recent was just last year and saved $100 million for telephone users.

We're working for Meg today. Someday, we'll be working for her grandchildren. Our scientists and engineers —indeed, all of us in the Bell System —are not content with good service today. We are planning better things for tomorrow, and then making tomorrow happen just as fast as we can.

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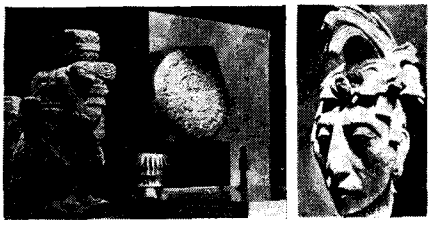

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Continued from page 39

Dives. It was so wet that it discouraged me from trying to find the famed inn called Guillaume le Conquérant which, rumor had insisted, had sadly closed its portals. It followed us across the Orne, through Ouistreham and then along Sword Beach, which now goes under the proper names of its seaside hamlets, Riva-Bella, Colleville-Montgomery-Plage, Lion, and St. Aubin. It fell on us in sheets as we ran along Juno Beach, where the Canadian Third had come ashore, nor did it let up as we came on Gold Beach, where the British 50th Division had landed and taken Arromanches by the afternoon.

As soon as Arromanches fell, work began on the artificial harbor that had been built in Britain to be towed across the channel. A full model of the odd contraption that was to assure victory in France is on view in the Museum of the Invasion, just above the sea's edge at Arromanches. Churchill had written to an aide, "They must float up and down with the tide. The anchor problem must be mastered. Let me have the solution worked out. Don't argue the matter. The difficulties will argue for themselves." That was at the end of May in 1942. Two years later it was ready. Hundreds of thousands of troops poured ashore over this artificial harbor, and more thousands of vehicles, from jeeps to kitchen trucks.

Visiting officers and men who have come to Arromanches since the war have contributed all sorts of relics of the invasion: uniforms, boots, flags, weapons, and pictures. The models have been built with great detail, especially the model of the harbor at Arromanches, which was made in New York and given to the museum as a gift of the British Government. The photographs, blown large, give a graphic view of how things looked those early days in June, but most chilling of all is the diorama which, through electronic device, portrays the pattern of the opening phases of the Battle of Normandy from the airborne and paratrooper drops of the night of June 5 to the landings that came at dawn.

The rain still fell as we came up on Omaha Beach, where the American left flank had almost collapsed before it was formed. The landing craft had been carried off-course by the strong currents, and the pebbles deterred the tanks. It was not until evening that a few companies broke out of the beachhead they had held by their fingernails, and finally the tanks moved out on the plateau. But Omaha seemed jinxed. The worst storm in four decades broke over Normandy the night of June 19. The invasion was less than two weeks old and a break-out depended upon heavy supplies and men coming ashore. The Mulberry artificial harbor at Arromanches was damaged, but held firm. At Omaha it broke apart and was never to be repaired.

I drove down to the French monument to the landing-troops at Omaha, put up near the spot where Company A of the 116th regiment was almost wiped out minutes after landing. All of its officers and non-coms were casualties and so were three-quarters of its men. We drove down to Colleville and I got out to walk through the cemetery. The battles were depicted on giant maps in a covered colonnade. The rain was soft and steady, but, propelled by some inner force, I left its shelter and walked along the pebbled paths among the graves, and then up on the grass among the crosses and the Stars of David, and, after walking a wide circle where the patterns of markers seem to run off into the sea, I finally detached myself from the hypnosis of their presence and made my way back to the car. By mid-afternoon the sun was out again, and it coaxed a lustrous green out of the Norman countryside still young in season.

—HORACE SUTTON.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Wystan Hugh. 2. Samuel Nathaniel. 3. Edward Estlin. 4. Thomas Stearns. 5. Edward Morgan. 6. William Henry. 7. David Herbert. 8. Clive Staples. 9. Henry Louis. 10. Alan Alexander. 11. John Boynton. 12. Jerome David. 13. John Ronald Renel. 14. and 15. Elwyn Brooks and Terence Hanbury. 16. Pelham Grenville.

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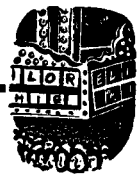


Spectacles Unlimited

SPECTACLE FILMS seldom cause much interest among cinematic purists, mainly, I suppose, because their stories are so often on the primitive side, their sound-tracks more thunderous than literate, and their aim to fill the screen with physical action. Yet the form is showing clear signs of vitality.

One reason, I'm sure, for the astonishing financial success of *The Sound of Music*, a tepid bath of sentimentality in the main, is the technically astute handling of the large screen by Robert Wise. In the early days of CinemaScope, the screen images tended toward fuzziness and distortion, but lenses and cameras have continued to improve; now a picture of sharp clarity and deep focus is possible, and techniques are also available for a variety of atmospheric effects. Cinerama no longer requires three interlocked cameras, and directors using Cinerama have their choice of camera and lens systems. One new lens that can be used with a Todd AO or Panavision camera can sweep a field of nearly 180 degrees, and you may be sure that Stanley Kubrick is taking full advantage of it for his space spectacular, *2001: a Space Odyssey*. Also, the word is out that John Huston has made some spectacular innovations in his upcoming CinemaScope version of *The Bible*.

Meanwhile, at hand right now are two spectacles, *Khartoum* and *The Blue Max*, both embodying considerable sweep in pictorial effects, and both exploring relatively offbeat areas of subject matter. *Khartoum*, filmed in Cinerama, tells the story of General Charles Gordon, who, in the 1880s, defended for the better part of a year the Sudan city of Khartoum against the dervishes of the Mahdi. It is not a fully satisfying film, but it does have striking moments of photography (some of it by Eliot Elisofon), an informative and occasionally witty—and also talky—screenplay by Robert Ardrey, and some effective performing by Charlton Heston as Gordon, Richard Johnson as his aide de camp, and Laurence Olivier as the Mahdi. Olivier has already run into criticism in London because of his penchant for the deep-toned coloration of his face, but I found him most impressive at suggesting the Mahdi's Moslem mysticism.

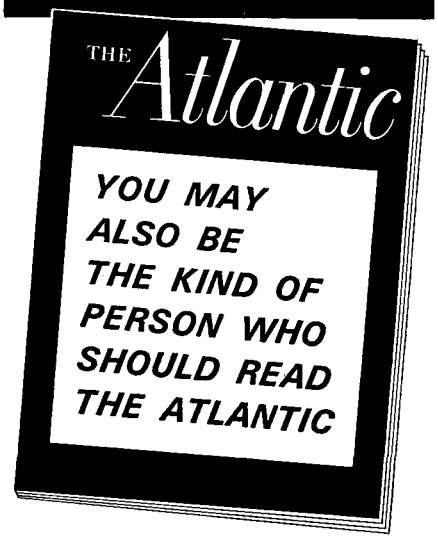
While there are scenes a plenty of desert fighting, they are provided a filip by authentic costuming (bright British reds against sand and sky), and it is evident throughout that the producer, Julian Blaustein, has paid more than ordinary attention to period detail. It is too bad that the story itself is lacking in sustained excitement. Gordon, though handled with finesse by Heston, remains an aloof and enigmatic character. He should have intrigued more than he does. And it is a story essentially of failure—the failure of Prime Minister Gladstone to see vital interests of Britain in the desert situation, the failure of Gordon himself to provide more than a token resistance. Even in his clash of wills with the Mahdi he is clearly a loser. So it's downhill all the way, and Gordon becomes not a tragic figure, but merely a model for the monuments built of him. Still, it took courage to make so large a spectacle on a theme of failure.

The Blue Max, too, has a hero of less than heroic mold, and, more surprising, memorializes the German side of the air warfare during World War I. But then Fokkers – bi-planes and tri-planes – and their pilots, have traditionally been exempt from rabid partisanship in tales of World War I, because of the chivalric kind of combat supposedly characteristic of the early air battles.

We are told in *The Blue Max* that German gentlemen of the Officers Corps flew those rickety little planes, and the substance of its story deals with a man from the ranks who is determined to win Germany's highest medal for air valor, familiarly known as the Blue Max, and obtainable only by downing twenty enemy aircraft. George Peppard plays this fellow, Stachel, in stolid fashion, but he is something less than a gentleman when it comes to his rivalry with fellow officers and his love affair with a countess, the wife of the commanding general of the Air Corps. He is aggressive, and unscrupulous, so much so that, after he has become a national hero, it is necessary to do away with him to avoid embarrassment to the Officers Corps.

The story has more than its share of foolish moments, and the reason the film holds up at all is its plethora of splendidly photographed scenes of the picturesque planes in and out of battle. Remember those long streamers of black smoke in *Wings* and *Dawn Patrol*? Here they are again in all their nostalgia. One can hardly wait for Peppard to finish his dallying with Ursula Andress (interludes of sheer boredom) so that he can head back to the tarmac. James Mason and Jeremy Kemp turn in solid performances, but it is the planes—the British SE-5's, the Pfalz's, and the Fokkers—that truly steal the show. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

If this is your profile . . .



Not long ago, we did some serious "profile matching" in which we compared Atlantic readers with non-readers of similar age, income, education, occupation, and sex. The results, reported recently in *Saturday Review*, were revealing.

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South of the Border with Telefunken

THOSE TO WHOM travel provides a longed-for opportunity to Get Away from It All are invited, nay urged, to skip this page: it is not for them. It is, rather, for those to whom travel provides the longed-for opportunity to get away from as much or as little of it all as they prefer, while maintaining a little or a lot of interest, by way of short-wave radio, in what they left behind.

The air has been full of any number of things since the end of World War II found every country of any consequence equipped with a broadcasting apparatus it could convert from military to non-military purposes. The challenge to the traveler has been how to avail himself of these broadcasts. For the ship traveler, to whom weight was less of a factor than most, the Zenith Trans-Oceanic was at least a possibility. It was also a source of dependable performance. But its weight (more than 20 pounds) forbade consideration by the increasing number of plane travelers.

The option, for them, went in the direction of transistor radios—mostly Japanese-built—which came in during the mid-Fifties. Both in weight and in cost they were a happy advance in the field of instant information. I have used one or another to advantage in Scandinavia and on the Continent in 1956 (Magnavox, *SR*, July 28, 1956); in Switzerland and Austria in 1959 (Maco, *SR*, July 25, 1959); in South America in 1960 (Matsushita, *SR*, Aug. 27, 1960); and in Israel in 1961 (Fujiya). Good as the results were, there were limitations inherent in the kind of circuitry possible within the dimensions decreed by compactness.

As Ivan Berger reported recently [*SR*, June 25, 1966], the whole field has been revolutionized by the introduction of lightweight casing materials, small batteries made possible by transistors, improved circuitry, and more efficient speakers. Almost all manufacturers have redesigned their best units, this including Zenith, whose Trans-Oceanic (at 13½ pounds) is much lighter than it was in 1951, when I lugged one from pillar to post (how, when I heft it today, I will never know).

In any case, my attention before setting out on a recent Mexican journey, was magnetized in the direction of one of the German units—Nordmende, Blaupunkt, or Telefunken—for several reasons. They share a promising combination of lightness with efficiency. Also, I had never had the opportunity to see how one performed "in the field." Favor finally settled on the Telefunken *Bajazzo* "Sport" because it was as light as any other, it provided an ingenious means for spreading (fine-tuning) the 49-meter-band, and its tonal qualities were above average. And its price ($109.95) had a realistic relationship to a general market.

The first, gratifying discovery was that its size (11x6½x3 inches) made it stowable in a suitcase in a space no larger than required for a couple of good-sized books. And, though it was designed to serve also as a removable car radio, its metal handle folded almost flush to the case and did not usurp any room of its own. When unpacked six hours later in Mexico City, a quick check proved also that it travels well. It was ready to go immediately, sprinkling the air with that mixture of tongues and accents which, to the short-wave addict, is a happy guarantee of the selectivity he craves.

According to the experts whom I consulted prior to departure, pickings below the border among short-wave broadcasts originating in the States were likely to be slim: the Voice of America is not beamed in the direction of Mexico, and anything else was pure chance. However, that opinion reckoned without two things: the elevation (more than 7,300 feet) of the mesa on which Mexico, D.F., is situated; and the powers of discrimination in the *Bajazzo* "Sport." A random search for whatever the air waves contained produced almost immediately the comforting sound of a baseball play-by-play: comforting not only for the thing itself, but also as a welcome reassurance that the A.F.R.T.S. (Armed Forces Radio and Television Service) was still in business, with its promise of dependable scheduling, well-collated news broadcasts, and other services designed to keep the millions of American service personnel scattered around the globe as well-informed about happenings at home as they chose to be.

On this particular June midnight, the eavesdropper in Mexico City could hear, as clearly as if the transmitter were atop the *Torre Latino Americana* rather than in Delano, California, not only the wind-up of the ball game, but also, at 12:30 A.M., *Opinion in the Capitol*, moderated by Bentley Scott, and, at 1 A.M., a comprehensive news broadcast. In addition to presenting the day's happenings as reported by the wire services, the program offered a round-up of reports from the networks as actually broadcast. That is to say, not merely the substance of what was said, but in taped transcripts of the voices in which they were originally delivered.

Thereafter, as regularly as one's time and other activities permitted, A.F.R.T.S.'s could be depended upon to be operating and available, as soon as nighttime conditions for short-wave reception were favorable. Its place on the 49-meter-band was rarely challenged, but, on the occasions when a local storm made for interference, a recourse to the "ingenious means for spreading (fine tuning) the 49-meter-band" (mentioned previously) proved useful. This consists of a double utility in the control normally used for tuning the FM channel. When the unit is operating on the 49-meter band, the control normally used for tuning the FM channel becomes a fine-tuning control, separating the otherwise overlapping stations.

From time to time, as A.F.R.T.S. schedule concerned itself with subjects of more specialized interest to its primary audience than to me, the availability, via *Bajazzo* "Sport," of the whole range of the international short-wave broadcasting became apparent. This included not only such sources as the ones printed on the tuning scale itself (Vaticano, Luxembourg, RIAS, Roma), but also B.B.C., Radio Italiana, and, of course, Radio Moscow (readily recognizable because its staff speaks the best English of all).

This situation prevailed as far west as Taxco, which, also being in mountainous terrain (a mere 5,500 feet above sea level), provided much the same conditions as Mexico City. But they changed drastically on descent to the sea level of Acapulco. Here, regretfully, we bade farewell to A.F.R.T.S. and its competent collection of master sergeants, sergeants, and corporals, its beam being no longer accessible to the eavesdroppers. Reliance for news shifted, instead, to B.B.C. (preferentially) and the Voice of America (sequentially).

How much this latter service costs annually, I have no way (at this distance) of knowing. But however many millions it is, it strikes me as almost that many millions too many. I did observe, in this first exposure to it under John Chancellor's post-Murrow supervision, an upgrading of techniques that gave it rather more resemblance to network pace and flow. Many of its entertainment features (such as an interview from Rome with Edward G. Robinson, where he was making a film) were, in fact, entertaining. But it has the unfortunate characteristic of dripping aural unction, of protesting overmuch our devotion to the interest of the listener, rather than assuming, as B.B.C. habitually does, that the interest of the listener is assured by

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the mere fact that he is tuned to this channel rather than to any other.

The ready rejoinder is that the Voice of America is not designed for the domestic listener, however footloose. But I felt something of the same embarrassment voiced recently by Senator Robert F. Kennedy, on return from his African trip, when he remarked that people in the Peace Corps prefer broadcasts from Red China to the Voice of America because the music is better. I did find the music programs I heard of rather scanty interest, but, even more distressing, its news programs were lacking in either comprehensiveness or objectivity. After an exposure or two, one could anticipate, from the citation of a happening in Geneva, or Warsaw, or even Washington, that it was a preface to a none-too-subtle propaganda point extolling Our Way above Their Way. I recognize that such purposes are implied in the appropriations annually voted to Voice of America, but it strikes me that they a) might be insinuated more deftly into a broader kind of news coverage with b) a greater respect for the listener's intelligence.

THIS, however, has nothing to do with the impressive power of the Voice of America's transmitter at Greenville, North Carolina, or *Bajazzo's* facility in reproducing its signal. It did everything asked of it, with an absolute absence of trouble. For those interested in availing themselves of such a unit (or any other they may prefer), one final suggestion may be in order. Be sure to obtain a certificate of registration (48R394) before leaving the country. It is available on request from the customs officer in any airport with international traffic, and eliminates any question of ownership or prior possession when returning to the United States. —IRVING KOLODIN.

New Concert Hall in Rotterdam

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND.

PABLO CASALS called the Dutch the world's most musical people, as traveling music lovers have discovered through the annual Holland Festival (now in its nineteenth year), the high level of year-round concert performances, the public's interest and critical appreciation, and the unforgettable old enormous street organs piping away in the Kalverstraat, Amsterdam's most crowded shopping thoroughfare.

This year Rotterdam stole the show with its new, light-colored, hexagonal-shaped Doelen. A replacement for the one of the same name destroyed during the air raids of 1940, it is the largest and most acoustically advanced concert hall in Europe. Twenty years and $8,000,000 have gone into this temple of musical and architectural collaboration, which has three auditoriums—seating 2,200, 600, and 150—an art gallery, conference and administration rooms, restaurant, foyers, and connecting underground garage. From outside, its stone façade strikes a slightly sterile and garish note, but the latter effect will probably vanish when the surrounding clutter of commercial buildings and traffic arteries sheds its chaos for that neat, ordered harmony the Dutch typically impose on their landscape.

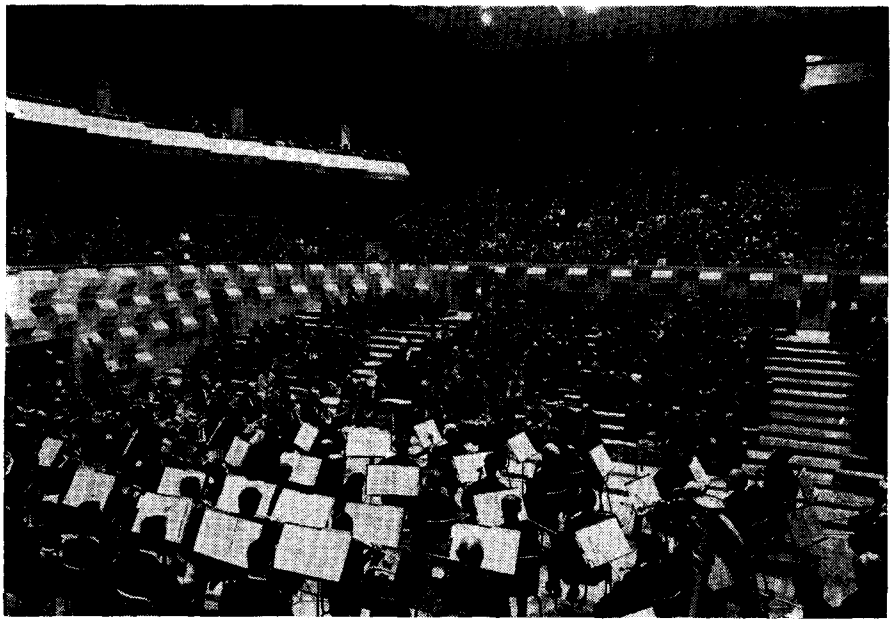
The interior, though, is a visual feast, with a modern stateliness of line and color reigning throughout. Architects Evert and Herman Kraayvanger and Rein H. Fledderus studied their assignment carefully, along with New York's Philharmonic and London's Royal Festival Hall, to achieve an example of the international style that takes its place among the world's great concert halls. They have been very concerned with the technical and esthetic aspects of what is characteristically called the *klankbeeld* (sound image) in Dutch, and geared their structural approach to it: bowl-shaped amphitheater, no balcony, oval-formed plywood sound reflectors above the podium.

For the gala opening in May, Kees van Baaren, Holland's foremost young twelve-tone composer, was commissioned to write a new work, *Musica per orchestra*. The forty-eight-year-old Rotterdam Philharmonic performed it under the baton of its musical director, Franz-Paul Decker, who succeeded Eduard Flipse two years ago after his thirty-four-year tenure. Formally, this work might be classed as a three-part symphony preceded by a rather slow-moving introductory section. The first part defined its lyrical, impressionistic mood; the second, in an interesting way, converted stiff, unpromising raw materials into a broad, open-breathing melos; and the last part resembled a flighty scherzo, bizarrely interlarded with a pair of collages consisting of "quotations" from Wagner, Mendelssohn, Stravinsky, Pijper, and Johann Strauss.

I thought the Little Hall even more esthetically appealing, with its combination of zigzag surfaced double walls and casket ceiling, reminiscent of functional elements like deep vaults and ornamented niches in baroque churches that promote a "scatter" effect in diffusing the sound. The Netherlands Chamber Orchestra under Szymon Goldberg demonstrated this 600-seat hall's remarkable talent for effortlessly enhancing the warmth of strings with Frank Martin's delicately shaded *Etudes*.

The Main Hall, on the other hand, with almost a million cubic feet of space, conveys wonderfully the clear brilliance of choral groups and full-scale reverberation of wind and percussion instruments. Members of von Karajan's Berlin Philharmonic and Bour's Southwest German Radio Orchestra (as well as the Netherlands Radio Choir) who played there during the last few weeks commented glowingly to me on its acoustic qualities, at the same time rating it

(*Continued on page* 74)



A view of the Doelen during an acoustical test in 1965.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Louis Armstrong: *Louis*. Armstrong, trumpet and vocal; Tyree Glenn or Big Chief Moore, trombone; Buster Bailey or Joe Darensbourg, clarinet; Billy Kyle or Marty Napoleon, piano; Buddy Catlett or Arvell Shaw, bass; Danny Barcelona, drums; Everett Barksdale, John Gray or Alfred di Lernia, banjo. Mercury 21081, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	During the period in which these recordings were made, Armstrong's band was strengthened by the addition of Buster Bailey and Tyree Glenn, and inevitably weakened by the death of Billy Kyle. Unfortunately, a banjo was added at each of the sessions, and this affliction, an unnecessary and ill-sounding gimmick, nearly ruins several performances. The emphasis is naturally on Armstrong the singer, and some of the material is unworthy of him, but be not discouraged before reaching "Short but Sweet," a number on which his warmth and charm are irresistible. He goes for the high notes dauntlessly on this one, too. The two companion pieces from the same session—"The Circle of Your Arms" and "I Like This Kind of Party"—are also among the more rewarding.
Chicago: *The Blues Today!* Vols, 1, 2 and 3. Junior Wells, harmonica and vocal, in quartet; J. B. Hutto, guitar and vocal, in trio; Otis Spann, piano and vocal, with drums; Jimmy Cotton, harmonica and vocal, in quartet; Otis Rush, guitar and vocal, in quintet; Homesick James, guitar and vocal, in trio; Johnny Young, guitar, mandolin and vocal, in quartet; Johnny Shines, guitar and vocal, in quartet; Big Walter Horton, harmonica, in quintet. Vanguard VRS 9216, 9217, 9218, $4.79 each; stereo, $5.79.	This is a valuable survey of music on Chicago's South Side, one of the world's most influential music centers for all the scant public recognition it has received. It is also an inspirational source for several of the more successful British teen-age groups, which, to their credit, have never been backward in acknowledging it. The music here is of varying authority—established and rising artists play side by side—but the secure tempos and steady beat are immediately impressive. The stiffness that plagues their imitators across the sea is not often evident. One of the memorable performances is Junior Wells's "Vietcong Blues," with exciting guitar by Buddy Guy. Otis Spann plays typically fine piano solos and, with other members of the Muddy Waters band, backs Jimmy Cotton, the harmonica player. The influence of B. B. King is often audible, not least in the singing of Otis Rush, whose band includes saxophonist Bob Crowder, a veteran of the Hines Grand Terrace era. Generally, the music has the vitality and sense of direction lacking in most jazz today.
Sonny Cox: *The Wailer*. Cox, alto saxophone; John Howell, Arthur Hoyles, Paul Serrano, trumpets; John Avant, trombone; Rubin Cooper, Jr., or Leonard Druss, baritone saxophone; Ken Prince, organ; Bobby Robinson or Roland Faulkner, guitar; Cleveland Eaton, bass; Maurice White, drums. Cadet 765, mono and stereo, $4.79.	Cox is an energetic player with rhythmically strong phrasing. In melodic statements, he is often reminiscent of Hank Crawford, but in his more volatile improvisations he comes on like an overheated Sonny Stitt. The backgrounds, arranged and conducted by Richard Evans, are competent enough, the most striking being that on "Soulero." Although there are occasional organ solos, the record would have benefited by permitting solo space to some of the other musicians.
Coleman Hawkins: *The Hawk and the Hunter*. Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Hank Jones or Dick Hyman, piano; George Duvivier or Milt Hinton, bass; Jimmie Crawford or Osie Johnson, drums; with orchestra conducted by Frank Hunter. Mira 3003, $3.79; stereo, $4.79.	Hunter's string-dominated accompaniments are rich but seldom cloying, and in front of them Hawkins fashions bold lines with the full, warm tone that no one else has ever really equaled on the tenor saxophone. In trade terms, this is a "mood" album, but its consistency (the mood is ardently romantic) and musicianship place it well above the average.
Earl Hines: *Paris Session*. Hines, piano. Ducretet-Thompson 300V140, mono only, $5.79.	As Lennie Tristano recently pointed out in a French magazine, Hines is the only pianist "capable of creating real jazz and real swing when playing all alone." He does it again in this magnificent set recorded last year in Paris. The engineer, moreover, has preserved the true sound Hines draws from a good piano, overtones and all. The numbers are superior standards ("I Surrender Dear," "Somebody Loves Me," "I Cover the Waterfront," etc.), plus his own "Second Balcony Jump," "Blue Because of You" and "Faubourg 65." There is a new version of "On the Sunny Side of the Street," quite different but every bit as imaginative as that made for Victor a quarter-century earlier. The record is available here through Capitol Imports.
Franz Jackson: *Good Old Days*. Jackson, clarinet; Bob Shoffner, trumpet; John Thomas, trombone; Rozelle Claxton, piano; Lawrence Dixon, banjo; Bill Oldham, tuba; Richard Curry, drums; on three tracks, Shoffner, Thomas and Curry are respectively replaced by Rostelle Reese, Arthur Reese, and James Herndon. Pinnacle PLP-109, $4.79; stereo, $5.79.	In these "traditional" performances, recorded live in Chicago, the musicians often sound as though they were self-consciously caricaturing the worst aspects of the New Orleans idiom. Age undoubtedly accounts for a certain amount of clumsiness, but much of the music seems expressly designed to please an audience with a corny conception of "the good old days." Tuba and banjo, which plod and clank throughout, are showcased separately, and the rhythm and tempos are generally jerky and uncomfortable. Claxton somehow manages to let all the electricity escape from the breaks on "After Hours." Jackson is the most capable soloist, although Shoffner, at sixty-six, knows what to play and is often able to evoke pleasant memories of yesterday.
Barney Kessel: *On Fire*. Kessel, guitar; Jerry Schiff, bass; Frankie Capp, drums. Emerald 2401, $3.79; stereo, $4.79.	Kessel makes a timely return here in seven well-recorded live performances. The "fire," however, is fitful, burning most brightly on an attractive original, "Sweet Baby," and on his closing theme, "One Mint Julep." George Van Eps is also back on LP, after a decade's absence, with *My Guitar* (Capitol T 2533). A quiet, restrained album, it will appeal to guitarists, for Van Eps's technical mastery of his seven-string instrument is not in doubt. There's more unamplified guitar on Columbia CL 2504, where Charlie Byrd plays "today's great hits" against plush backgrounds of strings, voices and horns. Joe Pass operates in a somewhat similar context on World Pacific 21844 (*A Sign of the Times*), further assistance being provided by Chet Baker's solemn flugelhorn.
Oliver Nelson: *Michelle*. Nelson, alto and tenor saxophones; Clark Terry, flugelhorn and trumpet; Joe Newman, Snooky Young, trumpets; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Romeo Penque or Jerome Richardson, tenor saxophone and flutes; Danny Bank, baritone saxophone; Billy Butler or Barry Galbraith, guitar; Al Lucas, Fender bass; Richard Davis, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Bobby Rosengarden, percussion. Impulse 9113, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Strident interpretations of recent teen-age favorites are here placed alongside two Nelson originals, numbers by Ellington and Johnny Hodges, and Buck Owens's "Together Again," the collection concluding with "Meadowland." The Beatles, Nancy Sinatra, and the Tijuana Brass are popular, as everyone knows all too well; so are jazz, cowboy music, and songs of the steppes (on the steppes). Nelson has taken something from each and delivered it with hard-toned jazz solos over a noisy rhythm section. Already described as "contemporary pop," the amalgam will probably prove madly successful. Perhaps Impulse can prompt Nelson to investigate pianissimo regions in subsequent sets.
Jack Teagarden: *Jack Teagarden*. Teagarden, trombone and vocal, with bands led by Roger Wolfe Kahn, Eddie Condon, Ben Pollack, Fats Waller, Paul Whiteman, Louis Armstrong, Bud Freeman and himself. RCA Victor LPV 528, mono only, $4.79.	The sixteen performances in this collection make an excellent resumé of Teagarden's career from 1928 to 1957. He is heard in big commercial bands, in studio bands, as a "Metronome All-Star," and in those small bands that circumstances dictated after World War II. He is most impressive on Side One, where his trombone not only sounds fresh and enthusiastic, but definitely ahead of its time. Yet it is not true, as the notes claim, that "almost single-handedly, the young Texan revolutionized jazz trombone playing." Jimmy Harrison and Joe Nanton were also major revolutionaries, and among the other independent thinkers who continued the work were J. C. Higginbotham, Dicky Wells, Sandy Williams, Trummy Young, and Vic Dickenson. —Stanley Dance.

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THE OTHER SIDE

Sutherland as "La Fille"

LONDON.

ALTHOUGH Klemperer has decided to cancel the two concert performances of *Don Giovanni* he was due to give this month in connection with his scheduled Angel recording of the opera, the plans of our record companies are frequently reflected in concert programs. Thus Bernstein's memorable Albert Hall performance of Mahler's Eighth Symphony might never have materialized but for the CBS sessions that took place the following days; similarly Solti's Decca recording of the Second Symphony—he is to record the entire cycle, incidentally, now that Alberich's Curse has finally been exorcised—was prefaced by a splendid try-out at the Festival Hall.

As ever, the advent of summer heat has meant the familiar trek to Sussex, where Glyndebourne opened this year's truncated season—only five operas, two of them in a double bill—with Massenet's *Werther*. This gentle, romantic score was certainly worth reviving, but the performance, conducted by Cillario and produced by Sir Michael Redgrave, was patchy enough to suggest that the new policy of retrenchment has not yet succeeded in arresting the marked decline in standards that has afflicted Glyndebourne in recent years.

Meanwhile Covent Garden had given us an exciting revival of *Un Ballo in Maschera*, in which a strong cast headed by Jon Vickers, Amy Shuard, Peter Glossop, Lucia Popp, and Shirley Verrett was conducted with impressive authority by Istvan Kertesz, appearing on this rostrum for the first time. *Turandot*, which brought back Franco Corelli after an absence of ten years, proved disappointing by contrast, despite some powerful, competitive singing from this Calaf and his icy princess (Amy Shuard). After witnessing the wholehearted musical and dramatic involvement of an artist like Vickers, it was saddening to hear Corelli's indifference to niceties of rhythm and phrasing, and to observe his minimal concern with characterization.

Yet worse was to follow, for in the new production of Donizetti's *La Fille du Régiment*, mounted specially for Joan Sutherland, Covent Garden reached its nadir of recent years. Sung in the original French (and, for the most part, what French!), this was to afford us our first glimpse of the "new" Sutherland: no longer poor, distracted Lucy and all her derivations, but a jolly, extrovert "queen of comedy." The result was a travesty of Donizetti's friendly little piece which, so-far from being played "straight," was guyed from pillar to post in the most vulgar manner. The diva may have pleased her more uncritical fans with occasional patches of vocal brilliance, but her portrayal was little more than a grotesque caricature and set the seal upon an altogether embarrassing production by Sandro Sequi, conducted by Richard Bonynge. Fortunately the return of the hallowed Visconti production of *Don Carlo* served as a timely reminder of opera as a serious art-form: even after eight years' wear and tear it remains one of Covent Garden's most notable spectacles, and this summer's revival boasts an impressive cast that mixes familiar protagonists—Christoff, Glossop, Gorr, and David Ward—with two newcomers in Gwyneth Jones (Elisabetta) and Bruno Prevedi (Carlo), under the baton of Edward Downes.

The current record scene is dominated by the new Angel album of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, conducted by Otto Klemperer, which is scheduled for July release. This is the second time that Klemperer has committed to discs his reading of Beethoven's sublime, visionary masterpiece (unless I am much mistaken, he is the first conductor ever to do so)—this time it is with the New Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra. In EMI's June list we find the same choir and orchestra descending from Olympus to perform, under Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos, one of the outstanding examples of twentieth-century non-music, Orff's *Carmina Burana*.

In the "Great Recordings of the Century" series it is the turn of baritone Titta Ruffo, who is heard mainly in excerpts from *Rigoletto* and Thomas's *Hamlet*.

HMV's newest cheaper label brings us reissues by Barbirolli and the Hallé (Rubbra Fifth Symphony; Vaughan Williams's Oboe Concerto with Evelyn Rothwell as soloist, and "Five Variants of Dives and Lazarus"), and pianist Solomon (sonatas by Haydn, Mozart, and Schubert), as well as new recordings by the Royal Philharmonic Strings under Sargent (Dvořák Serenade; Suites by Warlock and Holst) and the gifted young American pianist, Stephen Bishop, whose impressive Beethoven recital features not only two great masterpieces in the Op. 101 and 109 sonatas but also four quite unfamiliar miniatures from the same workshop.

It was a comparatively lean month from the Decca group, despite an attractive coupling, from Ansermet and the Suisse Romande, of two rarely played Haydn Symphonies, Nos. 22 and 90, and the delayed release of Mozart's *Requiem* (originally due in February) conducted by Kertesz.

Rounding off my midsummer survey, I should like to commend especially a really magnificent DGG recording of Sibelius's Fourth Symphony, whose great stature is unfolded to the fullest extent by Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic, as well as a notable product by one of Britain's smaller companies, Delysé. This label, which has in the past shown considerable interest in the music and musicians of Wales, now gives us a disc devoted to Mahler's settings from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* and featuring Janet Baker, the London Philharmonic, plus two fine Welsh artists, baritone Geraint Evans, and conductor Wyn Morris. This is a most attractive issue, for these songs are among Mahler's happiest inspirations and they are performed with much charm, vitality, and, where required, notable delicacy, especially on the part of Miss Baker.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Midsummer Music in Manhattan

WITH THE COMPOSER looking on from a box, the New York Philharmonic Orchestra celebrated, in late June, what might be described as the fourth anniversary of Igor Stravinsky's eightieth birthday. What matter that the actual date preceded the first concert of the midsummer festival by nearly two weeks? The wheels of promotion began to turn well before the date of its arrival in 1962, and they haven't stopped yet.

The evening, and the series, began appropriately with Stravinsky's version for orchestra of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, which, on this occasion, became something to listen to as well as to hear. Long since forgotten is the time, in 1941, when the performance of it in Boston brought a solemn warning to Stravinsky from duly constituted authority about tampering with "national property." The arrangement is superior, not only in musical sense but in artistic pertinence, to most of the more familiar arrangements, if only for the reason that it treats the "middle strain," with its references to "the rockets' red glare" and "bombs bursting in air" with a proper kind of chaotic undertone rather than in the "*andante cantabile*" spirit generally preferred. What it means, simply, is that Stravinsky, on the occasion of qualifying for American citizenship, took the words of what he has described as "the beautiful sacred anthem" more seriously than many born to that privilege.

Leonard Bernstein's direction was as sensitive to the touch of the Stravinsky spirit in this evening-opening arrangement as he was to its abundance in the evening-ending *Sacre du printemps*. Now more than half a century old, this masterpiece still shakes walls as well as preconceptions any time it is nearly as well played as it was on this occasion. The response it aroused sent a surge of sound in the direction of the composer that exceeded anything, probably, in the prior history of this hall.

In between, the audience was offered performances of Samuel Barber's *Capricorn* Concerto, the *Dance Symphony* of Aaron Copland and Revueltas's *Sensamayá*, odd fare indeed for a series associated with quite another composer altogether. But this was the beginning thread of the pattern that will wind through the whole sequence, in fulfillment of its title, "Stravinsky, His Heritage and His Legacy."

That Stravinsky is a dominant figure of this century's music is a truism as universally accepted as an esthetic proposition can be. That his "legacy" may be identified in any specific work is rather more open to individual opinion—there are likely to be as many opinions as there are individuals. In the case of the Barber, the affinity is marginal, and certainly not exclusive. In the case of the Copland, it is downright fleeting, and much less inclusive. Both have tinges of French coloration, especially the Copland, written in his early twenties when he was studying with Boulanger. The allusion applied most to the Revueltas, a kind of mesmerized response, in Mexican terms, to *Le Sacre*.

Scrutinizing the list of contents assembled under the other assigned headings, with much of the "heritage" associated with Rimsky and Tchaikovsky (why not Borodin and Moussorgsky, both underlying factors in Stravinsky's genesis?), one would have to conclude that the total concept falls into the copious category of gimmickry. To do the kind of expository service the billing proclaims would require greater probing in depth, and much less superficial showmanship than is embodied in the content arranged by Lukas Foss, artistic director of the festival. Further conclusions may be deferred until further evidence has been presented.

EARLIER in the same week, the Metropolitan Opera Association began what may be the last season of concerts in Lewisohn Stadium, whose area has been marked for inclusion in the building program of the College of the City of New York, to which it belongs. By curious coincidence, it also marked the first opening for which the late Mrs. Charles S. Guggenheimer was neither supervisor nor well-wisher for the activities she initiated decades ago.

Rather than the singing of Licia Albanese or Robert Merrill, or the playing of the orchestra directed by Joseph Rosenstock, the most affecting performance of the season's opening was Robert Moses's verbal tribute to the departed "Minnie," as Mrs. Guggenheimer was known to every Stadium-goer. He fulfiled his status as a ranking iconoclast by disavowing the general view of Mrs. Guggenheimer as a "Mrs. Malaprop" or "an operatic Casey Stengel." He rated her, rather, as "a consummate actress," whose apparent flubs were an effective means, calculated or not, of establishing a firm rapport with the public she was wooing. As a musical "in memoriam," the orchestra performed a transcription of Liszt's "Liebestraum" (No. 3), one of her favorite pieces. A more pertinent threnody was the drone of planes over the arena (eleven in the first half hour). They pronounced their own valedictory for outdoor concerts in any urban center these days.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Down at the Health Store

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

DOWN at the Health Store they astound
You with self-destruction;
"Don't you know the bread man eats
Is but the yeasty funeral of remembered grains
Degerminated and enriched?"

"Stone ground, stone ground, stone ground!"
They shout, in great gravelly voices,
Until bleached or blanching I
Totter at my grave
And would be made a miracle of only
By returning to the germy genesis of wheat.

Oh birds and bees and God,
They know everything down there!
Their organs are organic, their jellies
Are royal, their bread is St. John's,
Their saint is soya;

Yet they are healthy only for the sake of health
Which, in itself, is the beginning
Of nothing in particular, since perfect blood
Is not an art and being twenty years
Without a cold, is being without poetry forever.

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

Editor-at-Large: PAUL WOODRING

Education Editor: JAMES CASS

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More Money Than Ideas or Talent

EDUCATION is enjoying a new and unaccustomed affluence to which it has not yet adjusted. It is being widely hailed as the nation's "major growth industry" of the decade ahead, replacing national defense which enjoyed that position during the 1950s and early 1960s. Annual expenditures for schools and colleges now top $40 billion—up from $26 billion in 1960—and there is every indication that they will continue to rise. Add to this sum the federal appropriations for the educational programs of the Great Society, the $4.5 billion spent for education annually by the defense department, and the even larger sums that business and industry invest in employee training programs, and the dimensions of the expanding education market began to emerge.

Industry has not been slow to recognize the opportunity. The recent announcement that General Electric and Time, Inc., were forming a jointly owned affiliate to "create and market educational materials, systems, and services," is only the latest of several marriages of electronics and publishing designed to take advantage of the new market. These partnerships are based on the apparently sound assumption that computer-controlled instructional systems will revolutionize the teaching-learning process in the years ahead. They promise to improve the quality of instruction, increase the efficiency of learning, and achieve the long-sought goal of individualized instruction.

But education as a market and education as a human process are by no means the same thing. However bright the beckoning future of the education market, education itself faces very serious problems today. Consider these seemingly unrelated problems which, in different ways, reflect the situation in which education finds itself:

► Industry has found it far simpler to design the sophisticated hardware for an electronic instructional system than to develop equally sophisticated instructional programs—the software—that are the heart of the system.

► Too often, it appears, the new money in education is not searching out new and better ways to solve old problems, but is simply going into traditional channels to give us more of the same.

► The U.S. Office of Education is finding it virtually impossible to obtain qualified people, in sufficient numbers, to administer the massive funds for which it is responsible.

► Foundations that have long taken the lead in developing fresh solutions to educational problems now find that many of their programs are being supported with public funds—and that new ideas that are worthy of support are at a premium.

The lesson to be drawn from this brief listing is that after years of penury, education suddenly finds itself with more money than ideas, more dollars than talent. However, this should be a cause for action, not despair. Money attracts talent and can stimulate its development; it can also provide an environment in which ideas germinate and flourish. But it does not do so automatically. Money alone is not enough. The question is whether, given the money, we can generate the ideas and attract the talent that are required.

—J.C.

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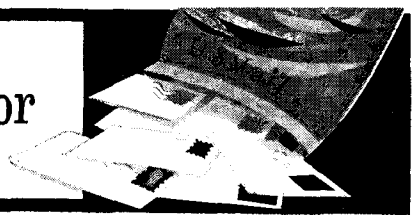
Letters to the Editor



Great Teachers

THANK YOU for the editorial, "Who Are the Great Teachers?" [*SR*, June 18]. It has heralded a type of greatness of which we should be more aware. I have recently graduated from a small college, Davis and Elkins, in West Virginia, where such a professor as Dr. Dunham has profoundly influenced me. This kind of teacher, I agree with the author, is indeed great, and will always deserve more public acknowledgement than he will receive.

SUZANNE B. ROSE.

Oakland, N. J.

IT IS MOST gratifying to read about my former teacher Dr. Alieen Dunham at Wooster College in Ohio. This teacher left her mark on me even though I was unprepared initially to appreciate fully her message. It was not until years later and an involvement with many of life's experiences which tested values and concepts, that I could realize her real worth as a dynamic person who had made herself felt as a teacher in my life.

ELBERT R. MOSES, JR.,
Clarion State College.

Clarion, Pa.

Perspective on Cheating

THE RECENT ESSAY by Virginius Dabney, "Cheating Can Be Stopped" [*SR*, May 21] has my welcome and my approval. Nineteen years ago I was appointed chairman of a newly created faculty-student Fairness Committee at San Jose State College, in California. I retained that position for six years or more. May I state some conclusions to which I came, conclusions with which most of the other members of the committee agreed:

1) Honor systems sometimes work well. Sometimes they break down. A review of the journals will show several instances of college honor systems being discontinued for malfunctioning. For a faculty just to adopt such a system and then to leave the running of it to students may serve chiefly to relieve instructors of an unpleasant task.

2) One necessary condition for a successful honor system is a fairly homogeneous group of students living together on campus for the four years of college, thus permitting example and pressure upon freshmen by upper classmen. A college which is constantly being infiltrated by large numbers of transfer students from other institutions would have greater difficulty in developing a common spirit.

3) Cheating can best be attacked as an educational, rather than as a disciplinary, problem. Each new influx of students, *and of teachers*, needs educating concerning the problem and how at this particular institution it is being met.

SR's reference to "The Community Role" on page 77 of the same issue should receive wide attention.

ELMO A. ROBINSON.

Los Alamos, N.M.

Two Awards

Saturday Review received two national awards for its Education Supplement during the past month:

► The Educational Press Association of America's first prize for Editorials went to Paul Woodring for his editorial, "Are Intelligence Tests Unfair?" which appeared in the issue of April 16, 1966.

► A National School Bell Award was received by *SR* for "distinguished continuous coverage of education during the year ended April 1, 1966, by a weekly or biweekly magazine of general circulation."

Is "Joy" the Objective?

THE JOY HAS GONE out of learning, according to Mr. Lass [*SR*, June 18]. When, except for a few, was learning ever joyful? Was Shakespeare's schoolboy, "creeping like snail unwillingly to school," a happy scholar? Except for the math-minded, did three years of math in the old days bring contentment to high school students?

The attraction of college today lies in the widespread belief that more of life's goodies are available to those who survive four years of so-called higher education. Getting into Harvard Law School hopefully means a future wearing Brooks Brothers suits and arranging corporate mergers, rather than Robert Hall suits and chasing alimony delinquents. The modern student has options open to him; he need not join the rat race. The old classroom was rarely joyful; it merely seems that way because the educational mazes today are more crowded with contestants and heaped higher with sugar at the terminus.

SAMUEL SIERLES.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

High School Students' Rights

AS I READ Daniel Gladstone's article, "High School Students Have No Voice" [*SR*, May 21], I found myself straining to repress a good, hearty laugh. Not at Mr. Gladstone, mind you, but at myself. As I was reading, I saw myself, in my own urban high school's student council, fighting for the same principles (I lost, too). Even so, I managed to graduate in 1956, went to college, and have found a satisfying niche within my chosen environment, despite the political frustrations of my more formative years.

The point that we learn very early in our post-graduate years is that, contrary to Mr. Gladstone's opinion, high school is *not* "designed solely for the student's benefit" (the last six words are his), but rather, for the good of the community-at-large. The secondary school student is no more privileged to run his school than the passenger is to steer the ship. In both cases, the course has been charted long before the journey has been started; in Daniel Gladstone's case, judged by his fluency, the trip was very successfully completed.

HARRIS RUBEN.

Bayonne, N.J.

I READ MR. GLADSTONE'S essay and can corroborate many of his observations. Parallel incidents occurred in my school.

Mr. Gladstone has not, however, indicated one of the fundamental causes of the situation he deplores. This is the politics of local school administration. Administrators must often be overly concerned with keeping their jobs. They do not wish to give cause for criticism from any quarter. One way to rectify this "unfortunate irony" is to give the administration a freer hand, to relieve them of this misapplied community pressure. Only when the administration feels free can the student body be free.

PETER ORTNER.

Woodmere, N.Y.

Freedom for College Students

I HAVE JUST READ "Civil Liberties for College Students," by Gene Hawes [*SR*, June 18], and the twelve freedoms for students as listed by the ACLU and the AAUP, and found it sad—sad, because these things should be taken for granted and there should be no such list.

In contrast, let us look at a boy who drops out of high school in his junior year and is lucky enough to find a job at a nearby factory. He is seventeen. After working there several months he joins the union. It is now taken for granted that this boy can distribute any literature he wants, including a union newsletter, without management interference. He can join any of the union's organizations; he can lead the picket line during a wildcat or union-led strike with no reprisals; he cannot be fired without due cause; he can be sure his political affiliations will not determine his job status; he can receive union aid in bail-bond money; and he can even have the government check on any crooked union official.

All this is granted to our friend—and rightly so. Very few would deny this and most would fight for the continuance of these freedoms. Why then should the college student, who should be much more intelligent, not have any of these freedoms? It is strange that in our society those with the most brains are treated as the most immature, while those who may never finish high school are treated as the most mature.

HARRY RABIN,
Graduate Student
University of
California, Santa
Barbara.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

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I WAS A TEEN-AGE MOVIE TEACHER

Marlon Bran[illegible] in "On the Waterfront." Columbia Pictures.

"Since the quality of films and television depends on the quality of the audience . . .

—Paul Newman and Jackie Gleason in "The Hustler." 20th Century Fox.

. . . we should be at pains to improve the quality of that audience."

—Paul Newman and Brandon de Wilde in "Hud." Paramount Pictures.

Increasing numbers of students and teachers today are accepting the movies as a contemporary art form that deserves serious study. Developments at the college level have already been reported in these pages by David Stewart (SR, Feb. 20, 1965). Here the story of film study in the high school is told by the Director of the Center for Communications at Fordham University, where he sponsors an annual week-long film study conference in June and teaches summer courses in "The Art of the Film," and "Film Study in the Schools."

By JOHN M. CULKIN, S.J.

TEEN-AGE movie teachers teach two things: teen-agers and movies. Both are fun to work with. Both need working with. Some TMTs put the stress on teaching teen-agers and some on teaching movies. The former use films as a way of helping the student to illumine his own experience and to develop a personal point of view. The latter use the student as the audience for a course emphasizing the history and esthetics of film. There is a middle ground to be discovered and defended. And, like all teachers, TMTs teach themselves—their own attitudes, prejudices, likes, and dislikes.

There aren't too many TMTs in captivity, but the number of interested candidates is increasing rapidly. Some teach courses; some teach film units within courses; some organize film clubs. Their work is variously described as "motion picture appreciation," "film study," or, when television is included, "screen education." They are constantly confused with audio-visual specialists whose films deal with the dissection of frogs, or with English teachers who occasionally use a feature film like *Pride and Prejudice* to

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seduce students into reading the book.

The case for film study in the schools can be put quite simply without invoking the intercession of a long list of respectable experts. We live in a total-information culture, which is being increasingly dominated by the image, both moving and static. By the time the average American student graduates from high school today, he has watched more than 15,000 hours of television and seen more than 500 films. The TV figure is the result of an average of twenty hours of weekly viewing for fifteen years; it adds up to two full years of twenty-four-hour-a-day viewing. During this same period, this average student has attended school five hours a day, 180 days a year, for twelve years, to produce a total of 10,800 hours of school time. Only sleeping time surpasses television as the top time-consumer.

Intelligent living within such an environment calls for the development of habits of perception, analysis, judgment, and selectivity that are capable of processing the relentless input of such visual data. At a time when so many of our economic, political, and personal decisions are being shaped by the new visual media, we have to organize a posse to outnumber and surround the vidiots in our midst and to replace them with seeing-eye children. And great films and television, like great anything-else, communicate insights about man that we should want to share with each new generation. From here on out, to be liberally educated is to be "cinemate as well as literate." Schools are where the tribe passes on its values to the young. Schools are where film study should be housed.

Old Plato in his analogy of the cave pictured a generation of people whose lives were spent watching shadows on a wall. Later on they rejected the outside world because it didn't correspond to their shadows. (Television, anyone?) The ability to distinguish between shadow and substance must be part of any cultural survival kit.

TMTs want their students to see as many fine films as possible, in much the same way that teachers have always wanted their students to read great books and experience great art. They want to free students from the narrow confines of their own "I, my, me" world in showing them films that widen and deepen their understanding of what it means to be human. They want to equip the student with ways of analyzing and reflecting upon the constant flow of moving images that flood his world. They want to produce an enthusiastic, intelligent, selective, and mature film and television viewer.

What kinds of films are involved? All kinds. Everyone has his own list of classical favorites. Classroom discussions also focus on currently popular films and TV programs like the Bond cycle, *Batman*, *The Fugitive*, *Bonanza*, and *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* Better to help them analyze what they are seeing than to develop critical standards for films or books they may never see or read.

The schools had a go at the movies once before back in the 1930s. The crusade started fast and faded fast since it was built on a negative approach to film. The second spring of the movement is based on a respect for film rather than a fear of film. It regards film as one of the humanities, as one of the liberating arts, and it strives to produce the largest possible audiences for the best possible films. Its methodology is built around the screening, discussion, and analysis of well-made, relevant films. It believes that a lively art demands lively teaching and it is, therefore, opposed to a pedanticism that would stifle the spontaneity and enthusiasm most of us bring to films. It maintains that in an image-saturated culture *all* students should become their own TV and movie critics.

At present the movement is but a cloud on the horizon, no larger than a man's hand, but it will inevitably grow because it is both wanted and needed. To speak in cinematic terms, we can consider the film study movement at three focal lengths: a *long shot* on its cultural context, a *medium shot* on the changing student, and a *closeup* on the role of the schools.

First, a *long shot* of our changing culture. Marshall McLuhan, who has emerged as the oracle of mass culture and the darling of the magazine writers, has been telling us, for a long while and in his own obscure fashion, that we live in a post-literate world. Not *illiterate*, although that has often been suggested too, but *post-literate*—a world in which print no longer has a monopoly of communication either within the culture or within the schools. The new environment created by the electronic media has formed a free-flow, total-information ecology within which people receive their communication through a great variety of media and at a pace not within the control of the established and traditional mediators of culture—the family, the church, and the school. We can get some idea of both the extent and rapidity of this change by imagining the effects of a month-long national experiment in which we would be deprived of all the communications media developed and mass-produced within our own century. Goodbye TV, movies, telephones, record-players, radios, and a whole way of life stitched together by the new media.

McLuhan holds that the introduction of any new medium into a culture inevitably produces two effects: an apparent threat to established patterns, and a change in the perceptual habits of the people. Thus it was with the phonetic alphabet and the printing press. Thus it is with films and television. He suggests that we bypass the tiresome and predictable clashes of the transition by arriving at an early and reasonable synthesis:

> If these "mass media" should serve only to weaken or corrupt previously achieved levels of verbal and pictorial culture, it won't be because there's anything inherently wrong with them. It will be because we've failed to master them as new languages in time to assimilate them to our total cultural heritage.

The ability to lament vice is no sure proof of virtue. In this period of transition, therefore, we can really do without the tedious replay of the glib generalities about the quality and effect of the mass media, the exhortations to bury our TV sets, the unfair comparisons between the best of one medium and the worst of another, and the either-or fallacies which only dig ditches when we need to build bridges. It's a time for *doing* things.

THE brief for some kind of media study within the schools normally follows either of two lines of argument: a) make the media seem so *respectable* that the schools have to recognize them as worthy of inclusion within the curriculum; or b) make their impact seem so *lethal* that the schools feel forced to deal with them as a tactic of survival.

Walt Whitman said: "To have great

Movies for Schools

Feature-length films that have proved successful for school screenings include both domestic and foreign productions. Some possibilities: *Hud, The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner, Singin' in the Rain, Bicycle Thief, Henry V, The Hustler, To Kill a Mockingbird, On the Waterfront, The Golden Age of Comedy, La Strada, David and Lisa, Twelve Angry Men, High Noon, Citizen Kane, Ballad of a Soldier, Requiem for a Heavyweight, Raisin in the Sun, The 400 Blows, Shane, Paths of Glory, Nobody Waved Goodbye, Gate of Hell, Spellbound,* and *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre.*

Shorter documentary, animated, and art films also afford some exciting cinema while respecting the rigid school schedule. TMTs have scored consistently with films like *Neighbors, Corral, Dream of the Wild Horses, The Red Balloon, Night and Fog, An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge, The Hole, Glass, Clay, The Critic, The Flight of the Friendship Seven,* and *New York, New York.*

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poets there must be a great audience." Great audiences for any art form are not born; they are made. They are created by an exposure to and an analysis of excellence within the medium. Some people are distracted because the movies are "mere entertainment" (as though that were a bad thing in itself). The same tag once kept Elizabethan drama, the novel, and vernacular literature out of the schools. Others stress the number of worthless or tasteless films. The piffle index, however, is high for any medium, and the percentage of poor films is probably about the same as the percentage of poor work in print, paint, and other media. The best within the film medium deserves the same attention to content and style that we accord to the traditional arts.

ALTHOUGH the fancy talk about film as an art form is true enough and suasive enough, it is not without its dangers. There is a Steinbeck quote which is to the point: "Culture is a lousy word to describe what mankind is all about." Too often we let talk about art substitute for the experience of art. Once a false mystique about art gets into the air, people begin to become insecure about their own instincts and to react to the expectations of the high priests of art rather than to their own honest reactions. This is especially lamentable in a nice friendly field like the movies where everyone has for so long presumed that he is an expert.

If Whitman's thesis about the relation of art and audience is true for poems which can be written on the backs of old envelopes by a production staff of one, it holds with multiplied validity for the motion picture and television, which are wild combinations of art, technology, and commerce. The traditional interplay of artist and patron has to be rethought for each of the new media. Numbers have a great deal to do with what can be communicated through any of the media that involve large financial investments. Both risk and success are measured by increasingly large numbers as one moves from print to stage to film and to television. A hardbound book hits the best-seller lists when it sells 20,000 copies; a Broadway play starts making money after the first 100,000 tickets; a commercial film has to have roughly two and a half patrons for every dollar invested before it breaks even—with the result that a million-dollar movie needs two and a half million patrons; and in television, which is the massest of mass media, a series in prime time needs a continuing audience of approximately 25,000,000 viewers to stay on the air. Last season, for instance, *East Side/West Side* went off the air with a sustaining audience of 14,000,000 regular viewers—an audience that would be astronomical for any of the other media but which is too esoteric to be served by television.

Three for Openers

Teen-age Movie Teachers will find the following books helpful:

John Culkin, *Film Study in the High School*, Fordham Film Study Center, Bronx, New York 10458. $1.00.

Tony Hodgkinson, *Screen Education*, UNESCO Publications, 2960 Broadway, New York, New York. $1.00.

David Mallery, *The School and the Art of Motion Pictures*, National Association of Independent Schools, 4 Liberty Square, Boston, Mass. $1.00.

In the commercial media the name of the game is numbers. The one-to-one relationship between De Medici and Michelangelo has given way to a complicated feedback system between the public and the network or the studio. The public is the patron and, distasteful as this may be to the elitists, this numerical approach to taste is the fact of media life. It has its obvious problems. What most want is not what all should get. And just because people take what they get doesn't necessarily mean that they are getting what they want. The public doesn't know what it wants until it gets it and then they may only be accepting what they appear to want. What we need are more choices and more people qualified to make wise choices. Since the quality of films and television depends on the quality of the audience, we should be at pains to improve the quality of that audience. That is what film study is all about.

Second, a *medium shot* of the changing student. It has been said that if Booth Tarkington were writing *Seventeen* today he would have to call it *Twelve*. The mass media have something to do with those five years which we have lost or gained, depending on your point of view. The schools are no longer dealing with the student of 1900 whose sources of information were limited to the home, church, school, and neighborhood gang. Today's student comes equipped with a vast reservoir of facts and vicarious experiences gleaned from the new media. All the analogies comparing the mind to a blank page or an empty bucket died with Edison. The teacher is now in competition with a host of rival communicators, most of whom are smarter, richer, and considerably more efficient. Relevance and competence are educational tactics against which students have not devised a defense.

It is almost sacrilegious to find fault with Bel Kaufman's *Up the Down Staircase* because it is so human and so in sympathy with our own loves and hates. But the lady made me sad on page 198. "I don't think I got through to them, in spite of all my careful paper-plans . . . The trouble is their utter lack of background. 'I never read a book in my life, and I ain't starting now,' a boy informed me."

Honest, Bel, they've got background; it's the one thing we're sure they do have. It may not look much like your background and my background and it isn't spangled with titles from the great books of the Western world. But it's there. We know for sure that it is well-stocked with plenty of TV material just waiting to be tapped with probing questions about phoniness and realness, winners and losers, style and *schmaltz*—all the new ways of talking about the old ideas of the true, the good, and the beautiful. If the school is in business to communicate with these students, it is up to the school to get plugged in to their background. Whatever the eventual goal

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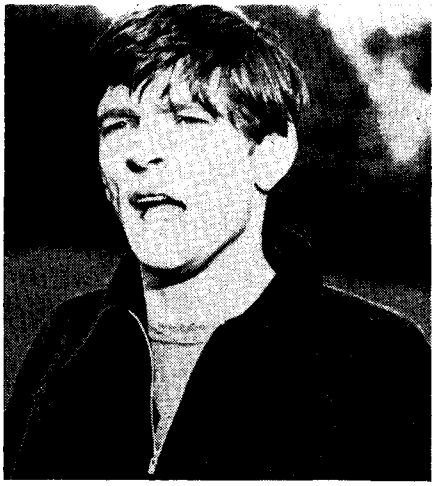

—Tom Courtenay in "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner." Continental Distributing Inc.

—Jean-Pierre Leaud in "The 400 Blows." Zenith International.

"Great films, like great anything-else, communicate insights about man that we should want to share with each new generation."

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SCHOOL DESEGREGATION NORTH AND SOUTH

I. It Will Take Time

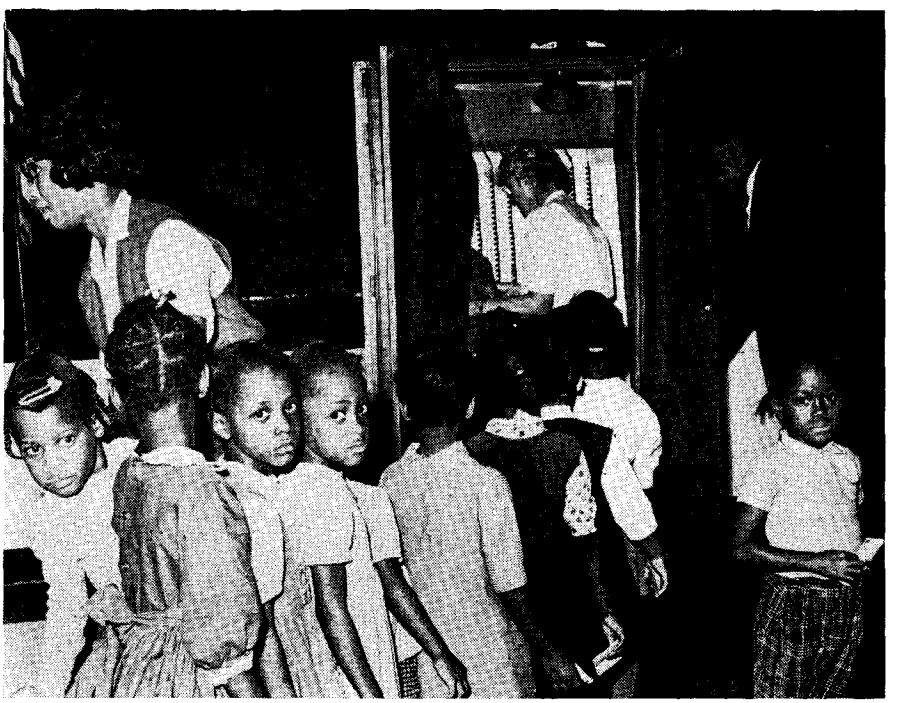
Henry Hill is one of the nation's distinguished educators. He began his career as a high school teacher of Latin and English, then moved on to the positions of Superintendent of Schools in various cities, including St. Louis and Pittsburgh. From 1945 until his retirement in 1961 he was the President of George Peabody College for Teachers. Since his retirement he has served as educational consultant to various school systems and as consultant to the Peabody Center for Southern Education Studies. Most recently, George Peabody has claimed his services temporarily once more as Acting President.

By HENRY H. HILL

A PROMINENT Negro minister of Nashville, Tennessee, accepted the invitation of a large congregation in Cleveland, Ohio, to be their pastor but returned to his former pastorate in Nashville after four months. His four young children had always attended desegregated schools in Nashville but they were compelled to attend segregated schools in Cleveland unless he moved his family to an area far away from his congregation. "In Nashville at least they know what desegregation is all about," he commented on his return. That the minister's children had always attended desegregated schools in Nashville is atypical, but the instance highlights the present divergent patterns in school desegregation in the South and the North.

Surely and not too slowly the big city systems of the North are becoming more and more segregated, with more Negroes attending all-Negro schools and fewer Negroes attending white schools. It is safe to say that more school desegregation is presently taking place in the South than in the big Northern and Western cities. True, the South moves from no desegregation to some desegregation, but it is also true that the big Northern cities are moving from some segregation to more segregation.

During the past year, 217,000 Negro children in the eleven states of the former Confederacy were enrolled in schools with white children – a number three times greater than that of the previous year. In terms of percentage, the increase in enrollment was from 9.7 per cent to 15.2 per cent in the two-year period.



Moses McKissack Elementary School, Nashville—"Presently, outstanding Negro schools are exceptional, but the exceptions themselves offer promise for the thousands of Negro children who will continue to go to school during the next decade in substantially Negro segregated schools."

Whether this progress toward greater desegregation is fast or slow depends somewhat on the point of view of the commentator. But all knowledgeable observers agree that the trend is toward segregation or resegregation in the big urban areas of the North and West, where more than 90 per cent of the Negroes outside the South live.

Washington, Louisville, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, and Chicago are illustrative of the desegregation status in the big cities. Shortly after the Supreme Court decision of 1954, the public school system of Washington, D.C., moved vigorously into desegregation. In 1950, prior to the Supreme Court Decision, 50.7 per cent of the pupils enrolled in Washington were Negroes. But the vigorous push for desegregation increased the number of white residents who moved to suburban areas, and, today, Negroes constitute 90 per cent of the school enrollment. Dr. Boise Bristor, statistician of the Washington School Board, estimated a year ago that by 1969 Negroes would constitute 95 per cent of the school enrollment in the District of Columbia. He stated further, "We are right back in the same situation we were in in 1954, practically all-Negro schools again. I don't know what the answer is. It wouldn't do us any good to bus the students, because we don't have enough whites to balance the races."

Louisville is a border city that desegregated in one year. The percentage of Negroes in all-Negro schools declined rather sharply from 1956 to 1960; however, during the past five years, the percentage of Negroes attending all-Negro schools has increased steadily, partly because of the increase in Negro population in Louisville.

St. Louis also took positive steps soon after 1954 to eliminate segregation. Each year during the past eleven years St. Louis has gained 3,300 Negro pupils and lost 1,000 white pupils. The elementary school population today is more than two-thirds Negro, and more than half the elementary school teachers are Negroes. Here, too, the story is the same as in Louisville—more Negroes attending substantially Negro schools each year.

These three large cities assumed some leadership in the desegregation process, apparently on the assumption that "integration" should take place rapidly and that sweeping changes were better than slow changes. The point emphasized here is that wholesale desegregation, as practiced by these three cities—and as has been and is now being urged in

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many big Northern cities – produced more, not less, segregation.

Pittsburgh was the location of one of the underground railroad stations during the days of slavery when benevolent abolitionists aided the escape of slaves to the safer realms of Canada, and it has remained substantially free of legal segregation. Here, where opinion is rather friendly toward Negroes, the story is much the same as in other big cities.

THE number of Negro children enrolled in the Pittsburgh public schools rose from 18,000 in 1955 to 28,000 in 1965; in terms of percentage, from 26 to 37 per cent. Negro enrollment in the public schools increased disproportionately to the white increase in scholastic population because most Negro children attend public schools and one-third of the white children attend parochial schools. The number of substantially segregated schools increased almost 50 per cent from 1960 to 1965.

During the past year, 1965-66, for the first time, the majority of those enrolled in the Chicago public schools were non-white. According to a Chicago Urban League research report on *de facto* segregation submitted to the Committee on Education and Labor of the House of Representatives in July 1965, 188,000 of the 211,000 Negro pupils in the Chicago elementary schools were in substantially Negro segregated schools (schools with 90 per cent or more Negroes). That substantially all-Negro schools in Chicago are destined to continue—and probably increase—is the conclusion drawn from these hearings.

The new Bond School in Chicago may be cited as evidence of the difficulties of planning for desegregation in large cities. When this school was first planned, it was expected that 200 white children from the nearby completely white school would attend the new school, thus providing in the enrollment about 15 per cent non-Negro children. But two years later, when Bond School opened with an enrollment of 1,300, only forty white children, or about 3 per cent of the school population, enrolled. Most of the white families had moved out during the two years of planning and construction.

The continued migration of white parents from the old central cities and the immigration of additional non-whites to take their place is the single most persistent cause of greater segregation in the five cities described, and, for that matter, in all big Northern cities. Since there is no reason to believe that a Supreme Court interpretation of the law will prevent change of residence by either race, no immediate solution to this problem can be seen. The best long-term resolution of the situation appears to lie in the provision of better schools for *all* children and in the assurance that the real purpose of any school desegregation is not solely racial balance but quality education.

Efforts have been made by states and cities to achieve better "racial balance." Massachusetts is the first state to attempt by state law to eliminate racially imbalanced schools and to fix penalties for non-compliance. The report of the Advisory Committee on Racial Balance in Education to the Massachusetts State Board of Education in the spring of 1965 served as an impetus for the Massachusetts state law. This document defined racial imbalance as "a ratio between Negro and other students in public schools which is sharply out of balance with the racial composition in which Negro children study, serve, and work." The General Court of Massachusetts clarified this ambiguous definition, and added arbitrariness, by defining a racially imbalanced school as one with more than 50 per cent Negro enrollment.

SINCE Negroes comprise only 2 per cent of the population of Massachusetts, and only 4 per cent of the enrollment, the new law is generally innocuous—except in Boston, where forty-five of the fifty-five schools with more than 50 per cent Negroes are located. Boston non-whites constitute only 26 per cent of the public school enrollment but are concentrated in a few areas.

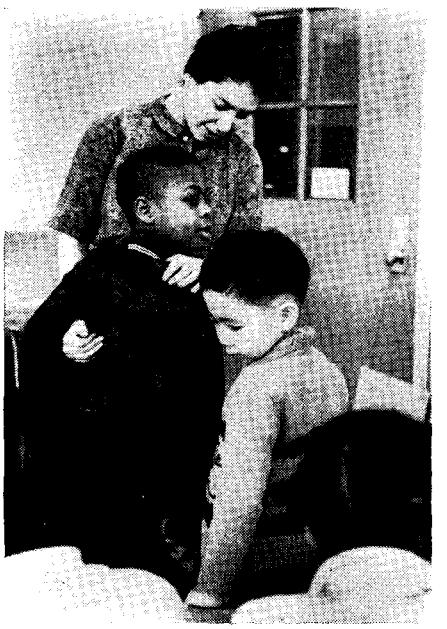
Some questions arise concerning Boston. Will white parents agree to transfer their children from their present home neighborhood school to a school in another neighborhood? Under the law, they cannot be compelled to do so. If they do not agree in sufficient numbers to produce the required racial balance of 50 per cent non-white, then the Boston public schools must arbitrarily redistrict and transfer a large number of Negroes to substantially white schools. If this happens, will white parents move out? What happens when Negro children, many of whom are already behind in school achievement, are placed in a school where they immediately become farther behind? Will there be a better school—but not disturbingly better—to which disadvantaged Negro children can be transferred?

It remains to be seen whether the vigorous efforts of Massachusetts to promote desegregation will succeed where similar efforts have failed in Washington, Louisville, and St. Louis. To expect children, in Boston or elsewhere, who are often one or two years behind in grade achievement, to advance solely because of desegregation is nonsense and a disservice to children and parents.

In an effort to obtain a better racial balance, the New York City public school system transports annually about 10,000 pupils at a cost of $3,000,000. This effort to provide both open-enrollment transportation for whole groups and free-choice transportation by public transit to Negroes and Puerto Ricans whose parents elect to have them attend certain designated schools outside of their neighborhood involves somewhat less than 1 per cent of the 1,100,000 pupils enrolled and a minor fraction of 1 per cent of the school budget.

New York is working on a proposal to reorganize its school system into a 4-4-4 pattern. This proposed pattern of organization has as one of its purposes that of obtaining better racially balanced schools. Whether these new middle schools will promote more desegregation will still depend largely upon residential patterns.

Not long ago I visited an East Harlem junior high school which enrolled only



—Roberts (Monkmeyer)

"The best long-term resolution of the situation appears to lie in the provision of better schools for *all* children."

Negroes and Puerto Ricans. The building was modern, the teachers satisfactory, and my general impression was that the school was doing what it could for the slum children enrolled. But the eighth grade, as an example, was divided into twenty-seven sections, according to ability and school achievement. Only the top three of these sections could be classed as average. It would be unfair to expect this school to equal the achievement of another junior high school where children come from culturally advantaged homes. Likewise, it would be unfair to blame the schools of New York City, or of any city, for the problems involved in residential segregation, or to expect the schools by themselves to succeed in resolving exacerbating emotional issues.

Outside the South greater desegrega-

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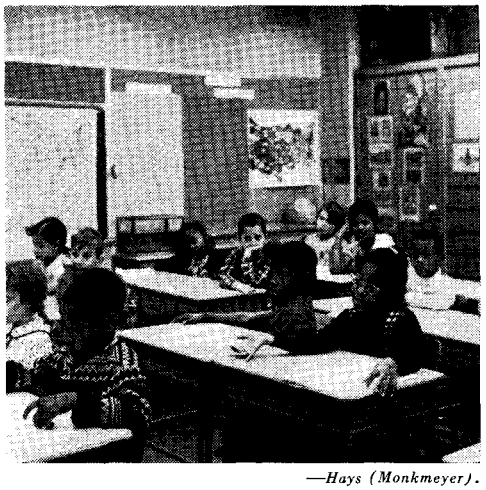
tion occurs only in the smaller school systems where the new Negro pupils constitute a small percentage of the total enrollment. The Princeton, New Jersey, plan of desegregation has been acclaimed, and with some justice. The Princeton "neighborhood school" stops with Grade Five, beyond which all children attend the same school, but the Negro enrollment there is only 6 per cent of the total enrollment of 4,000.

The most helpful and positive treatment of the difficulties of desegregation in large cities is found in the recent report prepared under the direction of the Pittsburgh Board of Education entitled "The Quest for Racial Equality in the Pittsburgh Public Schools." The report takes a firm stand on some matters treated gingerly by other school systems. The Pittsburgh Board of Education will not reassign or bus children from one school to another to achieve racial balance. The Board states it this way: "Forced, unnatural or irrational relocation of children shall not be imposed. Whether by busing or by other means, it is not the intent of the Board of Education to dislocate any children from their neighborhood, except for reasons of overcrowding, underpopulation of schools, or other reason acceptable to the Board." The Board also rejected the recommendation of civil rights organizations to appoint a "director of human relations."

Sydney B. Marland, superintendent of the Pittsburgh schools, favors the construction of massive new high schools, serving from 3,000 to 5,000 from large areas of the city, as a means of promoting desegregation. One of the two Negro board members considers it desirable to mix the races at an early age, preferably in the elementary school, rather than to wait until high school.

Beginning desegregation in the elementary schools is the procedure which has been used rather successfully by the Metropolitan school system of Nashville and Davidson County, Tennessee. In the Northern cities, however, apparently no large school system has been successful in following this procedure, chiefly because of the rapidly increasing Negro population and the continued exodus of white families.



—*Hays (Monkmeyer).*

"The trend is toward segregation or resegregation in the big urban areas of the North and West."

I am arguing for less hurried and more careful desegregation of school children, chiefly on the grounds that this method will promote better education and provide increased opportunities for mutual racial respect. So-called integration comes only under favorable circumstances. Let us look at a case in point where desegregation has been slow but the results good.

In 1956 the Board of Education of Nashville, Tennessee, was ordered by the federal court to submit a plan of desegregation under the then prevailing dictum, "with all deliberate speed." In compliance with the order, the Board proposed desegregation of the first grade the following year and of one additional grade each year thereafter so that in 1968, twelve years later, the entire public school system would be desegregated. This plan was approved by the courts. When the Nashville and Davidson County school systems were merged in 1962, the new Metropolitan Board of Education followed the desegregation plan originated by Nashville. In 1965 the Metropolitan Board, without further compulsion, determined that, beginning with the 1966-67 school year, desegregation would be completed for Grades 10, 11, and 12, thus shortening the period of segregation from twelve to ten years. Let us see what has happened.

THE metropolitan school system currently enrolls 90,000 children. The Negro enrollment has increased from 18,496 a year ago to 19,442 during the current year, and the number of public schools with both races represented has increased from forty to seventy-three. The number of Negroes attending school with white children rose from 1,801, or 9.7 per cent of the Negro scholastics, in 1964-65 to 3,405, or 12.3 per cent of the Negro enrollment, in 1965-66. In addition, nineteen white children are currently attending Negro schools, compared with three whites last year.

Although the slowness of this process has been at times an aggravation to civil rights leaders who feel that desegregation should be completed in "barracuda-like bites," it apparently has retarded somewhat the movement of whites to the suburbs, and has allowed the transfer of Negro children to white schools to be made with greater regard to educational qualifications and, thus, with a better chance of success.

Such, in brief, is the story of school desegregation in a Southern metropolitan area of 450,000 people: The fact that this metropolitan area is now under a single government has made possible the amelioration of some of the problems of metropolitanism which are most difficult in walled-in cities, such as Boston and Pittsburgh. To ascribe wisdom and benevolence to the originators of the Nashville plan is hardly accurate. In retrospect, however, they seem to have been wiser than they knew.

For many years in the future—perhaps for all time—there will be thousands of public schools substantially all-Negro or all-white. It is inaccurate, unfair, and unhelpful to dub these schools *unequal* because their racial balance does not coincide with theoretical concepts or arbitrary legal fiats. Are Catholic schools *unequal* because they are substantially all-Catholic? Should we expect them to import Protestants and Jews in order to achieve religious balance? Are Choate, Exeter, and Groton *unequal* because they are substantially all-white and all-bright? Should we expect them to admit more non-whites and more of the intellectually average to achieve both color and intellectual balance?

THE Supreme Court of the United States declared compulsory separation of races in public schools "inherently unequal," but too many interpreters of this decision have drawn the unwarranted conclusion that to be equal a school must be racially balanced. Otherwise, at least by implication, it is, *ipso facto,* a bad school. Once compulsory racial segregation with its stigma of inferiority and absence of acceptable ethic is abandoned, the paramount consideration is good education, and not the exact degree of desegregation immediately obtained, whether the desegregation be in terms of color, religion, or intellect.

After all, what is a good school? A good school has good teachers, suitable facilities for learning, and a curriculum which fills the needs of the boys and girls attending. Some early appreciation and understanding of persons of other races, religions, and backgrounds is, as most people will agree, helpful for a young person who is going to live in the America of the future. But school associations must have some element of agreeableness and successful learning, or intercultural relations may be worsened, both for the present and the future.

It is not complimentary to our able Negro teachers and principals to imply that it is not possible to have good education in a substantially all-Negro school. Presently, outstanding Negro schools are exceptional, but the exceptions themselves offer promise for the thousands of Negro children who will continue to go to school during the next decade, or longer, in substantially Negro segregated

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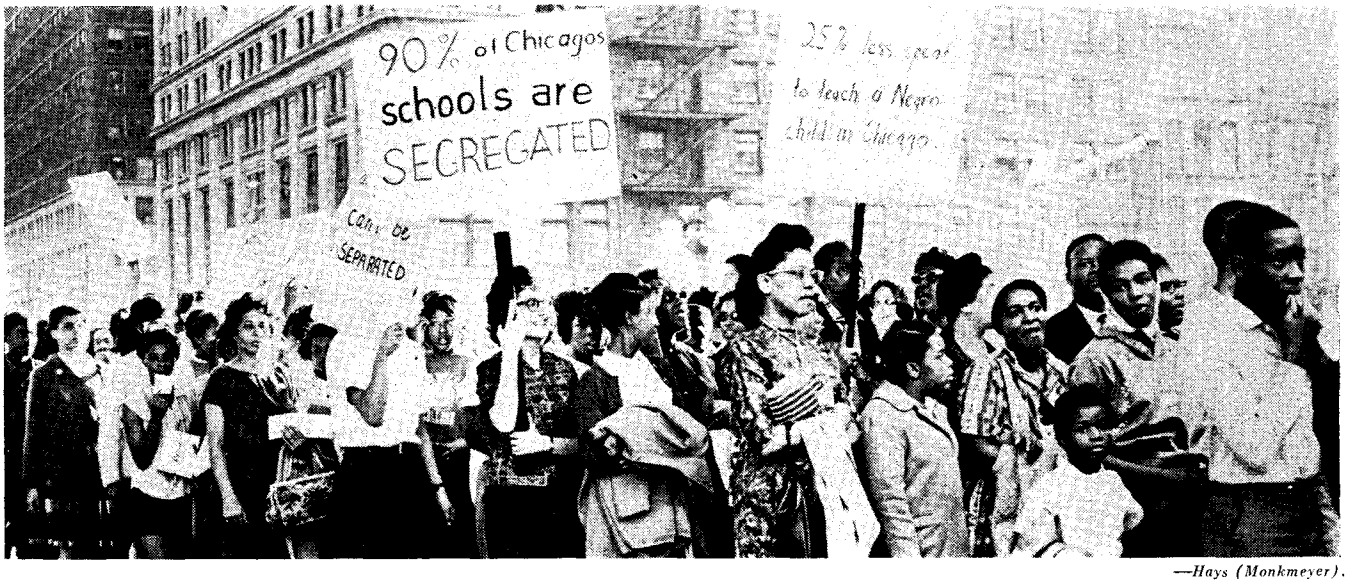

—Hays (Monkmeyer).

"While administrators have gone on urging moderation sweet reason, and bigger and better panel discussions, the schools throughout the nation remain almost as segregated today as they were in 1954."

II. The Time Is Now

By HAROLD HOWE II, *U.S. Commissioner of Education.*

CONSIDERING the authority that education officials have at our command to correct racial injustice in our schools, I feel that we have accomplished very little so far. While we have gone on urging moderation, sweet reason, and bigger and better panel discussions, the schools throughout the nation remain almost as segregated today as they were in 1954, when the Supreme Court decided that racially segregated education was illegal.

The small progress that the South has made toward desegregation has been offset by increasing *de facto* segregation in cities of the North. Since 1954, an entire sub-generation of Negro and white youngsters who started first grade in that year has now graduated from high school, most without any classroom experience with the other race. The facts today are that a Negro youngster in an American elementary school has, on the national average, not much more than 15 per cent of his classmates from the majority white group; in the Southern states the figure is nearer to 5 per cent; white high school students can expect to have nine out of ten of their classmates from their own white group. The picture does not inspire calm satisfaction.

Moderation has a great deal to be said for it, of course, especially by the moderates. I am reminded of the prayer that St. Augustine addressed to heaven when he was a young man. "Oh Lord," he said, "make me chaste. But not yet."

Our words have urged the nation to desegregate its schools. But our reluctance to act has said even more loudly, "not yet." Somehow we seem to have been lulled into a blind faith in gradualism, a mindless confidence that some morning, some year, a suddenly transformed electorate will spontaneously and joyously decide that this is the day to integrate America.

Well, it's not going to happen. The majority of American whites display no likelihood of becoming enthusiastic about school desegregation and the changes it demands in the immediate future. The law of this land nevertheless beckons every one of us, calling on us to recognize that desegregating the schools is our legal responsibility, that it will not be easy work, and that it is futile to expect the years to erode those passions that today make the processes of desegregation unpopular. Gradualism —no matter what we call it—has failed, and I think it is fair to say that those who continue to espouse it are fooling themselves and in many ways, failing our nation.

It seems to me time for school officials to form a third front for racial equality in the United States.

At one end of the civil rights movement today we have the gradualists, both white and Negro, a polite and sometimes sluggish team, deeply respectful of the public and sometimes given to assuring each other that it is possible to make an omelette without breaking eggs. At the other end are the activists, both the nonviolent demonstrators and those weary and desperate Americans who have come to feel that violence is the only way to get anything done.

The failure of the gradualists would seem at bottom to be fear, fear of rocking a boat which, no matter how leaky, appears at least to be floating somewhere. The failure of the activists is that while they know in general terms what they want to achieve, and are willing to pay a heavy price to obtain it, they have neither the position in society nor the professional's knowledge of the means and importance of advancing racial equality within the framework of law.

School officials have both position and knowledge. Those of us professionally engaged in education are charged with setting educational policy within our respective jurisdictions, and we are familiar with a variety of methods that can be used to advance school desegregation. What we have often lacked is a productive commitment.

I say *productive* because for all our recognition of the importance of school desegregation to our society, the fact remains that we have not achieved much of it. I say *commitment* because achieving desegregation does not require fury or breastbeating; it does require something much more important: the recognition that school desegregation must be accomplished, and the determination to do it.

The fact is that no matter how hard we try, we will not be able to keep things quiet. A revolution is brewing under our feet, and it is largely up to the schools to determine whether the energies of that revolution can be converted into a new and vigorous source of American progress, or whether their explosion will rip this nation into two societies. We simply cannot wait until dramatic action

This article was adapted from an address before the School Administrators' Conference, sponsored by the National Urban League and Teachers College of Columbia University, on June 18.

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becomes safe, for at this point it is much less dangerous to make a mistake than to do nothing.

Feeding that revolution is a major shift in American folkways. Today approximately two of every three adult Negroes living in the North were born and raised in the South. This move has necessarily had a major impact—often a bewildering impact—on the individual. In some ways, the life he left in the South was less segregated than it is in the North. The Negro child born in the South was, to be sure, raised on the notion that he would always occupy a subservient position, but it was nevertheless a subservient position within a white society.

The young northern Negro of today's city lives in a black society. He has few points of contact with whites, and those few—when you reflect on them—are revealing. He is likely to encounter a white teacher, a white policeman, and a white merchant. He can pass his entire adolescence without having to deal with the white world outside the ghetto, and his ideas of that world are based on three types: the teacher, often a symbol of boredom and irrelevance; the policeman, a symbol of authority, if not of repression; and the merchant, often a symbol of white cunning.

And so the young Negro setting forth from the ghetto to confront this white world expects it is going to misunderstand him and oppress him, and too often he finds evidence to justify his fears. It is no wonder that, if he has any spunk and imagination, he rejects the fatalism of his father and decides that it is the part of a man to change this sorry mess he inherited. And if it takes violence to change it—well, that's what it takes.

It is this young Negro who must be convinced that the United States is his home, not his prison, and that it is a country worth fighting for, not a cage to be fought out of. It may already be too late to change his mind. But it is not too late to provide his younger brothers and sisters with a healthier belief, nor too late to protect white children from the destructive stereotypes that most white adults inherited from their own segregated education.

THE broad position we must all assume on this matter comprises two parallel and equally important policies. One cannot work without the other. The first is to make the schools of the central city such good schools that they attract people rather than repel them. The second is to use every possible device to include within each school a cross section of the social and economic backgrounds of the metropolis. A student should meet America in his school—not a segregated segment of it. The concept of racial balance may be impractical except as an ideal in a city with more Negroes than whites and a continuing white exodus. But keeping our eyes on that ideal can help us to do practical things now to slow the exodus and provide equal educational opportunity.

Some very practical things are now underway at the instigation of state and local officials acting on their own to make equal educational opportunity a reality —sometimes in the face of community opposition, but sometimes hand-in-hand with community determination to eradicate a century-old injustice.

The Denver school board, for example, has authorized double sessions at one of its high schools in order to cut class size and reduce pupil-teacher ratios to a point where teachers can use new instructional techniques to best advantage. A special pilot program of compensatory education was provided for, and the administrative staff was instructed to draft plans to bus enough Negro student-volunteers to other schools to achieve better racial balance at a school that was in danger of becoming all-Negro.

Summer programs in Little Rock are fully integrated as to staff and students and are being conducted in formerly all-white schools. Portland, Oregon's program of saturation services for inner city schools aims at producing an education program so good that it will reverse the flight of middle-class whites from racially balanced schools in fringe areas.

The St. Paul school system is considering a plan to combine a rapid-transit system with a cluster of four or five 300-acre educational parks that would bring youngsters from the ghetto, from other city schools, and from parochial and suburban schools into central locations for classes ranging from nursery school through junior college.

In describing the St. Paul plan, School Superintendent Donald Dunnan admitted that the educational park may not be the entire answer to school desegregation. "But," he said, "it is the kind of step that's needed. Everybody has been saying, 'Let's do something.' We are."

And that is the point—to do something.

But let us agree on this: that in terms of the magnitude of the task, none of these approaches – not the special arrangements made by the schools nor the programs sponsored by the federal government—is a perfect instrument for doing the job they are supposed to complete. Yet that is precisely why educators who know both the uses and the limitations of these ideas must act on them, for we must supply in courage and in action what our plans lack in ingenuity. There is no such thing as the perfect way to achieve school desegregation. There is no magic key that will unlock all the doors that private prejudice and public pressure have placed in the way of equal opportunity in education. We must simply bore ahead with the tools we have, and it won't be pleasant, and it won't be quiet, and it would be much nicer if someone else would share the work.

But the job is there to do, and if any of us entered education with the idea that it would be a soft touch, this is as good a time as any to concede that we made a big mistake. There is lots of conversation about local control of the schools; if we really believe in it we must make it work.

We are in the midst of a struggle for excellent education for every American youngster, and we must use every likely tool we can devise. Local school administrators must consider such means as redrawing school district boundaries, and consolidating with neighboring districts for educational purposes, even though political boundaries may remain unchanged. We cannot wait for mayors and city councils to do the work they hired us to do. And sometimes we must do work they don't want us to do.

There is no point in waiting for real estate salesmen to get the message from on high and ease our job by selling homes to anyone who wants them. There is no point in our waiting for American corporations to start hiring Negro men as readily as they do light-skinned, well-dressed Negro women. Neither American home salesmen nor American personnel managers have ever insisted that they have a major responsibility for building American democracy. They have never pretended to do anything but their jobs.

American schoolmen, however, have quite properly taken a large share of the credit for establishing national unity and freedom of opportunity. Our predecessors in the classroom helped 20,000,000 European immigrants become Americans, and we haven't stopped bragging about it yet. If we are to retain that pride in our tradition, I think we must recognize that the great achievements of the past are not only a legacy, but also a heavy burden. If we want to wear the laurels, we must also carry the load.

The load we must carry is that of irritating a fair percentage of our white constituents, of embarrassing some governors and mayors, of alarming some newspaper publishers, and of enraging suburban taxpayers who in proportion to their means are not paying as much for their good schools as paupers in the cities are paying for their bad ones.

And all this means that, finally and most grievously, we must run the risk of being invited to resign. Unless all of us are willing to put our jobs and our integrity on the line, we should admit that American educators are no longer prepared to be the prime movers in American education.

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SWEDISH EDUCATION:

PARADISE FOR PLANNERS

Hans Löwbeer (l.) Director of the Royal Board of Education, and Nils Gustav Rosén (r.) Chancellor of the Universities of Sweden.

By JAMES D. KOERNER, *former president of the Council for Basic Education, who for the past year and a half has been conducting a study of English and European education.*

ANYONE who travels around Europe these days must be forcibly impressed by the degree of uniformity and interdependence that now prevails among the Western nations, and not, as he might have been before the Second World War, by their diversity. In these Gaullist days a United States of Europe may seem more chimerical than ever, but a kind of unity is unmistakably developing in a good many areas of European life.

One of the most important is education. And one of the principal nations making it so is Sweden, where a vast program of educational reform is going forward. Inspired by both economic necessity and political conviction, Sweden is now reconstructing her selective and traditional school system so as to open rather than close academic doors, to equalize and extend the opportunity for schooling throughout Sweden, and hopefully to make Swedish society even more democratic and egalitarian than it already is. Her success or failure has great implications for the rest of Europe.

The growing acceptance in Europe of the idea of national planning in education has brought with it an unprecedented flow of educational information. It has become important for one nation to look beyond its borders at what its neighbors are doing, and this has opened up lines of communication among Europe's politicians and ministries concerned with education. There is also an increasing amount of educational activity in OECD and the Council of Europe, there are meetings every eighteen months or so of the European Ministers of Education, there are important efforts to standardize terminology and statistics, and there is a strong tendency for the countries of Europe to use one another's educational reforms as leverage at home.

All these developments suggest that something one could call a continental system of education, which would include England, may ultimately evolve. If it does, Sweden will probably have had an influence in this remarkable event far out of proportion to her population. All over Europe she is looked at with admiration and envy, not only in education but in economic development and industrial relations, and is widely regarded as the most modern and progressive state in Western Europe. Certainly she offers the educational planners who now inhabit the European ministries of education, and the would-be planners of the United States, a lot to think about.

Before the war Sweden had a dual educational system in the familiar European mold: a minority of selected students, after four or six years in the *folkskola,* went on to an academic secondary education in a *realskola* and later in a *gymnasium;* the rest of the children remained in the folk school till the end—seven or eight years—and afterward received training in some kind of part-time continuation school. Later, at perhaps age eighteen, a few went on to further general education in a folk high school.

In 1950 the Swedish parliament made a preliminary decision and in 1962 a final decision to supplant the folk school with a nine-year comprehensive school compulsory for all children. This school was to be free of external examinations (that is, national tests), was to stress freedom of choice for parents and pupils, and was to make use of "modern" teaching methods in place of what some would call a traditional *ex cathedra* methodology. The Swedes call it a *grundskola,* literally a "basic" or "foundation" school, although the last three years of it can be considered a kind of lower secondary school. By 1970 virtually all children between ages 7 and 16 will be in the comprehensive school and will follow it to the end before moving on to secondary education proper, or to the labor market. (See chart page 61.)

IN 1964, the Swedish parliament, having completed this reform, and faced with the fact that in two years half the sixteen-year-olds in the country would be finishing their compulsory education in the new comprehensive schools, passed into law an extensive reform of secondary education. This is a reform of great complexity in which many details are still unclear, but it is built on the same social and political ideas as is the comprehensive school. This reform is scheduled to come into effect in the autumn of 1966, and by 1970 the Swedes confidently expect the vast majority of young people to enroll in full-time sec-

—Photos by J.D.K.

An experimental *gymnasium* near Stockholm—"How well the Swedish reforms are working is an unanswered and as yet unanswerable question."

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ondary education after their compulsory schooling.

The third dimension of Sweden's reform is teacher training. Realizing that school reforms could succeed only to the extent that teachers were able to put them into action, the Swedes appointed a national committee in 1960 with instructions to examine the organization of teacher training; these instructions were later extended to include the content as well. In September, 1965, this committee brought in a report that can only be described as massive, and whose recommendations are described by the committee's secretary, Sixten Marklund, as "radical."

With minor variations, teachers are now trained in Sweden in a dual system characteristic of Europe: teachers for the compulsory grades are trained in one of twenty-four teachers colleges and in programs that vary according to the age and schooling of the entering students; teachers for secondary schools are trained at the universities in the several academic departments or faculties. Marklund's committee recommends that all teachers at all levels matriculate in Schools of Education that will be affiliated with universities, thus in effect recommending the dissolution or conversion of the teachers colleges. Teachers for grades one to six of the comprehensive school would receive all their training in the School of Education, with the cooperation, one hopes, of the academic departments of the university; teachers for grades seven through the last year of the secondary school would receive their subject-matter training in the university and their pedagogical training in the School of Education.

A further recommendation is for the creation of a policy committee for each subject in the teacher-training curriculum, with representatives from the academic department involved, from the School of Education, from practicing teachers, and from students themselves. (It would probably not occur to an American institution to have students or for that matter classroom teachers represented on such a body, but it is traditional in Sweden.) A similar kind of policy committee is also recommended for each of the larger divisions of school subjects such as the humanities and the sciences.

THE director general of the Royal Board of Education, Hans Löwbeer, who can best be described as the chief educational administrator of Sweden, has been preparing a proposal for the parliament based on the Marklund committee's report. It seems safe to predict that most of the recommendations will become law. If they do, the chief changes in teacher training will be those that most of the nations of Europe discuss but find more difficult to realize: an end to the intellectual and geographical isolation of the small, single-purpose college for teachers; the beginning of training for teachers specifically designed to meet the problems of the new and expanded common school; an active role in teacher training for academicians; and the imposition of pedagogical training on teachers headed for the academic secondary schools.

Finally, to insure that its reforms stretch from the bottom to the top of its educational system, Sweden has a number of committees now working on changes that need to be made in the universities if these institutions are to play the kind of enlarged role that is implied for them in all the other reforms. Universities in Europe are always of course the hardest nut for the planner to crack. Their faculties tend to disapprove of the liberalizing reforms of the lower schools and certainly of the academic secondary schools, they have little interest in teacher training as such, they are not fond of educational bureaucrats and administrators, and they have plenty of independence and power with which to oppose what they don't like.

All these conditions are perhaps as true of Sweden as of Germany or Italy. Moreover, the universities in Sweden were not as closely involved in the previous reform decisions as they probably should have been. But typically the Swedes have now created a new national planning agency for higher education, run by Nils Gustav Rosén, who came to this sensitive job from many years of experience as director general of the Board of Education. He has money, authority, and political backing.

Among the reforms that Rosén and his supporters have in mind for the universities are these: 1) an admissions system based on the student's general performance, including his scores on a number of standardized tests, during the last year of his secondary education, and not, as it is now, on a single comprehensive national test at the end of the selective secondary school—this reform has been adopted and is to come into effect in 1969; 2) a reduction in the time needed to take the first degree, which can now extend to six or seven years; 3) a reduction in the high attrition rate of students; 4) an overhaul of university teaching methods, though nobody in Sweden knows how *that* can be done; 5) introduction of a new faculty rank specifically designed as a teaching rather than a research post; and 6) expansion to make room for fully 60 per cent more students within the next four years.

THESE, then, are the bare bones of the Swedish reforms. Taken together they are an astonishing phenomenon. Other countries may have put into effect a reform similar to one or another of those in Sweden, but I can think of no nation that has done so much in so short a time or that has any prospect of it. By 1970 Sweden in the space of twenty years will have effected a fundamental reconstruction of every level of her educational system.

One should emphasize that these reforms go far deeper than organizational matters; that, at least, is the planners' intention. They involve both a change of purpose in Swedish education and a change of teaching method. It is therefore important to look not merely at what the reforms are but at the reasons Sweden undertook them.

Despite her neutral status during the Second World War and her freedom from bomb damage and Nazi occupation, Sweden was impelled by that conflagration to the same kind of searching examination of her educational institutions that engaged some of the Allies. But in contrast to, say, France, she had both the will and the resources to act,

Teaching English in a new comprehensive school at Gustavsberg—"By 1970 virtually all children between ages 7 and 16 will be in the comprehensive school."

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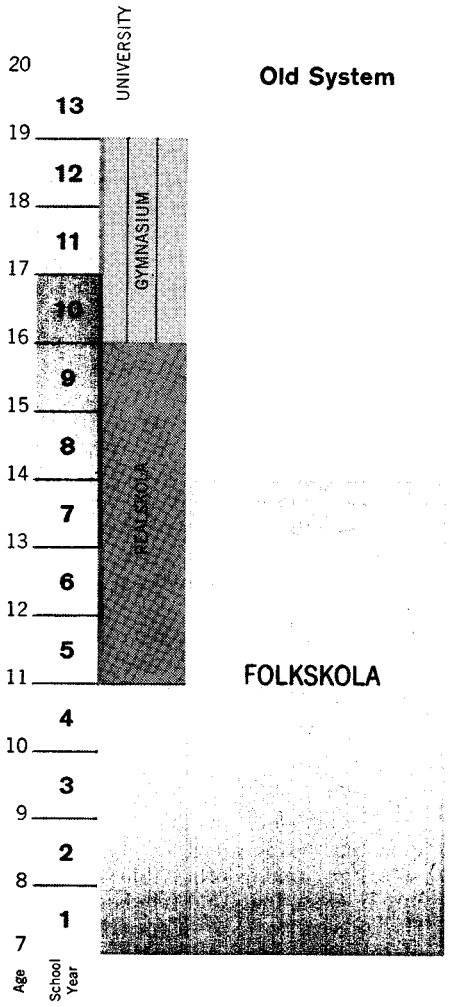
as well as to contemplate and discuss. The prosperity of post-war Europe, which had strong implications everywhere for education, was especially apparent in Sweden. Her economy was booming, she had full employment and unsatisfied demands for skilled labor; she had the ingredients of severe industrial conflict of the kind that has plagued Britain since the war, and she had a socialist-welfare state whose share of the gross national product continued to grow until it stabilized at about 35 per cent.

To Swedish politicians and planners, all this meant that, if Sweden were to continue to prosper in a strife-free atmosphere, the remaining sources of class distinction and social privilege had to be eliminated, the virtues of cooperation and communal life emphasized more than ever, and the supply of trained manpower increased. This in turn meant the reform of her educational system, which they felt continued to reflect elements of an outmoded society of restrictions and artificial barriers, and which was controlled by a curriculum too narrow and a pedagogy too rigid for a modern system of extended mass education.

Many reformers saw the new education in a more reciprocal relationship to society than do most Western nations; they saw the new education, rather like some American reformers of the 1930s, as both a reflection of society and a major instrument for changing that society. Thus Jonas Orring, deputy director general of the Board of Education and a central figure in the reform movement, puts it this way: "For both the individual and society, the school reform is thus in effect a radical social reform."

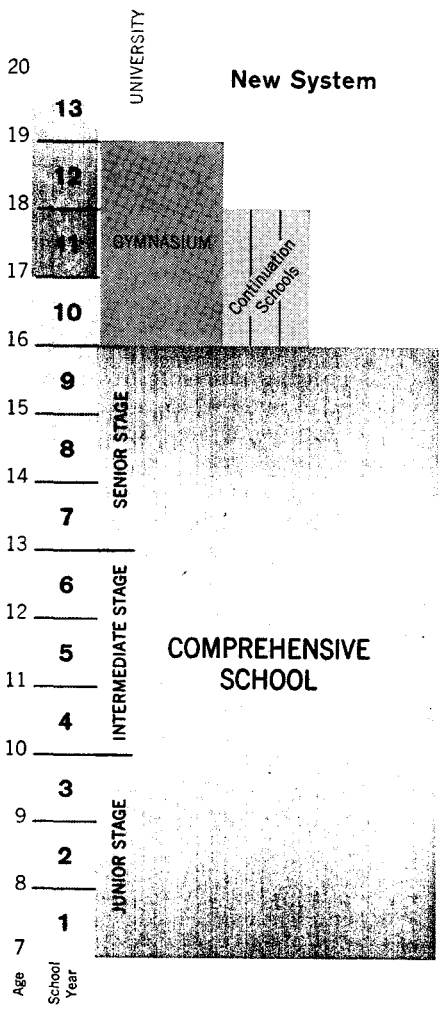
IN talking with many Swedes about the reasons for the reform, I found that certain themes kept recurring. The most common one was the importance of developing a democratic school system. "Democratic" was not sharply defined, but it was clear that most of them had in mind a kind of homogenized educational system in which all children would attend the same school and in which as many distinctions as possible—whether of dress, position, home background, or of intelligence and accomplishment—would be blurred. Other themes repeated themselves: the importance of achieving social justice in Sweden, of equalizing educational opportunity among classes and regions, of giving students and parents as much

(*Continued on page 69*)



OLD SYSTEM: Before the reform Sweden followed the familiar European dual system, under which the majority of students completed their education after seven or eight years of the *folkskola* (seven years were compulsory). A minority of students, after either four or six years of *folkskola* passed on to five or four years of *realskola* and hence to the three-year *gymnasium*.

There were three types of *gymnasium:* the *general gymnasium,* from which more than 80 per cent went on to the university or professional schools; the *technical gymnasium,* emphasizing mechanical engineering, electrical engineering, etc., from which about half the pupils continued on to the university; and the *commercial gymnasium,* from which most graduates went directly into business employment.



NEW SYSTEM: The new nine-year compulsory comprehensive school is organized in three "departments" of three years each. Swedish and mathematics predominate in the Lower Department; music, art, handicraft subjects, history, civics, and geography are given an increasing amount of time in the Middle Department. English is a compulsory subject for all students from grades 4 through 7, and the great majority elect to continue with it after that. No tracking or grouping by ability is permitted in either the Lower or Middle Department.

The homogeneous pattern of the lower departments is broken, however, in the Upper Department. Pupils are divided by ability in the 7th and 8th grades in English and mathematics and divided further according to certain elective subjects. This grouping leads up to one of the nine different tracks that are offered in the final year of comprehensive school. Five of these tracks are classified as "theoretical" with a compulsory academic program for about 80 per cent of the time, and four are "practical" with compulsory academic subjects only 40 per cent of the time. Only one track leads directly to the *gymnasium*.

The new *gymnasium* will be expanded to accept 30 to 35 per cent of all children coming from the comprehensive school. The separate programs will be replaced by a common curriculum that will extend in diminishing fashion through the three-year course and consume about half the total time, with five lines of specialization for the other half. The hope is to increase thereby the amount of general education given and postpone specialization.

For those pupils who do not enter the *gymnasium,* a number of two-year continuation schools will offer a combination of practical and academic subjects to 20 to 25 per cent of the age group finishing the comprehensive school. These schools are of three types: *social, economic* and *technical*. The first two provide further general and theoretical education, and it is possible to transfer from them to the *gymnasium*. The third type is more specialized, but pupils from this school, too, may pass on to the *gymnasium*.

The remaining comprehensive school graduates can go directly into employment, perhaps taking part-time vocational training. They may also, after a few years of work, enter a continuation school and continue their education. The idea is to create a school system with no blind alleys.

Charts adapted from Studio Focus, Sweden, *The Intellectual Face of Sweden*, Ergo International. Data obtained from Swedish Information Service, New York, N. Y.

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SHAKING UP COLLEGE TEACHING

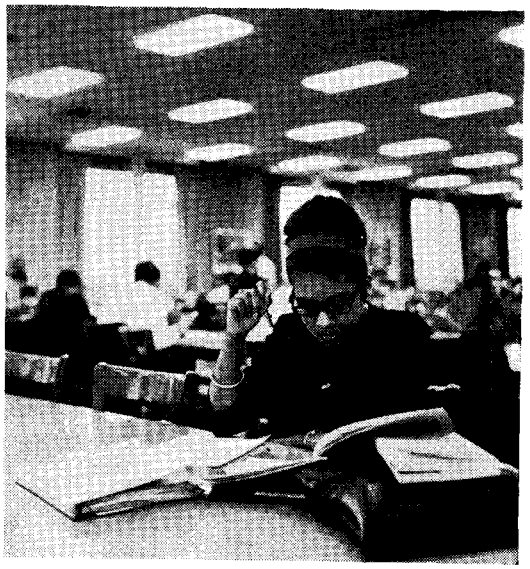
The shortage of college teachers, which already is felt in many colleges, promises to become acute by the fall of 1966. But most estimates of the severity of the crisis facing the colleges are based on the assumption that traditional instructional patterns will remain unchanged. The shortage of fully qualified professors will make it essential that institutions of higher learning give thought to the possibility of using new instructional patterns such as those discussed in the two articles that follow.

I. Independent Study and the Campus Crisis

By LEIGH C. RHETT, *Dean, College of Arts and Sciences, California Western University.*

IN ITS recent report, "The Flight From Teaching," the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching predicted that by 1970 American colleges and universities will seek to fill approximately 35,000 new full-time positions and in that year the graduate schools will produce an estimated 21,000 new Ph.D.s. On past experience half of the new degree recipients will be attracted to non-academic careers. If the estimates are good and the flight from teaching continues, we are headed, under present arrangements, for a teaching crisis in higher education.

But the Carnegie Report concedes, "To predict precisely the number of college and university teachers needed in the years ahead is difficult and involves numerous assumptions." Undoubtedly, one of these is that increased enrollments will require added classes for which teachers will be needed. But suppose for an instant that this assumption was dropped, that compulsory classroom attendance at the college level was abandoned. Would the teaching crisis then seem inevitable? The question is not factious, and the answer is not obvious.



—*Sybil Shelton (Monkmeyer).*

"In independent study, the responsibility for learning rests with the learner."

The classroom is at the root of many of the ills of American higher education today. Physically, the typical arrangement of the classroom is demeaning to young adults. When one is little, one expects to sit in little desks in rows facing a teacher. But when one is bigger than the teacher, big enough to drive a car, hold a job, or be married, sitting at little desks becomes unseemly. It establishes attitudes of mind which are not conducive to joint inquiry and search, discovery and assimilation.

Other attributes of the classroom are even more deadening. As a common undertaking, students in a class must cover the subject of the class together. They study the same material at the same time, doing identical assignments, discussing identical readings, and finally answering, as a chorus, identical examination questions. A student may not linger to read further in an author or a subject of interest. Confronting reports and examinations in five or six classes, he is left no choice as to what he will study, when he will study it, or whether he will study it at all. Discretion is denied, the direction and emphasis are set. Woe unto him who would stop to delve or even to think.

Constraining as the classroom is physically and intellectually, it is also the bane of higher education in another sense. It is the basis for a system of academic accounting. If it were not for the visible occurrence of getting students together in a designated place at designated times the system would collapse. There would be nothing to count. The classroom provides a demonstrable unit of learning and establishes a currency which students "earn." They bank their class hours with the registrar and when they accumulate the required units, they are exchanged for a degree. This currency assumes intrinsic value and students become concerned with the acquisition of credits, not with learning.

The cancer of credits is further fed by the weighting of credits according to grades, so that the accumulation of credits alone is not enough. Rather, it is also the value of the credits that becomes important under the system. College education becomes a contest between students and faculty for grades. Almost any device, trick, or shortcut method for achieving the objective is condoned by students and accepted by faculty who have been drawn into a game of wits. It is patently antithetical to an atmosphere of intellectualism and stems largely from the competition engendered by the classroom where grades and credits are earned and awarded.

If, then, the classroom is a cause of illness approaching a crisis, ought not a cure be sought? The treatment is difficult because the habit is strong. The classroom provides a tangible return for money and time spent, which is gratifying to administrators and parents alike. The whole structure of higher education rests firmly on this footing. How else could a student learn? How else could college work be organized?

The alternative to the required class is usually conceived as independent study, but independent study is a misnomer and its connotations are misleading. Within a college, study is not truly independent—not in the sense of an alienated soul in a solitary pursuit. The college is, among other things, a community of students and scholar-teachers. The alternative to an invariant reliance on the classroom need not be the total abandonment of group learning nor of faculty guidance.

In lieu of classes, for instance, the faculty might meet with students under a variety of circumstances. The nature of these meetings would depend largely on the individual preferences of the faculty and the needs of the students. In some instances the faculty might plan regularly scheduled meetings in those subjects where demonstration, explanation, or correction are especially helpful, as in the languages or mathematics. These meetings would in effect be classes, except that attendance would not be required and the number and duration of such meetings would not be

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prescribed. More informally, faculty members might simply make it a custom to hold "open house" in their offices on one or several days a week at which time they would discuss with students as a group questions raised by individuals. Former classroom space could be converted to faculty office space, singly occupied and with room for a conference table and chairs. Finally, faculty would meet with students individually.

IN contrast to these meetings, the formal lecture series might grow in importance. These lectures would be offered by faculty members or others in their fields of competence and would not be tailored to the material of a particular course. Attendance would not be compulsory and lectures that were not attended would not be continued.

But the students' resources would not be restricted to independent study and faculty assistance. If required classes were eliminated, then the highly competitive situation they create would also be eliminated. The learning enterprise might become cooperative instead of competitive and students might teach one another. The Carnegie Report called attention to the recent test of Pennsylvania State University's "pyramid plan" in which "a cluster of undergraduates, led by a senior and supervised by graduate students and faculty, taught themselves the course content as effectively as it was taught in conventional classrooms and produced disproportionately high numbers of majors in the subject." One can only conjecture how important this process might become in a non-competitive non-compulsory atmosphere.

The student would learn, then, by independent study; but he could turn to the faculty for as much or little guidance as he chose in individual or group meetings. He would also learn in association with his fellow students. The initiative for taking these opportunities would be his and this would be the basic distinction between independent study and compulsory classroom education. The responsibility for learning rests with the learner. Yet, this is precisely the challenge that students who are young adults seek today. Increasingly, their sense of maturity and responsibility is being demonstrated on and off campus in both frivolous and in desperately important ways. If in an atmosphere of expectation and confidence students were given discretion in their own education they might find new dignity in their occupation and new motivation.

Independent study on a campus-wide basis need not imply freedom to meander aimlessly through the realms of knowledge. Freedom to learn *as* one will ought not to be confused with the freedom to learn *what* one will. This confusion is apt to arise, since independent study is usually associated with honors work and individual research. But independent study can be applied as well to a structured course and a structured curriculum.

Courses identical with those offered today, for example, can be offered without classes. In such a course a syllabus can be provided to students together with a reading list. Assignments can also be made and tests given to assure timely effort and to measure progress. Thus, much of the discipline of the classroom course can be retained, while the student is freed to learn as he chooses. Furthermore, the courses a student takes can be prescribed and determined by the requirements for a baccalaureate degree. In the first two years, a general education can remain the objective and, in the last two, the objective can still be knowledge in depth in a field of special interest. The familiar curriculum could survive as a basis for the organization of the work of a classless college.

In the first two years retention of this structure might be necessary since students will be inexperienced in planning their own work and ill-equipped to search out readings. But after students have gained experience and maturity, a continuation of the highly structured curriculum would forfeit the flexibility that independent study offers. In the last two years of the curriculum, courses could be eliminated. Students would enroll in a department and plan individual programs of study. Released from class schedules, they would have increased opportunities for participation in intern programs in business or in social agencies, for study on other campuses at home or abroad, or for research in projects of the university or of industry.

This opportunity for bringing new significance and relevance to the curriculum would be too compelling to be denied. Although the familiar curriculum need not be affected by independent study, it no doubt would be. But to assure at least comparable accomplishment with today's expectations and to assure the qualification of students for graduate study, comprehensive examinations would be required for graduation. Thus, standards could be maintained without the constraints of the classroom and without debasing the objectives of higher education.

The elimination of classes is a feasible remedy for many of the ills of higher education, but does it offer a solution to the teacher shortage? The reaction of most faculty members is fear that independent study at the undergraduate level becomes a tutorial system, more time-consuming than the classroom. This assumes that every student will be frequently at the door and that he will always require individual attention. In truth, the extent to which students could become self-reliant as individuals and self-informing as a group is not known.

But even if student-faculty ratios did not change and no economy of faculty time resulted, a specialization of faculty functions would be possible and an economy of skills might result. When the primary function of the faculty is no longer classroom instruction, individuals could serve in various assignments. Some could serve as course leaders and departmental consultants, while others served as course architects and syllabus writers. A few could lecture, or become laboratory instructors or serve solely as researchers. Obviously, not all of these assignments would require a Ph.D. and a reduction in demand for Ph.D.s might, therefore, result.

THE emphasis in the Carnegie Report is upon increasing the supply of Ph.D.s, that is in speeding up the production of Ph.D.s, in attracting more Ph.D.s to teaching, and in better utilizing available Ph.D.s. But scholars cannot be mass-produced and universities cannot outbid industries for the services of Ph.D.s. Nor ought either be attempted. Instead, more fruitful solutions lie in reducing demand. Creativity and courage will be required, because basic assumptions will need to be questioned. One of these is that the classroom is invariably linked with higher learning and that, therefore,

—Flecknoe (Monkmeyer).

"Physically, the typical arrangement of the classroom is demeaning to young adults."

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university and college teachers must all be classroom instructors.

At Lake Forest College, Colorado College, and Allegheny College, selected freshman classes began pilot programs of independent study in 1964. Similar programs will begin this fall at Pomona, Colby, and Florida Presbyterian colleges. In the belief that "the course credit system and grading system may be barriers to genuine education," these colleges will provide opportunity for students to work independently through four years of college. The programs have, as their common objective, improved education; but, since in each case they will be restricted to a select group of superior students, they have limited significance for higher education generally. Only by abandoning compulsory classroom education in favor of independent study on a campus-wide basis can the feasibility of such a program and its potential be judged.

The imperative today is for bold and imaginative planning at the major centers of higher education. The prevailing attitude of students and the impending shortage of qualified teachers urges it. In the long run, a democratic society will be best served by a system that does not impose a "lockstep" but allows self-discovery, that encourages initiative and responsibility and that develops habits of independent inquiry. Such a system cannot be restricted to the few and this is the core of the crisis facing American higher education.

How can we provide mass education while providing individualized education? The answer is not in borrowing from the factory its methods of production to which the classroom lends itself; but instead, it is in making the sources of knowledge available without coercion to all who are capable with as much assistance, including financial, as is required. This opportunity can be provided every motivated student. It alone fulfills the obilgations and the requirements of an evolving democratic society.

II. Team Teaching in College

By JOSEPH M. STOKES, *Chairman, Division of Literature and Philosophy, State University College, New Paltz, New York.*

A DISMAYING DILEMMA faces higher education in the years immediately ahead. Finances will become more stringent, the flood of students more overwhelming, and the supply of seasoned teachers increasingly inadequate. At the same time, the demands of our society can be met only by higher standards and greater flexibility of training for our young people.

What should we do? An examination of team teaching at the college level may suggest some solutions. It would be a more complex and sophisticated operation than it is in the elementary schools where it was developed, but the basic process would remain. This classroom method is described in the *Chicago Schools Journal* for December 1960:

"In team teaching, a number of teachers are jointly responsible for a large number of students. During part of the school day each teacher may lecture or demonstrate in his area of special competence to the entire group. At other times of the day, smaller groups of students meet with individual teachers for discussions, practice, and work on projects or assignments. The teachers work together as a team, planning and articulating their work so as to achieve integration and balance between subjects."

In the schools, a team is usually made up of a number of specialists, each dealing directly with his own subject matter, and the team concept functions mainly in the programing and inter-disciplinary aspects of the child's total educational experience. At the college level, the rigidities of the credit-hour-course system will, for a long time to come, stand in the way of such flexibility. Consequently, the pattern here envisaged applies most obviously to the handling of large courses (either within a subject matter or inter-disciplinary) by a staff of teachers—each man with special interests, to be sure—presenting common materials as a cooperative enterprise.

The organizational pattern for such team teaching must proceed from the facts of life: even the present proportion of full and associate professors to descending ranks of progressively unseasoned juniors probably cannot be maintained; yet the juniors cannot be expected to perform as if they were fully experienced—they must be supported, guided, and developed.

The pattern of relationships of European universities, divested of its authoritarian characteristics, offers a starting point. In the European university there is typically one professor to a subject, with a staff of assistants. The professor is absolute in his program; his assistants have no legal voice at all, and the role they play and the chance they have for individual development is a function of the personality and attitudes of the professor, from whose direction they have no appeal.

Turning this pattern into a democratic and cooperative relationship, we can have a team, with a captain in the person of the most experienced and flexible of the group. His function would be to furnish leadership in policy development, in curriculum development, and in operational applications, to participate with his juniors in their activities (both inside and outside instructional situations) so as to obtain from them the highest type of performance, and in general to stimulate their continuing growth both as scholars *and as teachers*. His relationships with all levels of his juniors must proceed from the psychological truism that participation in planning and decision-making is the best exercise for the growth of his juniors, the best method of insuring their understanding of objectives and plans, and the best means of obtaining their commitment to the purposes of their team endeavor.

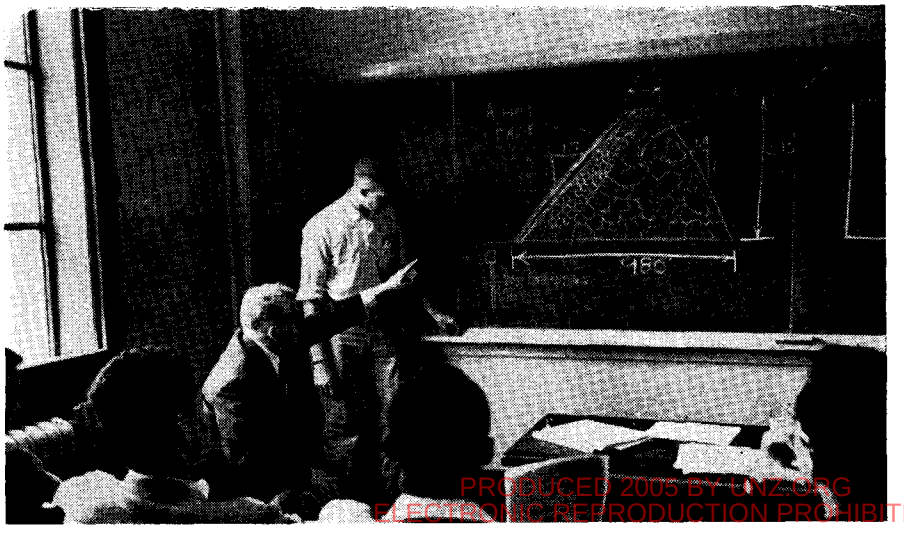
The team leader should also be actively engaged in contact with students, because only in this participation on his part can true empathy be established with the total program.

The question immediately arises: How can the senior members of a teaching group find time to do all this? As things go at present, their commitments to the lecture platform take most of their time and energy.

There are at least three lines of planning which can be pursued singly or in combination. One is to reduce the amount of material presented through

"The alternative to an invariant reliance on the classroom need not be the total abandonment of group learning nor of faculty guidance."

—George Zimbel (Monkmeyer).



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lectures. It sometimes seems as if educators have not yet become aware of the invention of the printing press; and even if they have, they distrust the student's ability to get the "right" interpretation unless they *say* it to him.

A second approach is to spread the lecturing load more evenly. Even a well-prepared lecture delivered with grace and force is still a less demanding assignment than leading a free discussion, and can be shared by the less exalted members of the hierarchy.

A third approach, in combination with the other two, is the use of technological aids to teaching, especially television. It is now perfectly feasible to pre-record straight lectures, panel discussions, general demonstrations, and all the varieties of mass presentation that characterize the lecture hall. Even when such presentations are called for, through pre-recording the entire teaching staff is largely freed to devote its energies to the development of the individual student in the follow-up discussions, papers, projects, laboratory exercises or whatever.

One likely result of the team-teaching approach at the college level is greater independence and self-motivated activity on the part of the student. All colleges say that their purpose is to develop the student as an individual, to bring out his personal traits and abilities, to guide him into independent thinking. This is one of the sacred cows of American higher education, but our practice, both at the undergraduate and graduate levels, makes it close to a mockery. If, however, the student in a discipline, or in an inter-disciplinary area, gets his basic interpretations and his follow-up discussions and activities from several sources, he no longer becomes the property of one teacher who conditions him to give the proper responses like Pavlov's dogs. He must begin to have at least some inklings of intellectual responsibility.

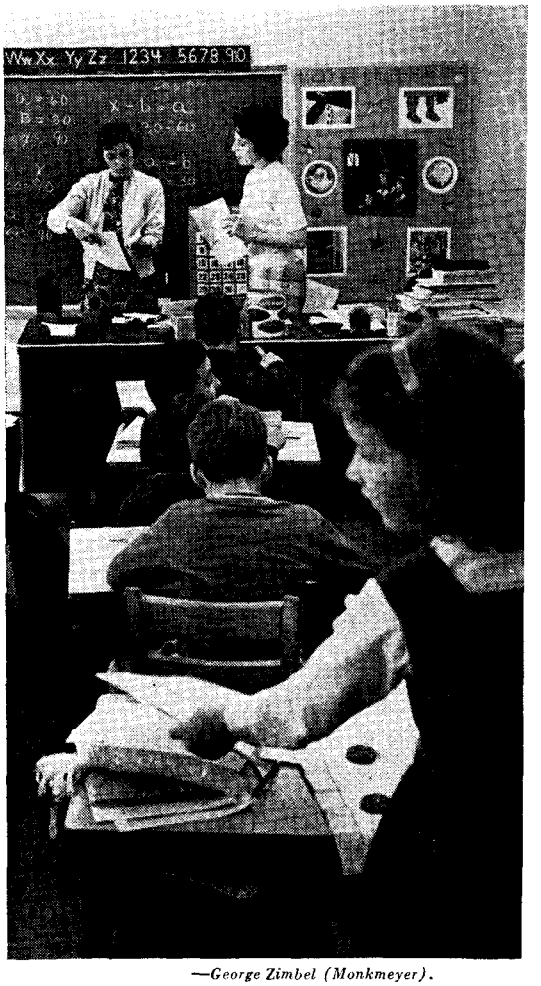
Where the student thus begins to become his own man, the amount of supervision he requires diminishes sharply. Experience in at least one college (Delta College, University Center, Michigan) has suggested that effective development of the student under such conditions is not impaired, but rather enhanced, by a shift in student-teacher ratio, and the situation of up to a hundred students working in various combinations with only one or two resource instructors present became routine. The desirable saving of faculty time is obvious.

When functioning effectively, the team-teaching approach has many other desirable results. In the first place, it means that the special competencies of individual faculty members can be brought to bear on a far larger proportion of the students in a course. It means that in-service training of young teachers can become a concern, both in subject matter and in teaching skills, of their more experienced colleagues. It means that the presumably superior capacities, wider mastery, and greater mellowness of the senior members of the staff come within the range of experience even of the freshman students. It means most significantly a pooling rather than a compartmentalization of the intellectual and professional attributes of a group of scholars involved in bringing younger entrants into the life of the mind. In this way, it will also bring about a degree of self-education on the part of each specialist in fields related to his own, and more important, some feeling for the proliferating relationships that tie his own speciality to a larger ambience.

As precept, even if not as practice, all college faculties would endorse these changes in our present practices. Other implications of team teaching, however, will almost certainly meet strong resistance in many quarters. At the college level, "academic freedom" is often interpreted as demanding that a teacher be free not only from helpful suggestions, but even from observation. Certainly as the student grows in intellectual maturity, the teacher must have more and more the right to state the truth as he sees it, to move unintimidated into the more indefinite and controversial stages of knowledge. But the student still has the right, on his side, to have that truth stated in a way that has some meaning for him.

The present concept of "academic freedom" in the classroom may guard against intellectual and social pressures, but it is also in a horrifying number of cases a cloak for ineptness. The Ph.D. is most assuredly not an automatic guarantee of skills in communication or even a mastery of the basic generalities of one's professional field. The college teacher who develops his innate abilities in inspiring the young to intellectual endeavor does it the hard way, in loneliness and without help from his senior colleagues, by trial and error—at the student's expense. This is too wasteful a procedure to be acceptable as the stringencies of our commitments close in on us. Certainly individuality must be protected, and intellectual integrity, and academic freedom; but cooperation (never authoritarianism) can produce individuality of a higher order.

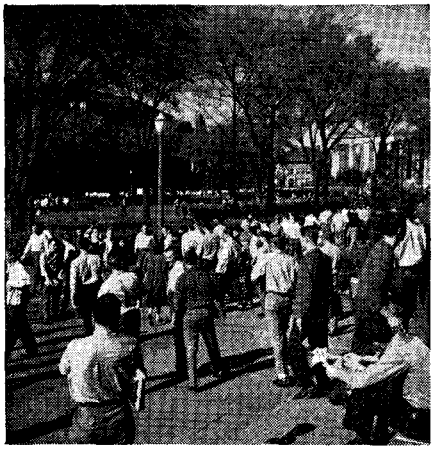
The surrender of the experience of creating human puppets in the area of one's responsibility is amply repaid by the development of human beings, an enrichment beyond price to the lover of people. For the teacher himself, he does not surrender his exultation in his own field; he adds a wide-ranging contact with contiguous intellectual, esthetic, scientific territories.



—George Zimbel (Monkmeyer).

"Team teaching at the college level would be a more complex and sophisticated operation than it is in the elementary schools where it was developed."

Team teaching, then, offers a kind of package answer to many of the problems facing us in the present crisis in American education. Since these problems demand objective and perceptive evaluation of all possible solutions, this one should not be lightly dismissed.



—Cron (Monkmeyer).

"In the years ahead, the flood of college students will become more overwhelming and the supply of seasoned teachers increasingly inadequate."

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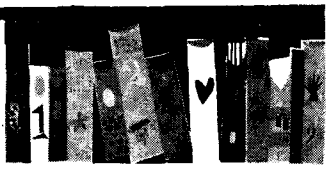
the Editor's Bookshelf



Student unrest has provided the theme for much of the literature on higher education of the past eighteen months. The first books to appear after the turmoil on the Berkeley campus came to public attention were quickies made up of collections of newspaper stories and magazine articles, hurriedly put together to reach a market while the issues still were hot. Now that there has been time for contemplation, more carefully edited volumes are available.

The College and the Student, *edited by Lawrence E. Dennis and Joseph F. Kauffman (American Council on Education. 390 pp., $6)*, is a collection of thoughtful short papers by college presidents, deans, professors, and students. Max Lerner comments on "The Revolutionary Frame of Our Time." Harry Gideonse re-examines the purposes of higher education. Logan Wilson asks, "Is the Student Becoming the Forgotten Man?" while Frederick Rudolph discusses the neglect of students as an historical tradition in American universities. Theodore Newcomb summarizes some of his research on the characteristics of today's students. Nicholas deB. Katzenbach discusses the legal problems resulting from student demonstrations. Other contributors give attention to patterns of student stress, the moral values of students, the student's role in educational policy, and many related subjects.

Beyond Berkeley: A Sourcebook of Student Values, *edited by Christopher G. Katope and Paul G. Zolbrod (World, 429 pp., $2.50)*, includes some of the best of the magazine articles on Berkeley, but the editors have added more general essays on the history, purposes, and control of universities and have rounded out the volume with a section on the tradition of liberty and responsibility, which includes selections from Plato, Aristotle, Burke, Mill, Carlyle, Emerson, Thoreau, Rossiter, and Hand. The editors, who are professors of English at Allegheny College, visited the Berkeley campus last fall. They talked with many students whom they found to be idealistic and politically aware, but vague about the nature of the underlying problems and naïve when asked to propose solutions.

"Repeatedly, when asked what they might require of the ideal university," the editors wrote, "none could give a tenable answer. Some said they didn't know what kind of place they wanted the Berkeley campus to be; they only knew they didn't like the place it was. Others insisted that the Board of Regents should be disbanded so that the University could make its own policy and run itself. Still others suggested simply that the entire administration should be done away with."

Such extreme views are not original with Berkeley undergraduates. Thorstein Veblen made similar proposals forty-eight years ago in his book *The Higher Learning in America*. "All that is required," said Veblen, "is the abolition of the academic executive and of the governing board. It should be plain to anyone familiar with academic matters that neither of these official bodies serves any useful purpose in the university, in so far as bears in any way on the pursuit of knowledge."

But before they quote Veblen in defense of their position, the students should read the rest of his book. Veblen sees no more need for undergraduates than for administrators. In his ideal university only a few carefully selected apprentice scholars would have an opportunity to work closely with "the sages of the passing generation." Together the apprentice scholars and the seasoned scholars would engage in the pursuit of pure knowledge, ignoring such mundane matters as grades, degrees, accreditation, and salaries. Most undergraduates and all students in pursuit of vocational goals, including the practice of law and medicine, would be shunted off to some other institution. Veblen was well aware that, with the disappearance of administrators, the university as a complex of undergraduate, graduate, and professional schools would fall apart. And he wanted it that way.

The Berkeley faculty senate is willing neither to allow the university to fall apart nor to get rid of troublesome undergraduates. The report of the senate's select committee, ***Education at Berkeley*** *(University of California, 230 pp., $3.25)*, in addition to the sophisticated analysis of student unrest that I discussed in a previous column [*SR*, May 21], makes many proposals for the improvement of undergraduate as well as graduate instruction. Some of these, though sound enough, are unoriginal—the recommendations, for example, that teaching as well as research be considered in promoting faculty members, that independent study be encouraged, that smaller classes and alternatives to the lecture method be considered, and that students be allowed to rate professors. All these have long been standard practice in many smaller institutions.

The committee also recommends a more flexible admissions policy. At present, admission to the University of California seems to depend almost entirely on high school grades. The committee recommends that factors other than grades be considered in admitting students whose high school grade averages fall between 2.8 and 3.2 on a scale on which 3 is a B. It suggests too that, "the campus should improve its recruitment of able candidates through the use of alumni, faculty, and students"—another proposal that is less than revolutionary.

More dramatic is the proposal for the establishment of a Board of Educational Development whose job it will be to promote and authorize experimental programs that the various colleges and departments are unable or unwilling to take on. Also a departure from tradition is the proposal for the granting of a new degree, "Doctor of Arts," with standards similar to those for the Ph.D. but with the requirement of "a learned paper" rather than a dissertation based on research.

As a step toward breaking down the walls that separate the various academic disciplines, the select committee recommends the establishment of a number of professorships of a new kind, "carrying the highest status, privileges, and emoluments, to be known as Professorships of the University. Professors of the University would be confined to no department, but free to investigate and teach as they please. Their primary responsibility would be to study, teach, and write on the interrelations and general human significance of the results of scholarship." Such professorships already exist on a few campuses—this reviewer has held one at Western Washington College since 1962—but their establishment at Berkeley would be a startling development, well worth watching.

Committee reports are useless unless they lead to action. The recommendation for the establishment of a Board of Educational Development has already been accepted by the faculty senate and will become a reality. But the proposal of a new doctorate has been referred back to committee, which probably means it will die a lingering death. Other proposals rest with the faculty senate which makes academic policy at Berkeley. Alarmed as it is by the troubles of the last two years, the senate may now take active steps to solve the problems of undergraduate education at the multiversity. If it fails to move, it must accept the responsibility. The select committee has done its work well—its report will find an important place in the history of higher education.

—Paul Woodring.

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Ignored by Historians

The American Negro Reference Book, Vols. I and II, *edited by John P. Davis (Educational Heritage, Inc., 448 pp. each), and* ***Negroes in Public Affairs and Government,*** *edited by Walter Christmas (Educational Heritage, Inc., 352 pp.) are the three most recent volumes of the encyclopedia "Negro Heritage Library," of which nine volumes have now been published (see box on page 68). The reviewer is presently teaching at Woodlands High School in Hartsdale, New York; his book, "Eyewitness: The Negro in American History," will be published this fall.*

By WILLIAM KATZ

"INTEGRATED MINDS are as vital as integrated schools, at the very least," Whitney Young, Jr. has told American publishers. "There is no better way to reach the Negro child than through books. He must see himself in books, as he is, as he can be." White children—and white and Negro adults, one might add—must also see the Negro as he is and can be. But until now publishers have assisted in what one librarian has called the "cultural lobotomy" that has kept the Negro out of many kinds of books.

Although the Negro has played a significant role in history since the dawn of civilization, neither his face nor contribution has found a home in history texts. Even Paul Revere's famous drawing of the Boston Massacre pictures a battle among whites, despite the fact that Negroes were present and one leader, Crispus Attucks, was among the five American martyrs. Historian Benson J. Lossing transformed Attucks into a "Nantucket Indian."

Negro historians have led the way in recording the truth of their people's role for they knew the assertion that the Negro had no history worth mentioning was basic to the theory that he had no humanity worth defending. The first American Negro history was written during the 1830s by the Reverend James W. C. Pennington, a slave blacksmith who escaped to the North and achieved sufficient education to earn a Doctor of Divinity degree at Heidelberg. Pennington then returned to Brooklyn, New York, to lead his congregation in some of our earliest nonviolent civil rights demonstrations.

In the decades that followed Pennington's pioneer work, numerous Negro historians, skilled and unskilled, contributed to the growing historical literature of their people. Dr. W.E.B. DuBois, the first Negro to win a Ph.D. at Harvard (1895), and the author of many important nineteenth- and twentieth-century historical studies of his people, was the first to conceive a Negro encyclopaedia. But he died at ninety-five the day before the 1963 March on Washington, a Communist, and an exile in Ghana, his project still in the outline stages.

With the publication this spring of the volumes mentioned above, the Negro Heritage Library, the first Negro encyclopedia, has issued nine volumes. They are a handsomely bound and richly illustrated set of oversize books published by Educational Heritage Inc., an interracial publishing house under Negro leadership. Despite its incompleteness and shortcomings, the Negro Heritage Library is an impressive frontal attack upon those who have ignored or denied the Negro's contribution to civilization. When completed, it will be the largest single repository of information about the Negro in Africa and America.

The need for this is acute. It is difficult to believe that only recently many Northern textbooks gave this view of "the slave":

> As for Sambo, whose wrongs moved the abolitionists to wrath and tears, there is some reason to believe that he suffered less than any other class in the South from its "peculiar institution." The majority of the slaves were adequately fed, well cared for, and apparently happy. . . . Although brought to America by force, the incurably optimistic Negro soon became attached to the country, and devoted to his "white folks."

This passage was not written by white Southerners, but appears in the 1940 revised edition of the widely used college text, *The Growth of the American Republic*. The authors are Samuel Eliot Morison and Henry Steele Commager.

Teachers examining the Negro Heritage Library are astonished by the breadth of their ignorance. "I didn't even recognize two-thirds of the names," exclaimed one teacher. Throughout her college career virtually the only Negro who had been brought to her attention was an apparently happy, almost invisible fellow called "Sambo." Her comment points up the great need for such an encyclopedia as this.

The first nine volumes (and the tenth, soon to be published) encompass a wide range of topics and reading levels. Two volumes are devoted to emerging African nations and their leaders, two to biographies of American Negro women, two to The American Negro Reference Book and two more (of which only one has appeared) to American Negro public officials. There are single volumes devoted to Martin Luther King, Jr., American Negro historical documents, and a children's reader.

With remarkable candor the publishers state that their first purpose is "strengthening the Negro's confidence and assurance that he *has* historical roots deep within the soil of Western civilization." Their second is "restoring to history those missing pages whose absence has crippled America's ability to understand the Negro, hence retarding fulfilment of the American ideal of equal justice to all men, regardless of race, creed, color, or national origin."

This statement of purpose and priority reveals at once the major strength and some of the basic weaknesses of the Negro Heritage Library. Any teacher who has used materials on the Negro contribution to America can attest to the profound effect they can have upon students of both races. And here are thousands of pages of raw materials for motivation, discussion, and research; hundreds of hitherto unheralded, creative, heroic, interesting, and successful Americans emerge from these volumes. Yet both pictures and text too often place undue emphasis upon traditional stories of success.

Volume I of *The Negro in Public Affairs and Government* illustrates this point; it presents many educated and brilliant Negro diplomats, judges, Congressmen, U.N. officials, and Presidential appointees—including thirteen diplomats and twenty-two Congressmen serving before 1900! Unfortunately, some of the inclusions have little to recommend them other than their official titles and their color. An insignificant Congressman Henry P. Cheatham is given the same space as Congressman George H. White, the brilliant and fiery ex-slave who was the first Representative to in-

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troduce a federal anti-lynching bill. White spoke not only for two Congressional terms "as the sole representative of 9,000,000 Americans," but carried the militant leadership of Frederick Douglass into the age of compromise initiated by Booker T. Washington. No mention is made of these major contributions of White, although some attention is paid his incisive anti-lynching polemics. Instead, space is wasted telling us that White was appointed an "assistant in charge of the United States Coast Survey" (whatever that was) during a Philadelphia centennial. There is a tendency throughout the volume to overemphasize official titles, to list educational institutions attended and surviving family members rather than discuss far more important matters.

The two-volume *The American Negro Reference Book* marks an improvement over the other volumes in scholarship, footnoting, and the inclusion of valuable bibliographical information. It is composed of twenty-five essays by acknowledged authorities in their field: John Hope Franklin on the Negro in American history, Langston Hughes on the Negro entertainers, Horace Mann Bond on Negro scholars and intellectuals, Arna Bontemps on the Negro contribution to American literature, LeRoi Jones on blues and jazz, Constance Baker Motley on the Negro's changing legal status, Gordon Allport and Thomas Pettigrew on the nature of prejudice. These articles, especially written for this volume, are scholarly as well as readable and informative.

Editor John P. Davis states that the purpose of this reference book is the presentation of "a fully dimensioned picture" of the American Negro. However, the articles leave vastly important areas untouched. There is no description of the pre-Civil War struggle for equality and justice in the North and West—the conventions along the eastern seaboard and petition campaigns in the West, the freedom rides of Frederick Douglass in New England and Sojourner Truth in Washington, D.C. One searches in vain for an adequate recounting of the Negro scientists and inventors who worked alongside Bell, Edison, and Westinghouse, or in competition with them, contributing a thousand patents to America's industrial thrust a half-century after emancipation. Those Negroes who contributed to American history west of the Appalachians are generally ignored. There is no mention of the Negro frontiersmen or explorers who blazed trails across the continent: Estevanico who opened the Southwest to Spanish exploration; Du Sable who founded Chicago; Beckwourth, Crow chief, army scout, and discoverer of the important Beckwourth Pass in the Sierra Nevadas. Even Matt Henson, who became the first American to reach the North Pole when he arrived an hour before Commander Robert E. Peary, does not appear. Nor do the Negro cowboys who made up one-third of the trail crews who drove cattle up the Chisholm trail after the Civil War.

One of the most serious faults of the Negro Heritage Library is its inadequate writing and editing. Modern phrases such as "white liberals" do not correctly designate the abolitionists nor the Southern whites who defended Negro rights during Reconstruction. The attempt to over-simplify is often a failure: "Government is that combination of instruments by which a body of people function through the exercise of social control." Or, "The Reconstruction Act of 1867 came two years after the ratification of the Thirteenth Amendment and while the Fourteenth Amendment was waiting for ratification. It preceded the Fifteenth Amendment . . ." How does one assess the reading level of such bad writing?

These volumes are easy research tools for students and teachers, however, because they are organized by significant catagories and include careful indexing and large print. Oversize pictures and white space abound—often to the point of devouring valuable space that could have been devoted to further information and treatment in greater depth. The book of Negro historical documents (which are presented entirely without introductions) would have benefited by a guide to explain what they are all about.

It is disheartening to find this first Negro encyclopedia so handsome in format and illustration, yet so carelessly constructed intellectually. Hopefully, future editions will pay as much attention to clarity and content as has already been provided for layout, binding, and pictures.

Nonetheless these volumes perform a great service. For the first time, wide-ranging information about the Negro American is presented in a single reference source easily available to teachers, students, and the general public. In itself this is an important step toward destroying the terrible ignorance in which Americans—Negro and white alike—have been held.

Negro Heritage Library (*Educational Heritage, Inc.*, 733 Yonkers Avenue, Yonkers, N.Y., 15 *volumes*, $270) is comprised of ten volumes on Negro heritage and is sold in a package with five volumes on "The World of the Bible." Another ten volumes on Negro heritage are projected.

Titles of the published volumes on Negro heritage are:

1. *Profiles of Negro Womanhood, Vol. I*, edited by Sylvia Dannett, 352 pp.
2. *Emerging African Nations and Their Leaders, Vol. I*, edited by Lancelot D. Evans, 320 pp.
3. *Emerging African Nations and Their Leaders, Vol. II*, edited by Lancelot D. Evans, 320 pp.
4. *A Martin Luther King Treasury, selected writings*, 352 pp.
5. *The Winding Road to Freedom*, edited by Alfred E. Cain, 320 pp.
6. *The Negro Heritage Reader for Young People*, edited by Alfred E. Cain, 320 pp.
7. *Negroes in Public Affairs and Government*, edited by Walter Christmas, 352 pp.
8. *The American Negro Reference Book, Vol. I*, edited by John P. Davis, 448 pp.
9. *The American Negro Reference Book, Vol. II*, edited by John P. Davis, 448 pp.

To be published:

10. *Profiles of Negro Womanhood, Vol. II*, edited by Sylvia Dannett, approximately 350 pp.

LIBERTY AND LAUGHTER

A SYMPOSIUM IN CERVANTES, RABELAIS AND JONSON

UNIVERSITY OF SAN FRANCISCO
AUGUST 4, 5, 6, 1966

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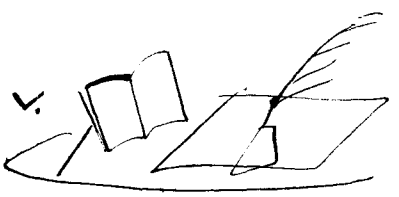

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Swedish Education

Continued from page 61

freedom of choice in as many ways as possible, of teaching Swedes to respect all occupations equally and to live cooperatively and harmoniously with themselves and all other nations.

If some of these lofty ideals strike a reminiscent chord (*circa* 1935) to an American ear, it should be recorded that American influence has been considerable in Swedish educational reform, as it has been in Swedish life generally. The voice of American education is heard, for example, in the range of elective subjects of the new comprehensive school and in the stress given to parental choice; in a policy of automatic promotion; in the increasing use of standardized tests; in the formation of the new continuation schools, which take much from the American junior college; and in the ascendency of electronic education and the new technology of education.

But, most of all, the influence of American education comes through in any discussion of aims for the comprehensive school and of the teaching methods by which these aims are to be realized. Even the terminology in which the discussion goes on seems borrowed. One feels the shock of recognition when reading, for example, from an official Board of Education pamphlet on the new schools of Sweden, that "The right of every person to an all-round development of his personality, talents, and interests is fundamental to the aims of the comprehensive school . . . [and that] the school must contribute toward making young people worthy members of a rapidly developing society."

Or consider these thoughts which I string together from a book of Jonas Orring's. The book is his summary of the findings and philosophy of the 1957 School Committee in Sweden, of which he was Secretary, and which was the most important single body involved in creating the new comprehensive school:

> . . . the school should be more pupil centered and rather less subject-matter oriented than formerly . . . the work of the school must be based on respect for the personality and individuality of each pupil. This is in keeping with the fundamental democratic conception that all human beings are equal in value, regardless of their capabilities in one direction or another. . . . The aim of the school must be primarily to help each pupil to achieve an all-round development of his gifts and interests—his personality. . . .

One is reminded of nothing so much as the airy doctrines of yesteryear's progressives and life-adjusters in the United States, and one is reminded of Santayana's dictum that, "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." One can only wish the Swedes more luck than we have had in their efforts at education by way of pupil-centered pedagogy and the unfettered development of personality. But I confess to an unhappy feeling that they are far more likely to recapitulate the last thirty or forty years of American experience.

THE basic decision in Sweden to create the comprehensive school was a political decision, no doubt properly so. "Every big school reform," as Hans Löwbeer observes, "is on the first hand social and political." This decision was taken by the parliament in 1950 with a substantial majority vote and was not based on educational or psychological research. Implementation of this decision, however, was delayed for political reasons and to give time for research into how, not whether, the comprehensive school could best be adopted. The order of events, that is, was similar to what it has been in England, where the big debate about comprehensive schools is now going on in the same way that it did in Sweden in the 1950s.

In England, the decision to "go" comprehensive has also been a political decision, taken at first by a few Labor-controlled Local Education Authorities, notably London, and followed fitfully by others over the last twenty years. In November, 1964, comprehensive education was enunciated as national policy by the Labor Government. In July, 1965, the same government issued a directive to all the local authorities to submit plans by the summer of 1966 for going comprehensive. And in September, 1965, the same government announced the first major research project to be undertaken in Britain on comprehensive education. To those who feel that this reverses the logical order of things, British supporters of the comprehensive school are apt to point to the Swedish experiments as evidence of the superiority of the comprehensive system.

What are these experiments? One of the most interesting and important was done over a five-year period in the Stockholm schools, under the direction of Nils-Eric Svensson, who now heads a new Research Planning Bureau in the national Board of Education.

In the mid-1950s the Stockholm schools offered the educational investigator a very rare commodity: a clear-cut research situation, at least more clear-cut than the so-called behavioral sciences can usually find or create. Because of teacher and classroom shortages, the Stockholm school board in 1954 divided the eight-year public schools of North and South Stockholm in such a way as to create three distinct patterns, in one of which pupils were tracked on a competitive basis after the fourth grade, in another after the sixth grade, and in the third not at all. In other words, the situation made possible a comparison of comprehensive, untracked education with two different tracks of pupils separated by ability at different times, all between grades four and nine within the same system and among pupils of comparable home background. The research took the form of machine-scored intelligence and achievement tests in each type of class over an extended period of time.

THE results, as I read Svensson's report of the experiment (*Ability Grouping and Scholastic Achievement*, Almqvist & Wiksell, Uppsala, 1962, 236 pages), indicated very little difference among the groups tested. However, some experts, such as Torsten Husén, one of the leading spokesmen for the new education in Sweden, interpret the results more optimistically and say that while the brighter pupils were not in the end handicapped in untracked classes, the duller ones were helped. Either way, the results suggest, or perhaps "prove" if you have faith in the reliability of educational research in its present state of development, that separation of children by academic ability does not pay off—up to the tenth grade, in a school population like Stockholm's, with a staff of similar training and outlook as that of the Stockholm schools, and with the other principal conditions of the experiment duplicated.

The trouble, of course, is that these things never can be duplicated in the behavioral sciences, and findings cannot be "proven out" by other researchers in other places. To illustrate this, one has only to look at recent British research now before the Plowden Committee (a body that is examining the whole of elementary education): it points to conclusions—for Britain—that are precisely the opposite of those claimed for the Stockholm experiments.

Further research projects were undertaken at the same time in Sweden to compare the "efficiency" of the comprehensive school with that of the traditional one. The results were indefinite. Some experiments that seemed to favor tracking are said by Professor Husén to be flawed in technical ways that make

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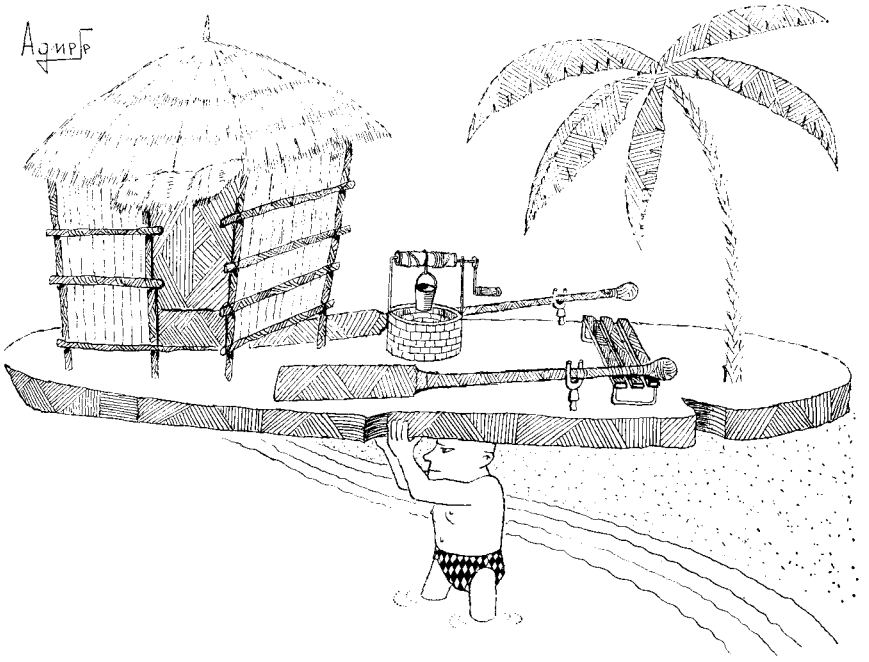

their conclusions "almost completely irrelevant." Others were never completed.

In short, Swedish research comparing comprehensive with selective education produced little concrete or compelling evidence for or against. The Parliament nevertheless considered the social and political arguments in favor of the comprehensive school far more weighty than any educational arguments against it and in 1962 confirmed its 1950 decision and gave final form to the comprehensive school. Sven Moberg, Under Secretary of State in the Ministry of Education, puts the chronology this way:

"We tried to get a clear picture from the psychologists and scientists, but they could not give an absolutely clear picture. So we politicians acted on what we considered desirable grounds and created a unified school for Sweden. Most of us feel that our experience since then supports the wisdom of the decision."

HOW well the Swedish reforms are working is an unanswered and as yet unanswerable question. To the planners in Stockholm they are of course working very well. And it is true that the reforms are now generally accepted in Sweden, sometimes with enthusiasm, sometimes with resignation. Perhaps I should add, however, that a number of people with whom I talked felt that faith had so far outstripped evidence in the reforms that any negative conclusions that might be indicated by research would not be permitted—that is, that the new education would simply not be allowed to fail. In most countries the view from the center of educational reform is apt to be rosy; the view from the provinces often turns gray. Whether the distance between the dreams of theoreticians and the realities of the classroom can be satisfactorily bridged in Sweden remains to be seen.

On the central question of whether the reforms will lower standards in the primary and secondary schools, particularly for the bright, it is simply too early to tell. A visitor cannot even know whether a consensus exists in Sweden on this question. But whether it exists or not, it was clear to me that both the planners and the politicians involved are prepared to take the risk of lower standards for the best in the interests of more schooling for the average and the dull, and especially in the interests of greater social mixing and uniformity.

EXPERIENCE so far with the new comprehensive school indicates an interesting pattern: pupils are not dividing themselves up in the ninth grade in anything like the way the planners supposed they would. No less than 85 per cent of the pupils have been choosing the "theoretical" tracks. Nobody knows why, but a plausible explanation is surely that they do so for reasons of status. They may do so in the reformed secondary school as well, despite the determination of the planners to achieve "parity of esteem" among the academic, technical, and vocational programs of this school when it is reconstructed.

Whatever the reasons for the lopsided pattern now evident in the comprehensive school, Sweden will soon find it necessary to reorganize the ninth year. It will have to reduce the number of options, which were many too many anyhow for schools in the North and in other remote areas of the country. Whether it will make further changes to meet the criticisms of some teachers and others is more doubtful. One can say with reasonable certainty that, whatever the negative experiences, there will be no very great retreat from free-choice, comprehensive schooling in Sweden.

In considering the exportability of Swedish reforms, educational planners might well ask themselves whether the conditions that allow Sweden to make such sweeping and expensive reforms in such a short period of time can be matched elsewhere. To begin with, Sweden has a political structure peculiar to herself and Finland. Government ministries are deliberately kept small while a great deal of power is delegated to national boards that operate with civil servants under or alongside the ministries. Thus Sweden's *Ecklesiastikdepartementet*, actually a Ministry of Educational and Ecclesiastical Affairs, has a staff of about ninety persons, and at that is Sweden's second largest ministry, while the Royal Board of Education in Stockholm, which is operated under it by career administrators and educational experts, has 550 and is by far the most important organization in Swedish education.

ALTHOUGH Sweden has a good deal of seeming decentralization in education, through its twenty-four elected regional school boards and its more than one thousand appointed local school authorities, it is in fact as highly centralized a system as one can find. The Board of Education exercises enormous authority over all Swedish schools up to university level. It carries out the policies of the government and the *Ecklesiastikdepartementet*, but it also has extensive powers in its own right. It closely controls school timetables, national examinations, teacher training, and it stipulates the curriculum in detail. On the last point, the Board of Education issues a *läroplan*, a comprehensive learning guide, for each type of school. The *läroplan* for the selective secondary school, for instance, is a 772-page volume spelling out not only the syllabus for each subject and each program of the school, but details of scheduling, methodology, and testing.

Combined with this machinery for making decisions and then putting them into effect is a unique habit the Swedes have of acting on the reports of national advisory bodies. Since the war Sweden has had a number of "royal commissions" that have studied her educational problems and that together have pretty well blanketed the entire system. Many countries appoint committees of this sort, but rarely are their recommendations made into law with such dispatch and with so few changes as in Sweden. Perhaps the Swedes' high regard for action based on negotiation, orderly procedure, and communal judgment has something to do with it. Whatever the explanation, the national mind-set in Sweden clearly

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makes major reform easier than it is in most countries.

One should remember also that Sweden has other rare if not unique advantages: She has a small population in a very big country (she has almost twice as much space as all of the United Kingdom, for example, but only about 13 per cent of the population); she has relatively great natural resources; she has been free of war damage; she has had a stable government, indeed the same government, for over thirty years; she now has about the highest standard of living in Europe and probably the highest wage rates in the world outside the United States. But most of all, she has a mono-racial, highly homogeneous population sharing the same traditions and ideals as well as a devotion to collectivism and conformity.

Under such conditions, educational or any other kind of planners can do many things that might be neither possible nor desirable in other countries. Not the least of the dangers of planning in larger and more heterogeneous nations is the conclusion so easily reached at the seat of government that there is a single solution possible to a major educational problem and that the planners know what it is and how to put it into effect. Of course the corollary danger is the difficulty of undoing or even mitigating mistakes inspired from the center. One therefore hopes that other nations will look at the Swedish reforms in the context of Swedish culture and society, where indeed, they represent one of the most fascinating of postwar educational developments.

Desegregation

Continued from page 56

schools. I cite only two examples of superior Negro schools.

The Moses McKissack Elementary School of Nashville, Tennessee, is the only one of 107 elementary schools in the metropolitan school system to be accredited by the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools. This Association has specific and general requirements. Quantitative standards include lower than average teacher-pupil ratios, libraries with full-time librarians, attractive buildings, and teachers with the best qualifications. More demanding in this case was the visit by sixteen individuals from colleges and school systems in the Southern Association. Over a three-day period they visited classrooms, talked with teachers and the principal, examined the philosophy and outlook of the school, and judged the spirit, success, and quality of the teachers. Since this was to be the first individual elementary school to be accredited in the South, the visiting team was unusually careful to do a good job. Metropolitan school supervisors and other competent visitors testify that the Moses McKissack Elementary School is the equal of any segregated or non-segregated elementary school in this community.

My second example of a superior Negro school is the Dunbar Vocational High School in Chicago. I visited this school briefly last fall and found it even better than I had anticipated. The modern $8,000,000 building with its spacious halls, attractively planted interior courts, and well ordered school life is only one pleasing facet of the school. The real excellence is evidenced in the serious-minded students, competent instructors, and the fact that its graduates have obtained a well-rounded high school education which will be of value as long as they live. The school enrolls approximately 2,300 students, all Negroes except two. The faculty is approximately one-third white and two-thirds Negro; but it is the kind of school in which any first-class vocational instructor would feel at home.

Such schools, of course, do not happen overnight, and they must have the support, backing, and understanding of the board of education and the school administration. I am not advocating all-Negro schools. Quite the contrary. I do seek to offset somewhat the current obsession that desegregation is the "be-all" of good schools, even if attained sometimes by what seem to be arbitrary, unnatural, and unenforcible methods.

Moderates should be as militant as the extremists on both sides. And just what is a militant moderate? A militant moderate accepts school desegregation in spirit, as well as in law, and is willing to help school desegregation succeed. On the other hand, he resists those advocates of desegregation who would define good education only in terms of school desegregation, and he refuses to endorse or support shortsighted quick programs of the militant desegregationists. In my judgment, only the persistently rational position of school board members, superintendents of schools, and lay citizens can halt the present trend in many big cities toward *common* schools in the worst sense, schools which might conceivably sometime in the future attract only those who cannot afford to send their children to private schools. If anyone thinks this is an idle remark, he should note that the majority of white pupils in Philadelphia attend private and parochial schools, and the majority of non-whites attend public schools.

During the twelve years since 1954, the segregationists have lost every battle and finally, with the passage of federal civil rights legislation, their war. During the same period, the quick and wholesale school desegregation advocated by many civil rights leaders in the big cities has produced increased segregation and resegregation—*not* desegregation. In the long and eventful history of the United States, the balance and reasonableness of moderation has prevailed—but for one exception. In that case the extremists of North and South defeated the moderates on both sides, and helped bring on the tragic Civil War. Perhaps now, after a season of immoderation in many quarters and on many sides, the voice of the moderate may prevail.

"By the way, did you send a postcard to your mother?"

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Movie Teachers

Continued from page 53

may be, there is only one place to start and that is—where they *are*.

Teachers have seldom felt more alienated from the kids; yet it has seldom been easier to make contact with their world. We communicate with people by having something in common with them. One thing we can all have in common is the mass media. TV and film help to shape the dreams of today's students. Students often have a kind of defenseless, direct, but interested approach to the media. They love to talk about TV programs and movies. They don't realize how much they're talking about themselves in the process. If the teacher doesn't watch these programs and if he never discusses them with the kids, he's missing the easiest way to wiretrap their private world. This is why all this élite versus popular culture business is so important. The snobs pride themselves on not watching television. Too bad. What happens when this culturally deprived teacher starts waxing lyrical about Elizabethan poetry? Not much. The kids have some polite teacher-talk which they dish out dutifully so that the teacher thinks something is going on m the class. If they like the teacher, they are very generous in keeping the truth from him. If they don't like him they still have enough fear for the sanction of the report card to go along with the game. They seldom say what they really think. Nobody wants to hear it, except, of course, the great teacher, who is by definition the relevant person, the one who understands, communicates, gets through.

Third, a *closeup shot* of our changing education. Stanley Kauffmann said it: "The film in this country is possibly the one art form that is *wanted*." Television may or may not be an art form, but it is wanted too. Why not start where the action is?

Teenage movie teachers have all kinds of options in their approach to film. My own prejudice at the high school level is for keeping as close as possible to what Robert Warshow has called "the immediate experience." For me this means the vertical interaction between the student and the screen and the horizontal interaction between students who have seen and discussed the same film. Ancillary knowledge about film is less relevant here and is perhaps more appropriate for the specialist or for more advanced programs. A great deal of snobbery takes over once some people learn how to pronounce the names of all the foreign film directors and can recite in chronological order the titles of all 9½ of Fellini's films.

If I had my choice in the schools, I would like to have each student go through a unit on film and television for about thirty hours in his freshman year and then see and discuss one feature film each month during his four years of high school. A modest amount of time compared to the actual viewing hours that he is clocking. The whole process can be broken down into four approaches to films: show them, discuss them, teach about them, and make them.

► *Show them.* The success of literature teachers can be legitimately measured by the number of books their students read. Same for TMT. A film per month for four years would add up to forty films. The celluloid syllabus should include both American and foreign films, 16mm in-school screenings and 35mm theater screenings, and a generous blend of feature, documentary, and animated films. From time to time it should include a dishonest or pretentious film and occasionally there might be a second screening of a film to check out insights or arguments that arose in the discussion of the film. What is important is that the films be well-made, relevant, and representative. Although most of the films should have the texture of reality about them, a steady diet of grim film gets depressing. Musicals and comedies belong in the series.

► *Discuss them.* When a TMT is asked whether he is just sitting around showing films and talking about them with the kids, the prescribed answer is: "Yup." This is where the fun begins. When students are given a free forum to discuss films, they are also invited to discuss themselves. This type of viewer-centered, free-flow discussion is built into the nature of the film medium. Film is literally an other-directed medium. Both the sequence and the pace of the communication are determined by the director. There is no chance to pause, reflect, and relate as there is with a book. In the darkness of the theater the viewer's attention is riveted on the screen and he is swept along by the succession of sights and sounds that impinge on his eye and ear. This primarily sensory experience leaves the viewer with a stack of unsorted images. A group discussion is a great way to interpret and relate these images, and to discover their structure.

This physical and psychological context explains why the same film can affect different individuals in different ways. Each person sees his own film. This paradox is merely the reaffirmation in a new context of the thesis of individual differences, and selective perception. The same film on the screen washes over each viewer as an individual, with individual past experiences, hopes, loves, fears, needs, and intelligence. The psychological mechanisms of identification and projection come into play. We empathize with some character on the screen. For a while we become who he is, and we will fill out the experience by reading our own emotions into the character. The result is a variety of responses to the same stimulus. It is normally not a solipsistic kind of irresponsible and indeterminate variety, but usually a range of responses hovering around the central theme of the film.

If the teacher can resist the temptation to reward and punish "correct" answers (this usually means his own subjective interpretation) and can create a climate in which all opinions are respected, these free-winging sessions can dredge up some memorable moments. My winters are warmed by memories of some Job Corpsmen debating the meaning of what it meant to be a winner or a loser in *The Hustler,* of the understanding that resulted from a group of parents and students who had seen and separately discussed the rebellion of Colin Smith in *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner,* of ten minutes of sheer poetry in a Harlem basement by a teacher

"It's a rebellion—the cast of thousands is turning on us."

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commenting on Terry Molloy's care for his pigeons in *On the Waterfront,* of 200 girls discussing the loneliness and purpose of Zampano and Gelsomina in *La Strada,* of the ten-year-old girl in New York whose favorite scene in *Raisin in the Sun* was "when the movin' man came, 'cause that meant they were gettin' out." Nice things happen in film discussions. Some teachers find that they are talking less and that the kids are learning more.

As the students build up a background of shared experiences, they can then use these films and discussions as reference points for making sense out of their own lives or for communicating with each other. The phrase, "He's a real loser," says everything to someone who has seen and discussed *The Hustler.* The better we know each other, the shorter the sentences we can use.

► *Teach about them.* Not everything that *can* be known about film and television *should* be known about them.

Each TMT has to make his own way in deciding how much the student should know about film history, techniques, production, and economics. It is important, however, that students get a feel for what is proper to the film medium; that they experience how the tone, rhythm, pace, style, and point of view of a film are determined by the use of editing, sound, lighting, color, perspective, and composition. The making of a film is a highly selective process. The best advice for the teacher is to play it loose and to start with the film-as-experienced. By some people's standards this will be a sloppy and subjective approach, but it is better to recognize and work with the subjectivity than to impose an arbitrary set of objective standards. The approach should be inductive. The standards should grow out of the experience and not be imposed on the experience. We can do without abstract lists of criteria that begin: "A great movie is one which fulfils the following requirements . . ." People know what they like. Those who spend their time telling people that they *shouldn't* like what they *do* like have discovered a first-class way of getting tuned out. Pulling rank won't change taste. Lively analysis in a fair game may do it.

► *Make them.* The study of film inevitably leads students to a desire to try their hand at making a film. The results are wondrous to behold. In England films are now being made by eight- and nine-year-olds. There are tentative beginnings of such a development in this country under pioneering teachers like George Bouwman of Horace Mann in New York, Zane Rodriguez of Fordham Prep, Sister Bede Sullivan of Lillis High in Kansas City, and Rodger Larson who has been working with New York's Neighborhood Youth Corps in Harlem.

There are many and varied film projects just beginning around the country. All kinds of respectable organizations and teachers are getting into the act. Within ten years we will wonder what all the fuss was about and will have transcended the need for developing a rationale.

Meanwhile, it is well to remember that to be a TMT, enthusiasm and a pocketful of theater stubs aren't enough. The idea will be as good as the people who make it happen—the teachers who teach it and the people who develop the printed and filmed teaching materials. There is a degree of competence needed which falls between the highly specialized demands of the film purists and the "anybody-can-do-it" school. A summer program would do it. There are books to be read. There are films to be seen. There are people to be consulted—great TMTs like Tony Hodgkinson of Boston University, David Mallery of the National Association of Independent Schools, and Sister Rosalie of Pittsburgh. Opinions on current films can be found by reading good critics. And anyone can get started by getting a buzz session going on *I Spy.* Great movements deserve modest beginnings.

On the national level the movement can get moving through a consortium of talent drawn from the schools and the studios. The medium itself has been called "a shotgun marriage of culture and commerce," and any movement based on the medium will have to talk to both partners. The dialogue must be enlarged among the many groups that are active in the field. The National Council on the Arts, which is blessed by the presence and hard work of director George Stevens and actor Gregory Peck, could be the prime mover in bringing this idea to the schools both through its own activities and those of the long-proposed American Film Institute, which is currently under study. The use of educational television is a natural for an idea that is visual in nature and short on teachers. To my mind the greatest single resource is the creative talent of the directors, writers, actors, art directors, cameramen, and editors who are the real craftsmen within the media. They and their knowledge should be more directly in touch with the audience. Most of them are eager for such contact. A little money and a little organization can make it happen.

And as more and more teachers get involved at the high school level, it becomes increasingly obvious that the idea should be pushed in the elementary grades, almost as soon as the students become steady consumers of television.

Expensive media like films and television cannot get too far ahead of their audience. They have to rely on public acceptance. Americans have spent a lot of time and energy in the past thirty years complaining about the producers of films and television. Much of the energy would have been better utilized in working with the audience. It's not too late to begin.

"Are you kidding? I would have sold out long ago, but nobody made me an offer."

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Rotterdam

Continued from page 45

above Amsterdam's venerable Concertgebouw, with its soft, flattering qualities, and the cork-dry, exacting setup on London's South Bank.

The Holland Festival season's novelty was undoubtedly the world première in Amsterdam's Carre Theater late in June of Peter Schat's "conception of total theater," *Labyrinth*, an avant-garde musical happening I hope to write about soon. The "microdance" was choreographed by Koert Stuyf, a young dancer who, after study with Martha Graham, returned to Holland and, together with his wife, the American Ellen Edinoff, is trying to put modern dance on its feet.

Another festival highlight was Bellini's opera *I Capuletti ed i Montecchi*, revived at La Scala after more than a century (1861) in eclipse, which was conducted by thirty-two-year-old Claudio Abbado, winner of both the Koussevitzky and Mitropoulos prizes, whom virtually all the European critics acclaim as "the coming master," with the Hague Philharmonic and the Choir of Bologna's Teatro Communale. When I heard it in Milan in April, my doubting ears perked up; in the scene shortly after Juliet's entrance, they seemed strangely to expand as Renata Scotto sang "O quante volte ti chiedo al ciel piangendo" accompanied by harp. Love at first hearing: was it the technical perfection and sensual intensity of the soprano's *bel canto* or, despite the static, overburdened dramatic handling of the opera, a pure, effervescent romantic expression, which made me think of no one so much as Chopin or Rilke ("She made a bed and crept within my ear")?

On another brow level, Holland's pop world of music is the liveliest on the Continent; there are different schools of beat and lied; a teen-age weekly with *jugendstil* format whose circulation has soared in six months to rival that of national newspapers; and indefatigably sprouting groups with names like The Motions and The Golden Earrings, whose songs have not only Dutch, but also English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, and Greek texts. Partly this is due to the presence of large numbers of migrant workers from other lands.

In Eindhoven, home base of Phillips, decisions are made every day that affect the record industry globally. The Disunited Kingdom of The Beatles and The Rolling Stones is only several hours and $10 away since a new Swedish ferry service from Amsterdam began. And a combo christened The Flying Dutchmen are planning to recapture Manhattan Island on wooden shoes with the ditty "America on $6 a Century."

—Morton Seif.

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(Continued on page 76)

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(Continued from page 75)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1684

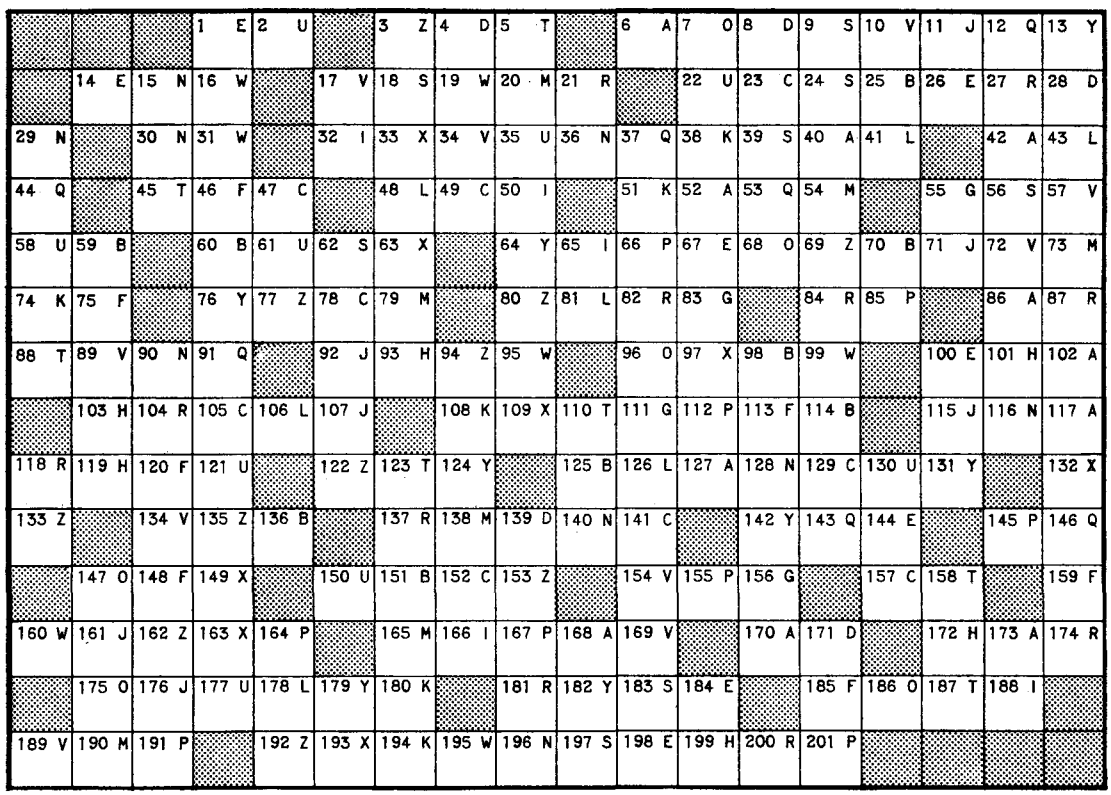
Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. An Italian policeman.	86 173 168 117 42 170 40 6 102 127 52
B. Subdue.	151 25 59 114 125 98 60 136 70
C. Specifying the speed which a conscientious orchestra conductor maintains (3 wds.).	23 152 47 129 157 49 78 141 105
D. What the Duchess's "baby" really was, in *Alice*.	8 4 139 28 171
E. To make, to become, or to recognize (something) the same as another thing.	26 198 67 184 100 1 14 144
F. Word describing (something) as definitely absent which, on division, means as definitely present.	75 46 185 148 113 159 120
G. Northern merganser of Europe and Asia.	156 83 111 55
H. Even if; notwithstanding.	119 101 93 199 103 172
I. Archbishop of York who proclaimed Elizabeth I in the House of Lords; the poverty plant.	166 65 32 50 188
J. Twine about.	115 11 92 176 71 161 107
K. Pretentious.	180 108 74 51 194 38
L. South American state presently suffering financial troubles.	126 81 43 41 106 178 48
M. Popular TV Western cowboy show.	138 20 165 190 73 54 79
N. What gets its validity from the voice of God, acc'g to Alcuin, 8th-cent. English scholar, in letter to Charlemagne (2 Lat. wds.).	196 90 116 128 15 36 140 29 30
O. Minor.	186 7 96 175 68 147
P. One of the three kingdoms formerly categorizing terrestrial things.	112 167 66 164 85 155 145 201 191
Q. Diplomatic servant best known for his case.	143 91 44 53 12 37 146
R. Adapted to supersede or diminish anybody's hard work.	118 200 181 82 104 174 87 27 84 21 137
S. Milton's angel who found Satan *squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve.*	39 9 56 18 24 197 183 62
T. Two wds. of opposite meanings, commonly used in continuing an exposition, the logical groundwork having been set forth.	45 158 110 187 123 5 88
U. Espadon.	22 177 35 58 121 2 61 130 150
V. U.S. Constitutional Amendment freeing the slaves.	134 154 10 34 189 57 169 89 72 17
W. Plunge into anything that covers, as a fluid.	195 19 99 95 16 31 160
X. Two wds. to say "the same age or younger."	193 109 33 132 63 163 149 97
Y. Necropolis.	76 182 142 124 13 131 64 179
Z. Procrastination, acc'g to Edward Young in *Night Thoughts* (3 wds.).	3 135 162 69 80 77 133 122 192 94 153

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 17 of this issue.

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